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THE Atlantic MONTHLY

NOVEMBER 1975 $1.00

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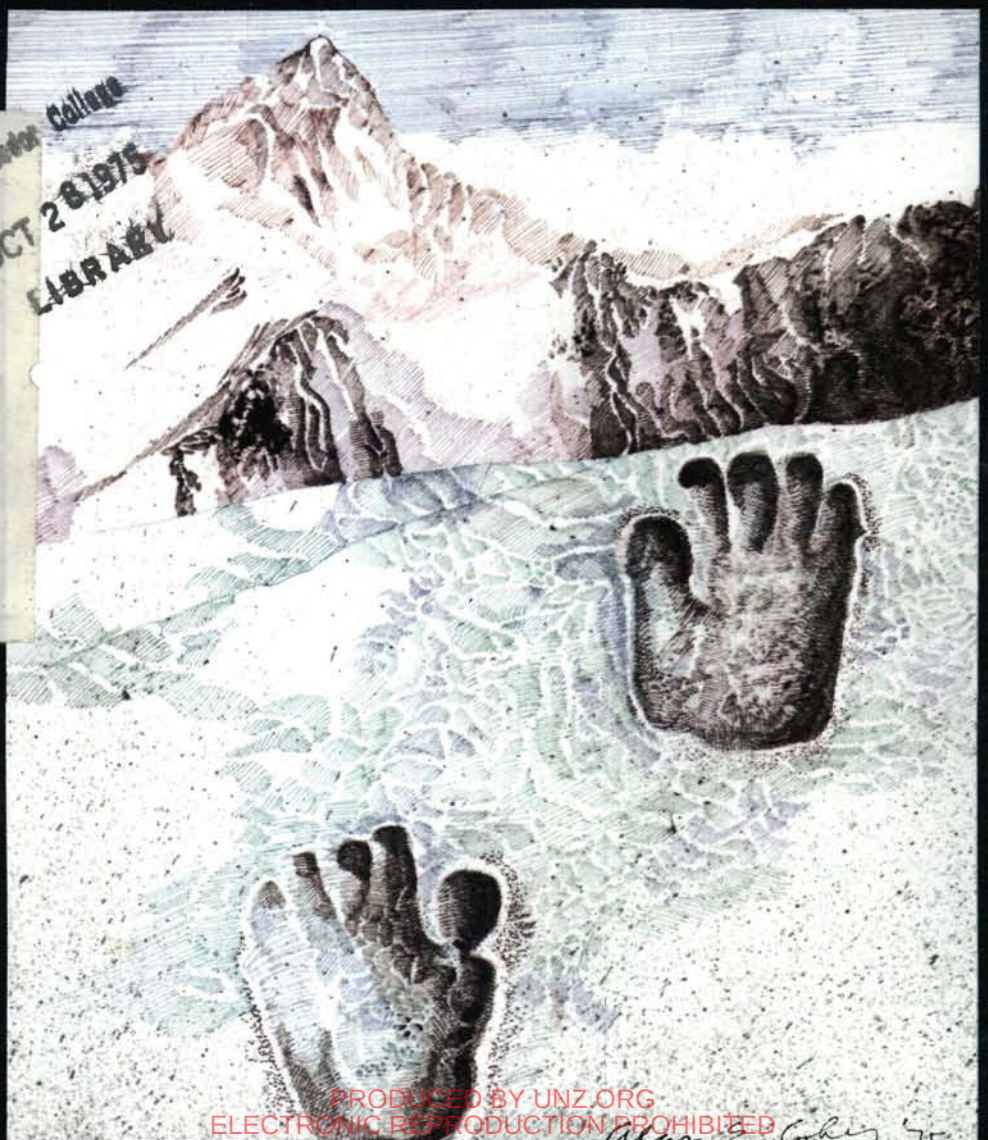

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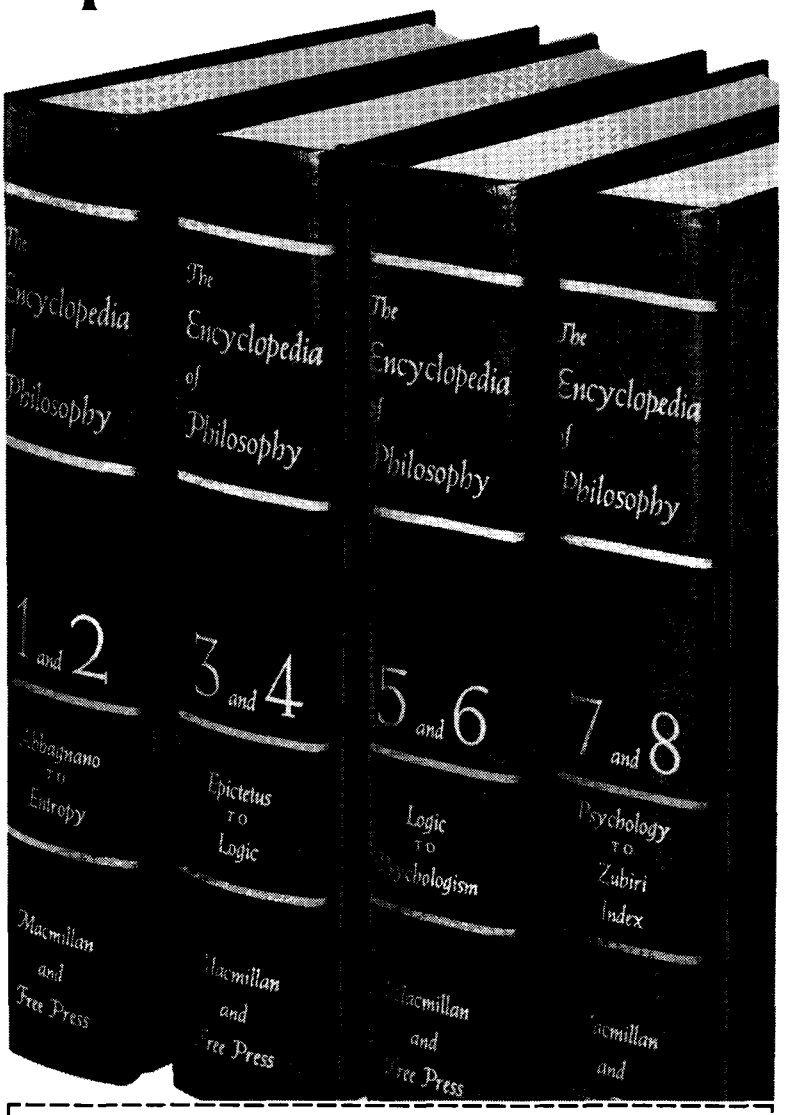

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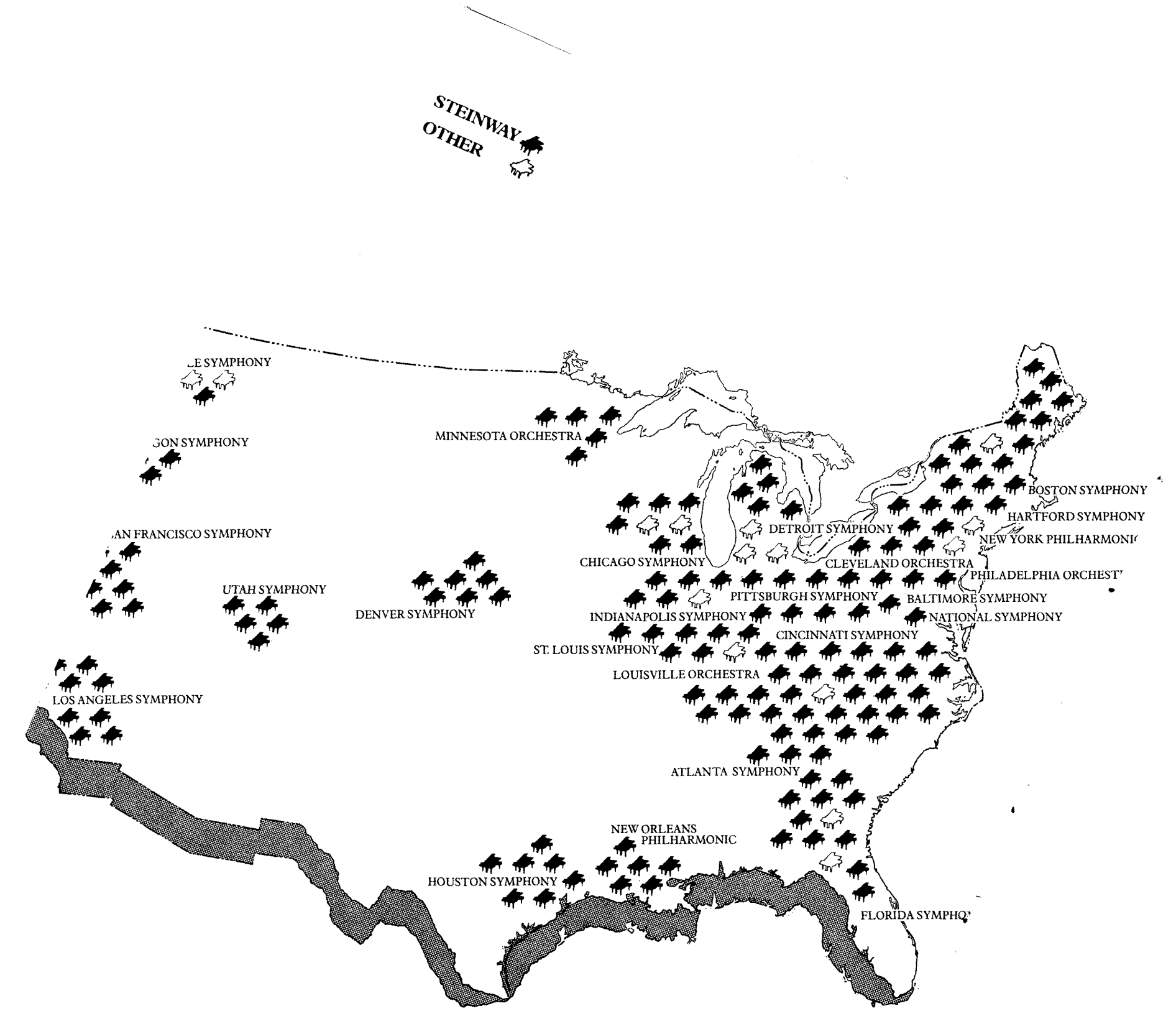

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THE EDITOR'S PAGE

August 6, 1945, another of those steamy swampland days in Washington. I was working for the United Press then, as a junior correspondent at the State Department and as a pinch hitter at the White House when another man was needed. This promised to be a dull Monday. The President was on the high seas, returning from the Potsdam Conference. The Secretary of State was with him. There would surely be no big news issuing from 1600 Pennsylvania or from State, located just across the alley in the stone gingerbread structure now known as the Executive Office Building.

We were lounging in the State Department press room over coffee and the Washington *Post*. The newspaper's weather forecast promised "showers and thunderstorms by late afternoon or evening." But, as we were about to learn, the thunderclap had already struck. The City News ticker sent out word that the White House would issue a special announcement at, if memory serves, 11 A.M. A handful of us scurried across from State into the capacious White House West Wing lobby. In those days it was lined with sagging easy chairs, a few graceless coffee tables, and dominated by an immense mahogany table, now long gone. The lobby quickly filled with hard-breathing reporters. Soon, a lower-echelon member of the White House press staff entered with a stack of press releases and wordlessly passed to each of us the mimeographed pages (remember that quaint instrument, the mimeograph machine?). It was a statement by President Truman, delivered from his quarters aboard the U.S.S. *Augusta,* somewhere in the Atlantic.

We wire service men—UP, AP, INS, Reuters, AFP—began reading even as we raced into the small press room with its clutter of decrepit desks, crumpled paper cups, and ganglia of telephone wires. Here is what we read:

"Sixteen hours ago an American airplane dropped one bomb on Hiroshima, an important Japanese Army base. That bomb had more power than 20,000 tons of TNT. It had more than two thousand times the blast power of the British 'Grand Slam' which is the largest bomb ever yet used in the history of warfare. . . . It is an atomic bomb. It is a harnessing of the basic power of the universe. The force from which the sun draws its powers has been loosed against those who brought the war to the Far East . . ."

We began shouting into our telephones before reading further, dictating to typists waiting at the ends of our direct lines. "Holy Jesus," I heard the AP man in the next booth shout, even as I was shouting, too. "Flash!" Two booths away a young woman, sent from the downtown office of her agency because no experienced correspondent was within easy call, struggled to compose a coherent lead, spoke some garbled prose, then broke into tears. "I'll just have to read you the words of the press release," she sobbed in a Deep South accent. "It's about something called an *A*-tom bomb and it sounds just terrible."

We blurted out our leads and some prose to follow, then dictated the historic text, eighteen paragraphs in all, of the President's statement. There was nothing to add. We were told that later in the day, Secretary of War Stimson would provide an explanation of the making of the weapon, of how and why its fearsome power was thrown into the war against Japan. We tucked away our notebooks and departed. There wasn't a man or woman among us who had ever heard of $E=mc^2$ or, I'll wager, a mysterious ore called uranium. I cannot even claim that I sensed, then, that those strained, excited voices bouncing off the press room walls were announcing the end of one era and the beginning of another.

Anyway, that is how most of the world learned of the coming of the Nuclear Age. Thirty years later, the voice of that troubled young woman rings even more pertinently: "It sounds just terrible." The U.S. and USSR possess enough nuclear power to destroy the world five or ten times over. Britain, France, China, India, and possibly Israel have the bomb. Some talented nut may already be fashioning one that will fit into a terrorist's suitcase. "The basic power of the universe" had not been "harnessed," as the President of the United States claimed on that day in 1945. It had been let loose to test the good and tempt the worst in man.

Such, it seems to me, is the somber reckoning induced by the reading of two articles in this issue of *The Atlantic,* one about Los Alamos and the 30th reunion of people who built the first atomic bomb, the other about Hiroshima and its survivors these three decades later.

Robert Manning

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REPORTS & COMMENT

WASHINGTON
The President

Why on earth was Gerald Ford staying at l'Hôtel Sofitel, which boasts that it is the "only French hotel in America"? All over Minneapolis people were preoccupied with the question, and so were outsiders who were coming to town as part of Ford's unofficial retinue. A taxi driver advised confidently that he had heard this was but one part of an effort to revive a close relationship between the United States and Europe. One local pundit proclaimed it all a terrible political mistake: "There's only one foreign-owned hotel in town, and the President ends up sleeping in it. What a blunder." Cynics suggested it was just that Ford wanted to keep a reasonable distance from the fun-loving, noise-making (albeit conservative) American Legionnaires, who were staying in more conventional downtown hotels and whom he would be addressing the next morning; but no, insisted others, it was simply that the new Sofitel, with its concierge and Bordeaux Room and waitresses who say a well-rehearsed "*bon soir,*" is in Bloomington, a safely Republican suburb.

It is a rather posh place, this little corner of Paris in the heartland, but the White House let it be known, and the Twin Cities press faithfully reported, that the President was not going overboard; instead of the $140-a-night best-suite-in-the-house that had been reserved for him, he was settling for a more modest one at $85. (Room 605, to be precise—naturally, a plaque is being put on the door.)

Gerald Ford

The reason for choosing the Sofitel was actually that it was near the airport and had available the dozens of rooms necessary for the presidential party. But the answer was almost irrelevant. The interest in and analysis of these details, as well as of far more trivial matters, was obligatory and compulsive; it seemed inevitable that someone would ask whether the President read his intelligence briefing by bedside lamp or overhead light, whether he slept with the bedspread on the bed or off. It was a little more evidence, if any was needed, of how the American presidency has been mythologized, romanticized, and glorified, and its occupant's every word, deed, and cough scrutinized—and of how this treatment is extended even, and perhaps especially, to an accidental President, a man who came to the job by a constitutional and political fluke.

Unimperial

"I can see why we have created an imperial presidency," said one local Republican, borrowing Arthur Schlesinger's characterization of historical developments; "we want to have an imperial President." He was watching with some astonishment as Ford arrived at the Marriott Hotel in suburban Minneapolis for a "leadership rally" with local GOP candidates. Outside, a band had

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"My tastes are very simple. I only want the very best of everything."

An eminent British prime minister was quoted as having made that statement.

Well, we guess just about everybody would like to have the very best of everything.

But for most of us, that just isn't possible. We can't afford a Rolls-Royce (with chauffeur), servants, summer and winter homes, etc.

But it is interesting to note that even those who can afford all those things still cannot buy or serve a better whisky than Maker's Mark.

And, as for the rest of us, no matter what our means, we can at least enjoy the very best of some things. One of those things is love, another is companionship. And speaking more materially, another is whisky.

Moderation is key.

If you drink in moderation, then the extra cost of Maker's Mark is amortized over quite a period. We'd be the first to admit that immoderate drinkers probably can't afford Maker's Mark. But then they really can't afford any whisky, can they?

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It was never Bill Samuels' desire to do so. Bill, founder of Maker's Mark Distillery, is a fourth-generation Kentucky distiller who knew exactly what he wanted when he started making his own whisky back in 1953.

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You want the ozone question So does

And most scientists agree there is time to find the answer.

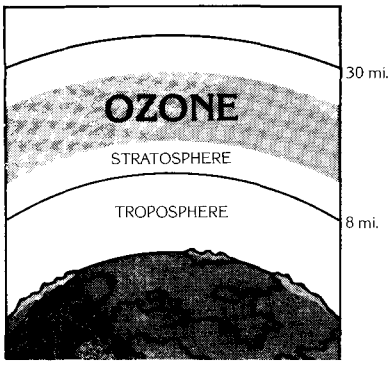
Fluorocarbons are liquids and gases used in refrigeration, for air conditioning, and as propellants in about half the aerosol spray cans sold in this country. Some say that these useful, normally safe compounds will cause a health hazard by attacking the earth's ozone layer. We believe this is an oversimplification.

The point is, to date there is no conclusive evidence to prove this statement. To understand, then, why there is a controversy, it is necessary to unsimplify the issue. We must treat the real world on its own terms, and they are complex.

The model that raised the question.

Ozone is continually created and destroyed by natural forces scientists are seeking to understand. The ozone depletion theory, based on a computer model of the stratosphere, was reported in 1974 by two chemists at the University of California.

This mathematical model calculates how fluorocarbons

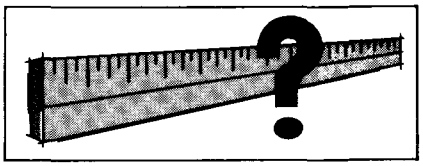


in the stratosphere behave under the influence of a series of variables (such as temperature, altitude, sunlight, chemical concentration) to affect the ozone layer.

In order to estimate hypothetical reactions, and because little is actually known about the real ones, the modelers made a number of assumptions about the way the upper atmosphere behaves.

The unmeasured yardstick.

Before any judgments can be made using this model as a stratospheric yardstick, its accuracy must be determined.



Does it describe the real, three-dimensional world? To find this out, the validity of the modeler's basic assumptions must be determined.

Turning assumptions into facts.

Before a valuable industry is hypothesized out of existence, more facts are needed. To get these facts Du Pont and the other fluorocarbon manufacturers are funding independent technological investigations in universities and research laboratories. Under the direction of acknowledged scientific experts, this research is designed to either prove or disprove the assumptions most important to the computer case against fluorocarbons.

Some research has been carried out since the model was first presented. Scientists now have a better idea of the accuracy of the assumptions in the model.

ASSUMPTION: The ozone-depleting reaction with chlorine from fluorocarbons takes place at a rate that demands an immediate decision on fluorocarbon use.

FACT: Recent determinations of reaction rates disclose that the ozone/chlorine reaction actually takes place at a slower rate than that assumed by the model. In addition, the same research has shown that the reaction of chlorine with stratospheric methane proceeds at a faster rate. Since this reaction tends to remove chlorine from the ozone layer, the net effect of both reactions is to lessen the originally-calculated impact of fluorocarbons. In fact, the impact was overstated by 300%.

RESEARCH: To guide future measurements of stratospheric reactions, a laboratory program has been funded to measure the reactions of chlorine compounds and ozone under simulated stratospheric conditions.

Most scientists agree there is time to conduct the research needed to settle the controversy one way or the other... before a final decision is made on fluorocarbon production and use.

ASSUMPTION: There is no other way to get fluorocarbons out of the atmosphere except by the ozone-depleting reaction.

FACT: One well-known class of chemical reactions not considered in the model is that of chlorine compounds in the

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answered one way or the other. Du Pont.

atmosphere in heterogeneous reactions.

In an article in SCIENCE (Feb. 14, 1975), Professors S. C. Wofsy, M. B. McElroy, and N. D. Sze of Harvard University caution that "If additional removal processes could be identified... or if additional sinks could be identified for stratospheric odd chlorine, the atmospheric and biological impacts of [fluorocarbons] would be reduced accordingly."

RESEARCH: Atmospheric chemistry involving ion molecule reactions has been described in recent months by several investigators. Reaction rates with ion molecules are known to be extremely fast and are believed to occur primarily in the lower stratosphere.

Thus, ion molecules could react with fluorocarbons, allowing them to be removed from the atmosphere.

ASSUMPTION: Fluorocarbons are the only significant source of chlorine available for interaction with ozone in the stratosphere.

FACT: Many chlorine-containing materials are present in the atmosphere in varying concentrations. Of particular significance, large amounts of methyl chloride and carbon tetrachloride have been discovered in the troposphere and stratosphere.

In addition, new calculations on the injection of gaseous chlorine compounds into the stratosphere from volcanic eruptions have shown this as a significant contributor of chlorine not taken into account by the model.

RESEARCH: Scientists are completing an inventory of chlorine-containing compounds in the atmosphere. It must be determined how nature deals with chlorine from these natural sources, before it can be shown that chlorine from fluorocarbons might pose a threat to the ozone layer.

Additional research.

A fluorocarbon industry research program is funding the development of a computer model that will better reflect the complex chemistry of the stratosphere.

In addition, other studies are under way to broaden our understanding of the total ozone production/destruction balance. These will concern themselves with other stratospheric reactions affecting ozone.

A panel of highly qualified academic scientists will advise on the technical programs covering various facets of the problem. This panel of independent experts will review the projects, providing a critical opinion on the pertinence of each, the probability of their success, and the completeness of the overall investigation.

Conclusion.

Much more experimental evidence is needed to evaluate the ozone depletion theory. Fortunately, as most scientists agree, there is time to gather this evidence. Du Pont has joined with other fluorocarbon manufacturers to provide funds for work by independent university scientists. Governmental agencies are also conducting research to help in the assessment of the theory.

Should the theory be proven correct after all the evidence is in, Du Pont, as we have stated, will stop the manufacture and sale of the offending compounds.

In the meantime, we believe that to act without the facts—whether it be to alarm consumers, or to enact restrictive legislation—is irresponsible. Final decisions cannot be made with only the information at hand.

The independent research described above is presently being carried out by scientists at the following institutions:

Cambridge University—England
Environmental Research and Technology, Inc.
Massachusetts Institute of Technology
State University of New York
The Battelle Memorial Institute
The University of Reading—England
University of California
University of Denver
University of Illinois
University of Maryland
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This is the second in a series of discussions by Du Pont to offer a perspective on an important subject. If you would like copies of either this or the first discussion, please write to: FREON*, Room 24517, Du Pont Company, Wilmington, DE 19898.

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played John Philip Sousa marches and Boy Scouts had whimpered with delight over their opportunity to touch the man. Now, a hundred or more reporters, photographers, cameramen, and soundmen scrambled through a back door into a roped-off area to "cover" the President at the rally; other members of the press had gone ahead to the next stop—another nearby hotel, another Republican rally—where Ford's remarks at the Marriott would be piped in as background noise while they wrote their stories.

The leadership rally had majestic overtones, befitting an imperial figure. "This is a very important moment in all our lives," allowed Charles Slocum, the newly elected twenty-eight-year-old Minnesota State Republican chairman. He proceeded to introduce Ford as "the man who has made us proud to be Americans, the man who has made us proud to be Republicans . . ."

And yet there was something distinctly unimperial—even unpresidential, as we have come to define and understand the lofty qualities of presidential behavior—about the object of all this attention and reverence. Ford did not act as if he were doing a great favor and making an extraordinary effort with this visit of his presidential court to the provinces. On the contrary, he behaved like a comfortable man who was enjoying himself in his own element. Smiling his boyish and apelike smile, he put his arm around Representative "Al" Quie ("one of my long-time and dearest friends in the Congress") and he personally pinned awards on the lapels of those who had collected the largest shares of the rally's $165,000 contribution to the Minnesota Republican coffers. Slocum was probably right when he declared that Ford "is the first President in memory to talk to a group like this"—Republican standard-bearers at the most basic local levels.

The President's talk, from staff-prepared notes, was full of boilerplate and hyperbole. He described the rally as "a great meeting," and exhorted his audience to elect more Republicans to all offices, to get "America on the move again, moving in new directions with a vision of what can be." "All good Republicans," he said, should be willing "to go that extra mile for the party, indeed, if it is necessary, that extra thousand miles for the party." Setting his own example, Ford posed for a photograph with each of seventy-one local Republican candidates for everything from state legislature to county park board, all in eight minutes; and that, said one of them, Dan Peterson, was something that "Nixon would never have done for us."

When the rally was over, Ford proceeded to a luncheon session with the Minnesota "Elephant Club," whose members, some in town for the occasion from Duluth and other distant points, had all contributed at least $500 to the party. The crowd was a little more subdued and effete, but the President and his regular-guy routine were just the same.

Playing it straight

On the road or in Washington, Gerald Ford does not fit into the recent tradition of the mythologized presidency. There is none of the studied elegance of the Kennedy years, no sense of the lonely man at the pinnacle of power that Lyndon Johnson self-consciously portrayed, nor the embattled and embittered self-righteousness of Richard Nixon. This President, both by instinct and, ultimately, by the design of his closest advisers, is the relaxed and natural man; he does not act like the high school kid, newly in charge of running the student council, who no longer has the time to talk with his old friends.

Ford is being put across, with some success, as the man who, in the tradition of his model from the other party, Harry S Truman, speaks his piece and does not shy away from saying or doing the unpopular thing at a delicate moment if he thinks that it is in the country's best interests—the Nixon pardon, an amnesty program revealed before the 1974 Veterans of Foreign Wars convention, and telling the NAACP that federal programs to help the poor and disadvantaged were a major cause of inflation. Not only does he behave like a real person, but he heads a family that is made up of human beings who sometimes act foolishly or talk too much, rather than of stick figures that, like so many dolls, utter appropriate rote phrases when the cords on their backs are pulled.

For a public that is weary of politics as usual, this might be expected to come as a relief, a welcome change that rules out any confusion of the Ford regime with the reign of his discredited predecessor. But that is not necessarily how it is working. Despite spurts of popularity at such moments as when the merchant ship *Mayaguez* was recaptured from the Cambodians, Ford's showing in the polls has lagged. (One key White House official, out of desperation, has resorted to the tactic of arguing that in a period of such low confidence in government, a "fair" rating of the President should not really be classified as a "negative" one.)

What is thought of as his natural constituency has not responded so enthusiastically. The crowds are not that big. Even at the American Legion national convention in Minneapolis, when the President combined a spirited plea for détente with the Soviet Union and a rousing, old-fashioned promise to keep "America's defenses second to none" into a single, rather well-delivered speech, the reception was only lukewarm. Informal chats with randomly selected Legionnaires revealed that there were plenty of doubters in the audience. J. H. Cregar, for example, a street superintendent from East Liverpool, Ohio, who voted for Nixon in 1972, said tersely, "No more Republicans. I can't see voting for Ford against any Democrat. There was too much lying under Nixon." As for the President's speech, Cregar dismissed it: "This is a political thing today."

Some of Ford's aides believe that he must run hard to dissociate himself in the public mind from that recluse in San Clemente who is, after all, responsible for his becoming President. (Confidential messages have been sent from the White House to La Casa Pacifica through mutual friends, urging Nixon to realize just how unhelpful it would be if he were to set out anytime before November, 1976, to "help" Ford.) But the preoccupation is elsewhere—with the threat from Ronald Reagan and others on the right who feel that the President is less than a true believer in the Republican cause. A conscious decision has been made, as one person close to Ford puts it, "to cut the ground out from under" Reagan by making the President sound like the original conservative, thus discouraging a Reagan challenge to Ford's nomination for a full term. The result is speeches that are very orthodox indeed, complaining, as he has in Peoria and elsewhere, of "a growing and unwarranted trend toward federal interference—interference in the free enterprise system, interference in state and local governments, and, as we are now beginning to discover, inter-

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ference in our personal lives." The last reference can be taken as a bow in the direction of civil liberties, but for the most part his program is traditional laissez-faire. It includes trying to force energy consumption down and domestic production up by letting prices rise, turning a critical and skeptical eye on all social welfare projects, and cutting the regulations and taxes imposed on private business.

It is, in some respects, the Nixon Administration all over again, but without Nixon and with the classical conservative positions even more clearly enunciated than before. On an intellectual level, this is conceived—by staff coordinator Donald Rumsfeld, political counselor Robert Hartmann, intellectual-in-residence Robert Goldwin (a political scientist who taught at the University of Chicago and, more recently, served as dean of St. John's College in Annapolis), and their aides—as "a respectable agenda for the country," a clear alternative to what are described as the "expensive and ineffective programs of the New Frontier and the Great Society." But on a practical level, it isolates the President in the company of corporation executives, who may be his natural friends but, in a period of widespread economic hardship and revelations of business corruption, are not exactly popular and influential figures in American life. Liberal and moderate Republicans, including some of Ford's old congressional colleagues, are convinced, for their own part, that he has gone too far, that he has identified himself with a narrow stratum of society; and they have begun to plead with him, publicly and privately, to show more of his "compassionate" side.

Chaos within

One of the most unpresidential characteristics of the Ford White House, coming after the Nixon era, is its pervasive disorganization. For all of Rumsfeld's efforts to build a new and efficient staff system that suits Ford's penchant for openness and a thorough review of all options for handling any problem, the cracks are wide and important problems often go unattended. In the words of one young staffer who has worked under both Nixon and Ford, "The Nixon system may have stifled creativity, but you always knew the status of an issue, and you could always find out where the President would come down on it." Although

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WASHINGTON

some Nixon people, such as presidential counselor Charles Colson, were notoriously good at making end runs, H. R. Haldeman and John D. Ehrlichman invariably knew where things stood. Not anymore. Under Ford, there is no one who can be depended upon that way, and the evolution of policy is sometimes casual, not to say chaotic.

Theoretically, any recommendation for a major presidential decision or action, before it reaches the President through Rumsfeld, is cleared with each of nine "senior staff" who can speak authoritatively about its potential impact in their special areas of expertise—Hartmann; presidential counsel Philip W. Buchen; press secretary Ronald Nessen; Henry Kissinger, Secretary of State and national security adviser; L. William Seidman, director of the Economic Policy Board; chief legislative liaison John O. Marsh; William J. Baroody, Jr., chief of "public liaison"; James Cannon, director of the Domestic Council; and James T. Lynn, director of the Office of Management and Budget.

But that does not always happen. "There are a lot of last-minute saves around here," concedes one official close to the President—sudden scrambles to prevent the simple embarrassments or near catastrophes that might occur if one adviser or another has his unencumbered way. Recently, for example, the National Security Council staff, dominated by Kissinger, gave the Press Office a statement it had prepared for release in the President's name upon the death of Eamon de Valera, the father of the Irish Republic. A little checking revealed that notwithstanding the current political sensitivity of Irish-related issues in the United States, the statement had not been cleared with other relevant advisers, let alone shown to Ford himself.

That incident, admittedly a relatively minor one, and others that are more important can be traced to Kissinger's extraordinary influence and authority within the Ford Administration. The results are notable as much for the messes they cause as for orderly statesmanship. It was his whisperings into the President's ear that led to the refusal of a White House appointment for Nobel prizewinning author Alexander Solzhenitsyn. His choice of tactics in, and obsession with, his Middle Eastern shuttle diplomacy have interfered with

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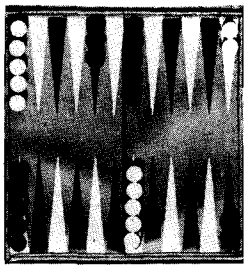

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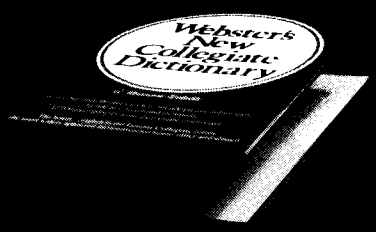

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WASHINGTON

formulation of a coherent administration policy toward OPEC. On at least two occasions, he set out to give speeches on major international issues—including one at the United Nations on nuclear policy—that had not been checked out in advance with Ford's personal staff; only after hastily convened meetings were revised texts of the speeches approved. Kissinger kept Congress—and apparently even the President—in the dark while he negotiated an American presence in the Sinai Desert as part of a new disengagement agreement between Israel and Egypt.

But there have been diffusion and confusion in other areas, too. A junior staff member in the White House counsel's office, assigned to work on presidential policy on the delicate legal and political issue of abortion, learned at a cocktail party that the White House correspondence section had already been replying to mail on the subject on the basis of advice from Hartmann, who had discussed the matter privately with Ford and then issued his instructions for an anti-abortion form letter.

The Justice Department was astounded when, in the last hours of Senate consideration of an extension of the Voting Rights Act of 1965 last summer, the White House weighed in with a request that the formula determining which states come under the law's enforcement provisions be dropped from the bill—an obvious attempt, apparently dreamed up by Cannon, to win support for Ford among southerners who have always felt that the voting rights law discriminates against them. Called upon by senators to explain and justify this sudden Administration initiative, the Justice Department could not do so, because it hadn't known about it and didn't agree with it. Ford escaped unscathed from that incident: his last-minute effort to weaken the bill was defeated and quickly forgotten, and during the ceremony in the White House Rose Garden when he signed the extension into law, civil rights leaders praised him for steadfastly supporting it all along. But on other occasions, he has left himself open to charges of insensitivity to minorities; in Peoria, for example, in the midst of a touchy public encounter with a regional officer of the NAACP, as Ford tried to cite what his Administration had done for blacks, he was unable to remember the name of the Equal Employment Opportunities Commission.

At the Dirksen shrine

The President's arrival in Pekin, Illinois, birthplace of the late Senate minority leader, Everett McKinley Dirksen, coincided with the city's third annual Marigold Festival—a happy circumstance, since Dirksen had long labored for legislation to make his preferred flower the national one. It was a good thing that a blight had not hit the marigold crop overnight, because right at the start of the prepared text of Ford's remarks was the line, "This city really looks beautiful today with so many thousands of Ev's favorite flowers in bloom." (An indication, noted a reporter who had been traveling with Presidents for years, of one "trouble with Ford: he can't remember to do things like complimenting the marigolds unless they write it down for him. But do they have to write it down in a way that we all know about it?")

Ford was in town to dedicate the "Dirksen Wing" of the Pekin Public Library, which contains a "Congressional Leadership Research Center" in memory of the man who, with Ford (then minority leader of the House), once held a weekly "Ev and Jerry Show," in which the two lambasted the Johnson Administration. Dirksen, for all his eloquence and sheen, was also one of the most adroit practitioners of the politics of influence-peddling of his time. Had he lived on, he might never have survived the scrutiny of the post-Watergate era, but in death he is revered and touted by Republicans as one of their all-time greats, and Pekin has become something of a shrine, almost as important a stop on the political circuit as Lincoln's Tomb in nearby Springfield. Perhaps because central Illinois is such a comforting, welcoming place to be at a moment of declining popularity in the polls, Ford was now taking his own turn at the shrine, even though Richard Nixon came to Pekin to unveil the cornerstone of the Dirksen Wing back in 1973. As the hot sun beat down on the square in front of the library, and with Louella Dirksen, her son-in-law Senator Howard Baker of Tennessee, other national figures, and local stalwarts at his side, the President droned on with a lengthy and repetitive encomium to Dirksen's warble-throated brilliance and insight.

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White House aides became weary and restless as they waited behind the press platform for the seemingly interminable ceremonies to conclude. Their gloom only intensified when reporters began to ask what might be inside the Dirksen Center that justified all this pomp and presidential attention. They didn't know, and could produce no fact sheet on its contents and functions. The one brochure served up by a young woman selected for the occasion by the Pekin Chamber of Commerce spoke only of "an exhibition of the life and times of the late Senator" and "a repository of (his) papers, speeches and memorabilia . . . as well as photographs, audio and video tapes, phonograph records, motion picture films and other materials featuring him and his career. The space is equipped for use by students, writers and researchers who may wish to spend time studying these materials." A pool of reporters who later accompanied the President on his walking tour of the research center discovered stacks of cardboard boxes and some thirty-seven filing cabinets (including one marked "Patronage, 1969"), but no sign that anyone had been studying or working among them. But Ford was enraptured. "I hope sometime I can come down and relax and go through some of these papers," he told the architect who was escorting him through.

One could not help wondering whether the crisis in the Middle East or the energy shortage or some other major national problem did not require the President's attention. But traveling and "seeing the people" is important to him, and especially people carefully selected for the regional "White House Conferences on Domestic and Economic Affairs," and those who attend old-style Republican party fund-raisings and get-togethers. Throughout his political life he has never been home much, and not even assassination attempts will keep him there now.

Having it his way

Despite his troubles, Gerald Ford has enjoyed one big run of success in Washington: his dealings with the institution that molded him, the Congress. Even after the Democrats scored a big increase in their congressional majorities in the midterm election of 1974, the President assured his aides that he would still be able to have his way. The strategy was to work with issue-by-issue

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"shifting coalitions," to exploit the differences between urban and rural interests, unions and management, and other conflicting groups (not the least of those conflicting groups is the House Democratic caucus, with its rebellious rank-and-file and weak leadership), in order to maintain some influence over the legislative pipeline. A great deal of time and calculation is spent on this endeavor, and using the scorecard approach—as most monitors of Congress do—Ford has "won" many notable "victories," a source of great delight in his circle. Congress looks weak, confused, and fumbling, and in the view of key presidential strategists, the President, by contrast, achieves an image of "strength, forcefulness, leadership, and skill." What is unknown, and the White House concedes it to be, is whether the electorate is genuinely impressed in a lasting way, or simply sees the President as the temporary leader in the old, and perhaps now irrelevant, Washington power game.

Not to worry, says one presidential intimate in the White House. It might work and it might not, but in the meantime Gerald Ford, perhaps alone among the Presidents of the last thirty years, is actually managing to have fun in the job. "You know," says the intimate, "he had never really wanted particularly to be President. The height of his ambition was to become Speaker of the House." Since the Republicans had no hope of winning a majority in the House in the foreseeable future, "he had already given up on this and decided to retire in '76. . . . He got to be President without even trying; he has no doubts about his manhood or anything else. . . . He's not all that dazzled to be here. He would probably be quite happy going back to Grand Rapids or Vail, being with the family, playing golf, and watching TV."

—SANFORD J. UNGAR

PARIS

It is autumn, high season in Paris, city of rituals, a festival of music, theater, film (mostly erotic), and too many political promises. Some of them will have to go unfulfilled this winter (for this is ritual too), and so the ground will be laid for next spring's revenge.

Last year, Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's first year in the Elysée Palace, became the year that wasn't. There was the fuel crisis that didn't come and the economic crisis that hadn't happened yet. There was the Vietnam War which suddenly wasn't, taking with it the last French pretensions at mediation. The great achievements anticipated for the OPEC conference, which was organized by France, never materialized (there is still a big-power colonial mentality which expects the Third World to do as it is told).

Parisians kindly accorded Giscard no worse treatment than they give any performing artist who fails to live up to snuff. After an early fuss and a period of polite murmurs, they simply ignored him. At the time, that suited Giscard fine. But now that a year has passed, and the promises being made are bigger and better, the question is whether all the things Valéry Giscard d'Estaing is and all the things he would like to be can again compensate, to his satisfaction and the satisfaction of the French, for all the things he isn't.

Liberal or libertine?

In the French estimation of a leader, what matters most is background—institutions, and class. Indeed, so much depends on it that there is almost no room left for the little tricks of politics or the quirks of a president as a man. De Gaulle was tradition personified. Pompidou was ambition personified. Giscard d'Estaing, it was said, would be intellect or technology or just cold success personified.

The President, however, does not like to be told who or what he is. He was born into a typically bourgeois family with political traditions and aristocratic ambitions, brought up among the provincial gentry in a setting of kind grandparents, trimmed lawns, and intellectuals of middling renown. For him, World War II became a personal romance; he hitchhiked to the front. Then came a brilliant career in schools and government ministries. Since first announcing his intention to become President, Giscard has moved among the French as a sometimes stealthy, sometimes rambunctious iconoclast, above all determined to shatter misconceptions about himself.

"I am a reserved man, undoubtedly like many of you. I am reserved because it is in my character to be so . . . ," Giscard d'Estaing remarked during his campaign. For balance, he would also warn the Socialist candidate, François Mitterrand, "You do not have a monopoly of the heart." And since then, in office, proclaiming style "the aesthetic of action," he has gone much further. He has abolished the use of aristocratic titles in invitations issued by the Elysée (though he claims a dubious connection with Louis XV); he has dropped in on typical French families for dinner; he has knocked V-E Day out of the calendar of public events (proving he was a man who could make the times change).

When *Le Monde* criticized him for his habit of disappearing after working hours, reportedly with pretty girls who were not his wife, the Elysée staff refused to comment on the newspaper's remarks about liberals, libertines, and associated matters. Public opinion polls all rebuffed *Le Monde*'s fussy position. According to the man in the street, Giscard might be President, but he also had a right to a private life, a bit of righteous Gallic indignation on the part of the public, which masked a bit of Gallic voyeurism, too. As one Frenchman was quoted, "Giscard is a lot more fun than Pompidou." But since then Giscard has chosen to be more discreet. Now when he is seen, it is usually at restaurants and at the theater with his family. And even if he would like to spend more time with Roger Vadim, the film director, and other old friends, rumor now has it that politics is proving a demanding mistress, and that advisers and ministers have begun to claim some of those small hours that used to be spent in the company of a different kind of retinue.

At the same time, in fireside chats on television, Giscard has sought to address the people directly. And though he sometimes seems obsessed with numbers, his speeches are otherwise accessible. Employing well-turned phrases, he stays away from metaphor and depends on the cumulative effect of good sense. There are few appeals to destiny of the kind De Gaulle always made. Stirring aphorisms are rare.

After listening to a few speeches, or reading them next day in *Le Monde*, one can sympathize with the President's self-confessed frustration at not having been born a Flaubert or a Maupassant. That remark is one he has made frequently when receiving writers at official functions, proposing legislation which would provide state funds for struggling authors, or just talking about himself. He seems to want people to believe that, in entering politics, he has settled for second best. Perhaps he really thinks he has. At least it is well

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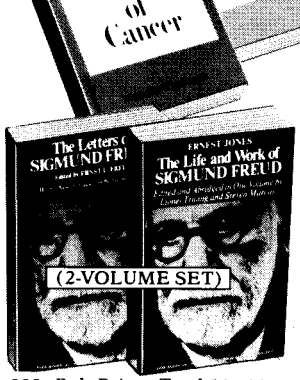

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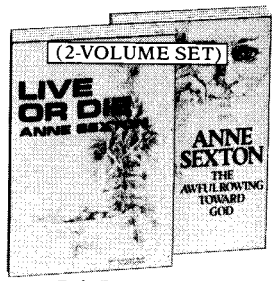

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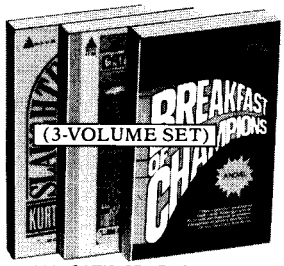

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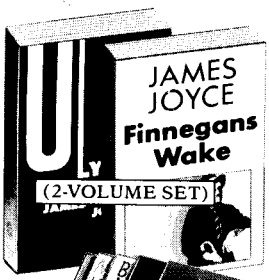

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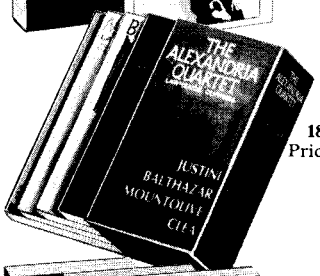

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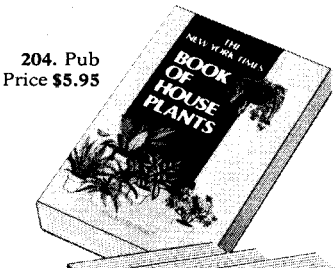

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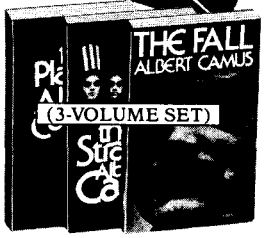

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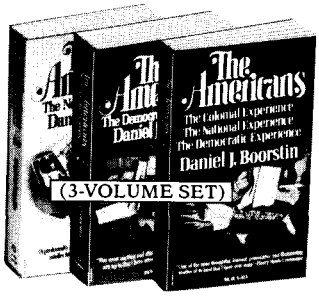

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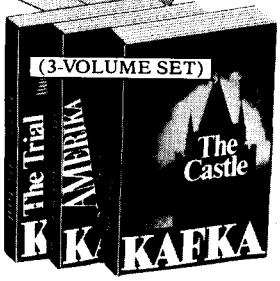

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known that he has a partly finished novel, *The Burning Summer*, in a drawer, and though no one knows how good it is, as a symbol of baffled ambition it isn't bad. When people begin to say of a public figure that he has had every wish granted and has never known unhappiness, he is probably well advised to tell a little about his dreams.

Soul

So much for the style. As for the action . . . To understand what Giscard has done in the last year is to understand Paris. It would not be entirely far-fetched to compare the city to Rome at the time of Augustus. There is no Empire, of course, and New York is more powerful and Moscow more threatening. But Paris is the soul, machine, and principal ornament of a society as highly centralized as the Augustan Republic of two thousand years ago. If truth lies in appearances, as Parisians insist it does, then surely, like Rome so long ago, Paris must be the richest city in the world.

Mile after mile of glittering boutique windows line Paris, an expanse of selling surface which makes the shopping district of the average American city look like a cramped reservation for the rich. The broken-down buildings from the seventeenth century that once lined the narrow streets in the heart of Paris have had their facades polished and their interiors gutted and rebuilt as luxury condominiums which sell at prices ranging from the ridiculous to the outrageous, depending on the number of exposed beams ($2500 a square meter is standard in desirable areas). Parisians earn 58 percent more than their countrymen; 70 percent of the people who go skiing in the winter come from Paris; those who go abroad in summer are almost exclusively Parisians.

The government admits that there are one million (4 percent of the work force) unemployed, and the left-wing opposition adds another 500,000. The annual inflation rate is 12 percent (this is high compared with Germany's, at 7 percent, but low relative to Italy's, at 15 percent, and Britain's, at 25 percent). And all economic indices of growth except exports have fallen far short of last year's predictions. Still, there is little sense of crisis in the air. Restaurants are full, approval of Giscard's performance runs high (almost 60 percent according to the latest official poll taken by the French Institute of Public Opinion, IFOP), and this fall, as Rome dies, New York struggles to survive, London sinks in a morass of despond, and the German cities remain as unlivable as before, the air is heavy with *Schadenfreude* and the hope that Paris may again become the cultural center of the Western world. (Peter Handke, David Hockney, and Francis Bacon are all recent immigrants, and Pierre Boulez is coming home.)

And yet, however little Parisians are given to worry, much less to care, behind the whitewash of the city and the gleaming facades, if one looks closer one discovers the garbage collectors, the dishwashers, and the patient *ebouеurs*, the mudmen, the immigrant workers, Africans or Arabs who work in the gutters, pushing the refuse toward the sewer holes, and who sleep in shifts, twelve to a room. Paris is a city which makes one immediately conscious of basic inequalities and hypocrisies, situations which pain a liberal heart.

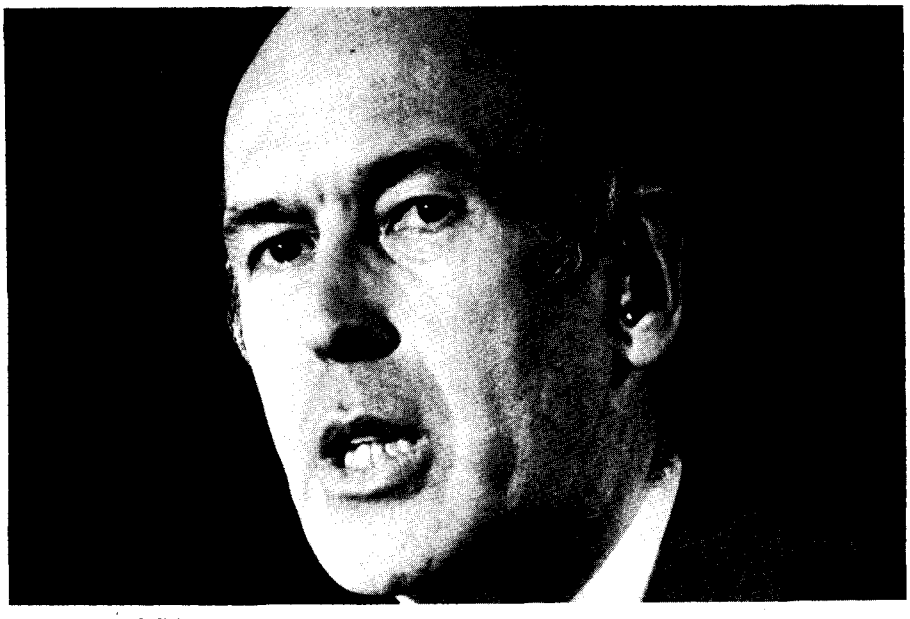
Strategic neglect

Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's reform politics have almost all been directed at correcting what he calls "social deficiencies," situations of psychological impoverishment, wherever they are found. Every now and then, as in the case of immigrant workers, or unemployment caused by technological advance (those laid off are now guaranteed a year's wages), attention has been focused on distortions in the economic system. But it is the family, women, schools, and youth that have received the most, often long overdue, attention. Abortion, divorce, contraception, right-to-vote, prison, and military reforms have all been passed into law or are becoming law now. An education bill which would open higher education to a far greater percentage of the people in low income brackets is also in the works.

And yet, to a certain extent, these measures are tactics of a government rolling along on the thunder of ideas whose time has come. Proposals for real reform, changes in the economic and administrative structure, have just begun. Property and capital gains remain largely untouched sources of tax revenues. The state of democratic labor legislation makes France seem repressive in comparison to Germany or the Scandinavian countries. And after fifteen years of Gaullist appointments, the central bureaucracy which regulates everything in France is a slough of lobbying and influence that is the delight of the construction industry, a challenge to radical political scientists, and the despair of the 49 percent of the population that didn't vote for Giscard in the last elections.

Such neglect is, of course, not accidental. Part of it is strategy, a belief that reform has to come piecemeal if it is not to scare people. A liberal, Giscard has to avoid antagonizing the right in order to avoid mobilizing the left. At the same time, he would like to isolate the Communists and the far right and drug the population on that narcotic of modern democracies, consensus.

But behind the tactics of reform and



Valéry Giscard d'Estaing

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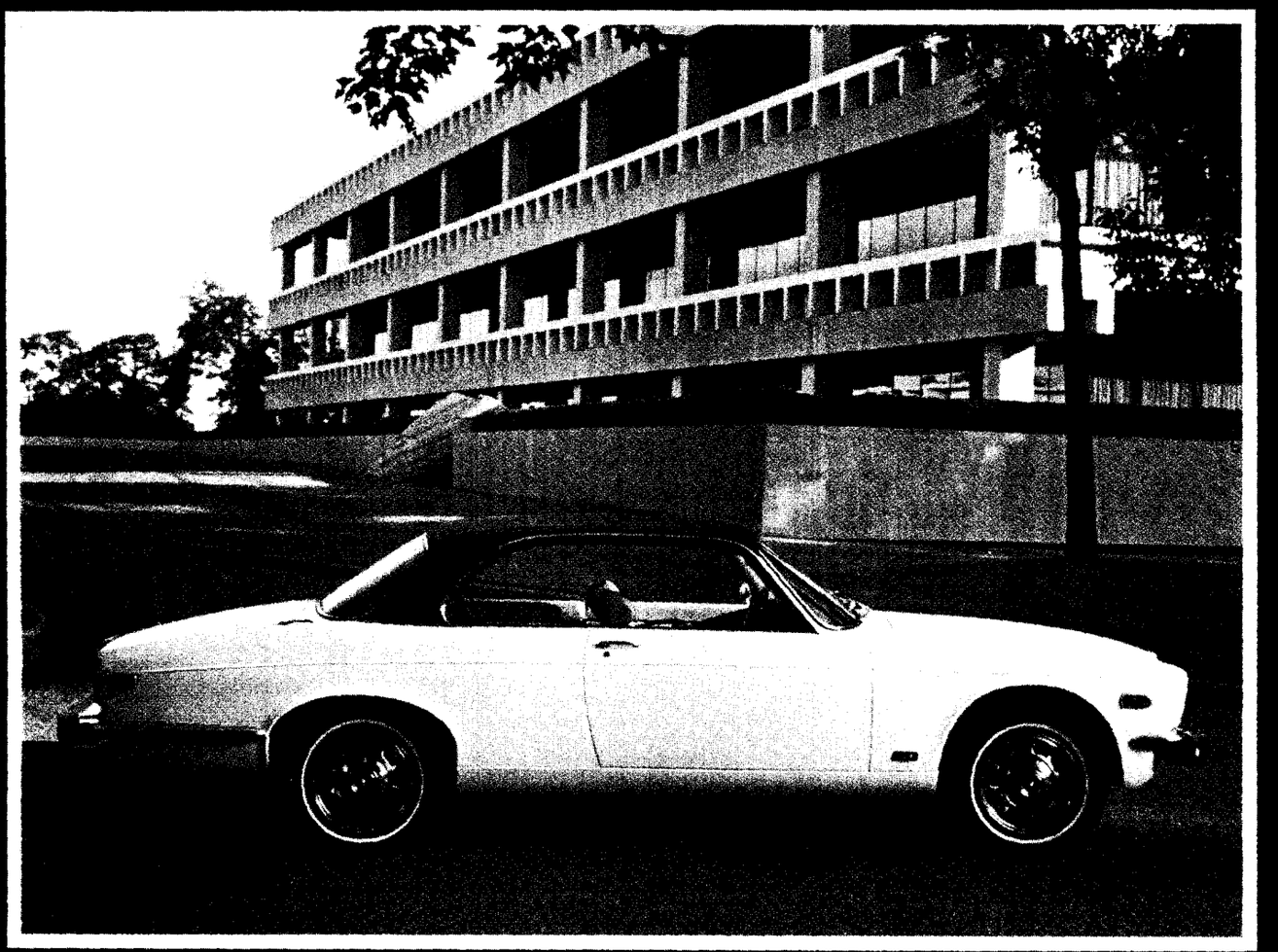

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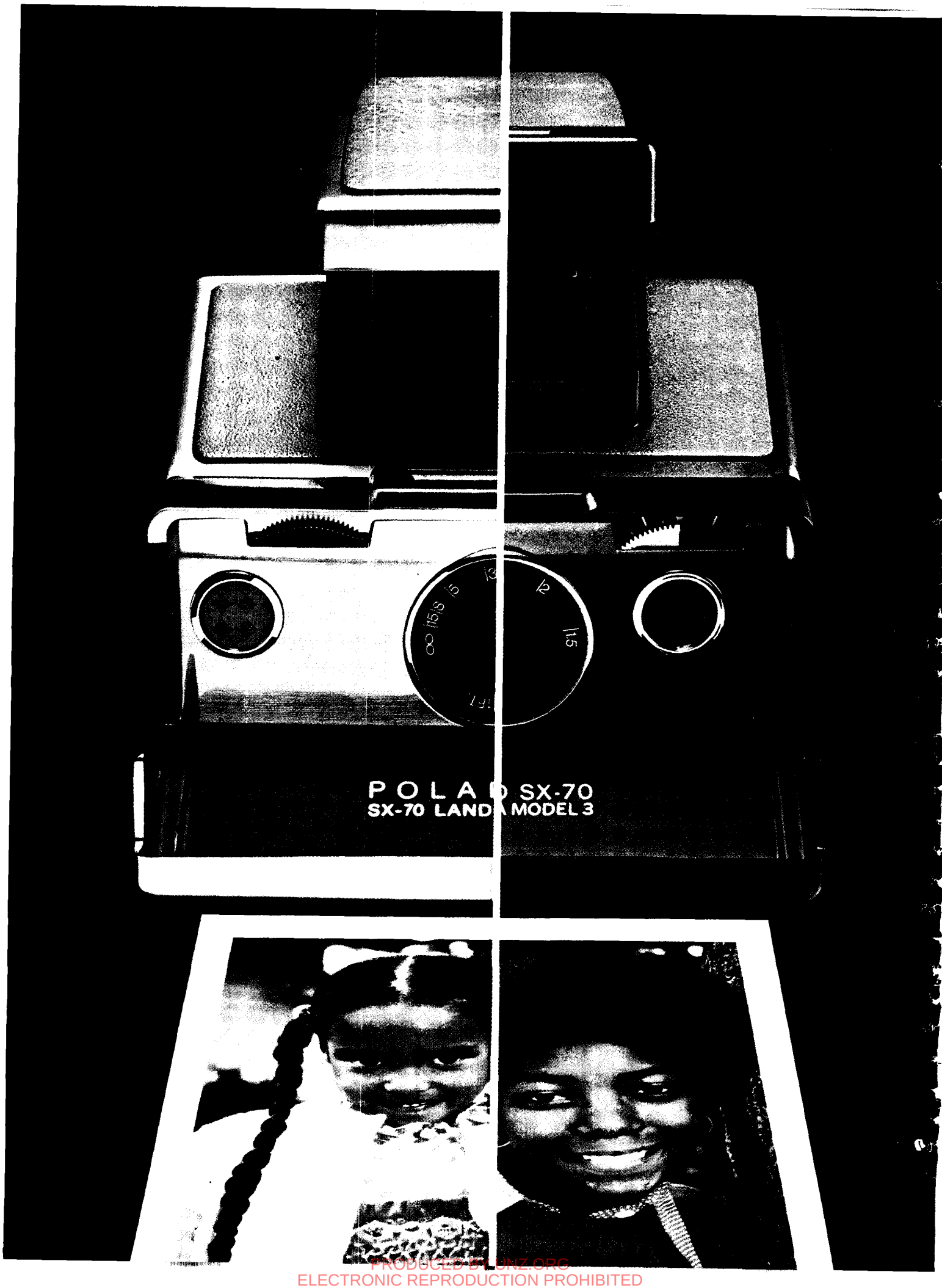

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The SX-70 photograph on the far left was taken by the deluxe model. The photograph on the right was taken by the Model 3. Note the vibrant colors, the richness of detail in both.

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the strategy of neglect, there is something else more profound, an attitude, if not quite an ideology, that is the essence of what Giscard is about. In his effort to avoid negotiating with the opposition, notably the trade unions, and in his determination to prove that organized conflict of interests is a thing of the past, is the will to take politics out of government. There is nothing to negotiate as far as Giscard is concerned. There are only things to dispense.

Wearing a crown

An old saying has it that the English parade as monarchists but are republicans at heart, while the French sanctify their revolution yet desperately want a crown. Giscard is the expression of the truth in the cliché. Just how princely he can be, and how hostile to the idea of demands on power, was glaringly apparent early last spring in a spectacular museum exhibition at the old Mint, "La Monnaie," on the period of Louis XV (Giscard's putative ancestor), a display of silverware, highly polished furniture, and pastoral paintings. Giscard wrote an introductory note for the catalogue, linking the flourishing of the arts to the birth of economic and monetary stability, a point well made. But while decrying the absence of liberty in that era, he failed to wonder whether the treatment accorded the likes of Voltaire and Diderot (they were censored, clapped in jail, and forced into exile) didn't make the time something less than "a perfect moment in French art," as he called it. Was the art really an expression of its day, or just the taste of a king, a reflection of the aesthetic of no action, and a signal for the revolution to come?

In terms of everyday practice, Giscard's regal attitude has two consequences. On the one hand, the President works closely with one or two advisers (Michel Poniatowski, Minister of that sinister domain, the Interior, and Claude-Pierre Brossolette, in the rather more anodyne post of Secretary-General of the Elysée). He intervenes at will anywhere along the administrative structure—granting asylum to Eldridge Cleaver, busting the prostitutes from the churches of Lyon, where they had taken refuge in a strike to protest their treatment by police, banning wiretapping and ridiculing its practice by the Gaullists. The will may be generous, it may be repressive, it is certainly capricious, and it is just as certainly the will of only one man.

On the other hand, the President takes himself out of the political fray, clearly prefering moments of ceremony and privilege to the day-to-day grind. During the postal strike a year ago this fall, Giscard was virtually invisible, and the trade unions have been hard put to make him surface since. In legislative debate he also stays low, and makes his weight felt through the intercession of ministers. He leaves party politics to his lieutenants. Poniatowski heads the Independent Republicans, Giscard's party, while Jacques Chirac serves a double function as Prime Minister and head of the Gaullists. Significantly, while acting as an effective whip to the Gaullists, getting them to follow the President's line, Chirac has also resuscitated them, and provided himself with a power base which will be increasingly difficult for Giscard to treat as his own.

But if the President is bothered by this turn of events, he hasn't shown it yet. Increasingly, in fact, he is taking

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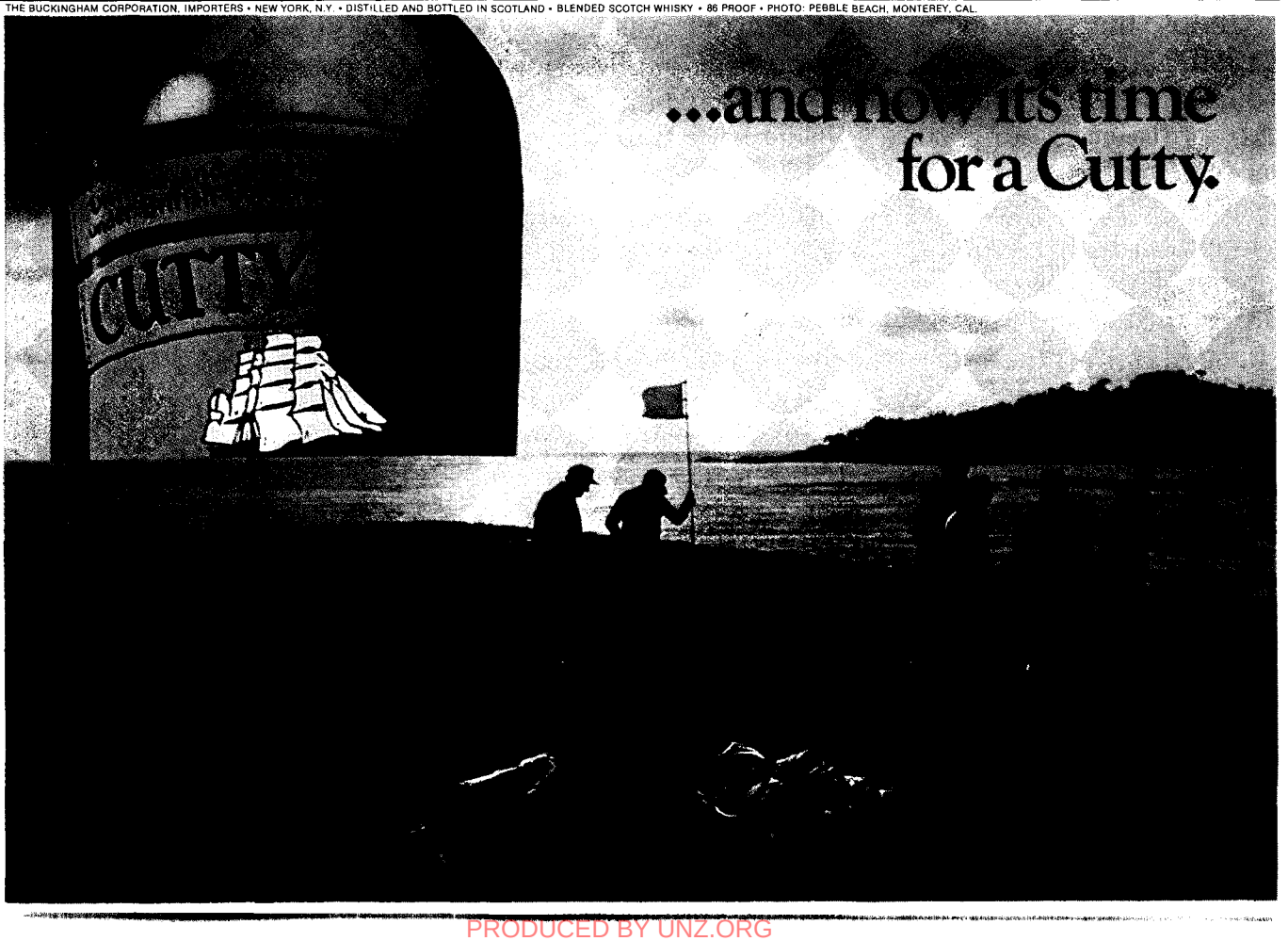

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the view that national economic and political health is directly tied to international concerns, thus neatly depriving the opposition of much of the force of local protest. Typical is the recent set of economic agreements with Germany. Given its powerful export capacity, Germany's economy is much healthier than that of France (Germany has a balance of payments surplus of $8 billion, while France has a $1.75 billion deficit). But, in a time of worldwide recession, the Germans are as worried as the French about the future. Enormous coordinated public works projects have been scheduled in efforts to counter unemployment and stimulate their economies with government spending, a situation which may lead to closer monetary cooperation as well, and so accomplish for European integration what twenty years of well-intentioned negotiations in the EEC have failed to do.

In other matters, the same view prevails, shaded by self-interest and a desire to be on the side of the (oil-producing) angels. In regard to Israel, the French support certain proposals for negotiation while quietly resisting such initiatives as the drive to remove Israel from the United Nations. They are quick, though, to assure the Arabs that they do not side with the United States.

Reasoning together

Since last spring's OPEC conference failed to produce a negotiating basis between the industrial countries and the Third World, the French think it is only a matter of time before a new conference will be organized, one in which the United States will have to agree to linked discussions on the price of oil and other Third World raw materials. Though the high price of oil creates enormous problems for underdeveloped economies, the French and their allies among the have-nots say that the real solution to the global crisis lies in overall adjustments between producers and consumers, not product-by-product agreements. When accepted (and the United States is moving in that direction), the French believe such an integrated approach will lead naturally to another pet Paris project, a conference of industrial countries (a new Breton Woods) which will take the onus for the current international economic crisis off oil and put it where the French think it belongs, on the lack of a stable international monetary system.

The politics of responsibility: That is what the French would like their friends and neighbors to think they favor. Idealistic in the long term, pragmatic in the short (a convenient arrangement), it is akin to the philosophy which dominates the play of politics here at home, the view that there is no problem which cannot be solved if only reasonable men will sit down and reason together.

Is Giscard right? The general feeling seems to be that as long as the recession simmers along, right or wrong, the President can get away with playing a trimmer's game. Full prosperity or a full-blown crisis would upset his subtle calculations. But in these managed times, neither of those is a likely eventuality. In fact, Giscard may do surprisingly well. He is a president whose style conforms to that of people who would rather live comfortably with the decline of the West than worry about the preservation of the globe.

In the contemporary world, action, the bold definition of critical choices, is considered the domain of visionaries and loons. What the French seem to want is wisdom based on the accumulation of experience, and that promises to be Valéry Giscard d'Estaing's forte. Success is all a matter of how long you think it will be before the sky falls, if it is going to fall at all. Whether Giscard (or any other Western leader) could prove to be the man of that hour is a different question, although there is an anecdote told by his friends and recounted by one of his biographers (François Lancel in *Valéry Giscard d'Estaing*) that might provide a clue:

Giscard was skiing with Maurice Herzog, conqueror of Annapurna, at the summit of Mt. Blanc. He had insisted on going, though the descent from the top was well beyond his capacity. Peering over the edge, he seemed to be very frightened. Nevertheless, he pushed off—and made it. Herzog was breathless with admiration. It must have been quite a feat for an intermediate skier—but didn't somebody once say that leadership was the difference between the foolhardy and the brave?

—ROGER SALLOCH

REPORTS & COMMENT CONTRIBUTORS

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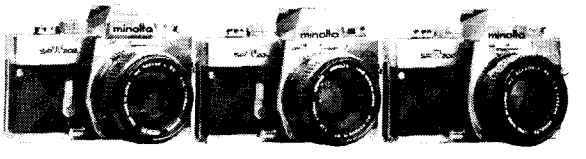

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"Into the Air, Junior Birdmen!"

by L. E. Sissman

Detroit, summer, 1938. A spun-gold Sunday morning. In my small, north-facing bedroom, I wake slowly to the Sunday sounds. Big yellow Detroit Street Railway trolleys trundle infrequently by, a high, electric hum above the fierce metallic screech of the wheels upon the rails. A few early cars shift and start off from the Warren Avenue lights. Over on the polyglot East Side, a hundred various Catholic churches, Slavic churches, Scandinavian churches flung up by homesick immigrants begin their solemn monody of calling the faithful—and the habituated—to Mass or service. And then, faint but clear above the choirs of bells, comes the unignorable whine of a single-engined airplane. I slip out of bed, whip on my spectacles, and, after some drawing and quartering of the sky, descry a plane high over the Hotel Palmetto, Residential Rates. It is a Stinson monoplane, and the pilot, perhaps purely for his pleasure, is executing a series of shallow, lazy dives and zooms.

Later in the day, if I can prevail upon my modestly machine-minded father, we will climb into our beetle-green 1935 Studebaker President sedan and make for the city airport, where we will stand behind a sawhorse barrier and watch the American Airlines DC-3s—described as "huge airliners" by the press of the day—arrive from or return to such exotic ports of call as Pittsburgh and Chicago, joined in the pattern by a handful of light pleasure craft like the Stinson.

Still later, I will steal out of the house and walk several blocks to the Cass-Warren Drug, where, surrounded by the apothecarial ambience of iodoform, lemonade, and chocolate soda-fountain syrup, I'll browse at length through the latest newsstand issues of *Flying Aces* and *Model Airplane News*, buying a 25¢ copy only if the pharmacist starts looking menacing and retaliatory.

Why do—did—I spend so much of my early life as an observer of aircraft? Why did I linger, with sticky, cemented fingers, over several years' supply of balsa models? Why, between the ages of nine and fifteen, did I devote so much of my free time to aviation lore? Largely, I suspect, because my whole generation was brainwashed to think of flying as America's (and the world's) last frontier. To speed our escape into the empyrean, the times had provided the added spur of the Depression. Any self-respecting lad of twenty must have thought at some point about aviation as a career; even to us tads of ten or twelve, flying a plane for a living seemed both a suitable and an admirable lifework.

Looking back from adulthood, it seems easy to see that my enthusiasm, like that of thousands of others my age, was based on the public-relations efforts of the aircraft industry and the complaisance of the media in feeding its trivia to readers (of all ages) like me. However, my passion seemed anything but artificially stimulated at the time. Let me tell you how it inveigled me into an abortive—and aborted—career of sorts in aviation.

I had, as I've suggested, been interested almost from the cradle in man-made things that fly. My father, who had once been an automotive engineer, helped to awaken that interest; my fellows at school, subjected just as I was to the propaganda for air-mindedness, fanned it into something resembling an eternal flame. If I could take you back to the dim institutional corridors of Miss Newman's and Detroit Country Day School in the late thirties and early forties, you'd probably see nothing but a bunch of knickerbockered schoolboys; I, on the other hand, would see a corps of flying cadets like those so innocently apostrophized in the radio jingle (from the old Jack Armstrong children's show, I think) which I've appropriated for the title of this article.

Soon—sometime in the late thirties—reading was not enough, and I began to test the accuracy of my eye and the efficacy of my unformed hand with a series of model airplanes. They started, modestly enough, with "solid" models, carved from a block of balsa wood and hung, when completed, in the modeler's room for ornamentation. These rather static toys soon gave way to something more dynamic and exciting: flying models. Available then for as little as a quarter, fliers were rough replicas of famous planes—ranging from the Nieuports, Camels, and Spads of World War I to the Wacos and Bellancas of the thirties and even, by 1939, to the Messerschmitts and Spitfires of World War II. Assembly of these fliers was a tough test of the Junior Birdman's inner strengths. First you had to cut several score parts out of a printed (but unperforated) balsa sheet with an X-acto knife, a chore guaranteed to make strong boys weep and men—their fathers—despair in unison.

Next came the assembling. To make the wings, the cut-out balsa wing ribs were cemented to thin balsa stringers with a cross section one sixteenth of an inch square. To make the body, you laced more thin (and maddeningly fragile) stringers along the cut-out pieces that gave the fuselage its shape. Then—after a few small side chores like the elevator and rudder—you covered the wings and fuselage with a flimsy Japanese paper called, appropriately, model-airplane tissue, and shrank the new covering tight with an application of dope, a banana-oil-like substance.

But the proof of the modeler's prowess came in the flying. On a Saturday or Sunday—whenever your father was free—you'd pack the airplane in his car and he'd drive to some field on the outskirts where model airplanes were informally flown. You'd wind the rubber motor to within a literal inch of its life (I seem to remember 150 winds being *de rigueur* for smaller models of this kind) and hand-launch the craft into the wind. In most cases, the featherlight ship would be flung by the wind onto its nose at once, often breaking a wing and causing the modeler to repair to the drawing board; occasionally, the gods would permit a perfect hop of fifty or so feet and an uncruel landing, sparing the Fokker D-7 (or whatever it was) to fly another day. Most of my models followed the former course until, sometime around the beginning of the war, my old man kicked through with a big, tough, gasoline-powered model built to bounce off the great outdoors and come back for more abuse.

Mr. Sissman's book of essays, *Innocent Bystander*, has just been published.

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The gas model—though it wasn't used as often as I would have liked, owing to a reluctant father—represented some sort of coming of age for me, as did some experiments in the early forties with Jerzy, a Polish contemporary of mine from the East Side. If I was far gone in air-mindedness, Jerzy was second only to the Brothers Wright in his pioneering enthusiasm; working from plans in adult aviation magazines, he had managed, when I appeared on the scene, to build several flyable miniature helicopters. Together we perfected the design—which looked a lot like your average traffic reporter's chopper today—and flew our prototypes in a number of model air meets, often winning our class when there *was* a helicopter class.

This conquest of the air, limited as it was, spurred me to make more of my avocational obsession. Since I was still in my lower teens, it was highly unlikely that I could learn to fly a real airplane, or, since I was myopic to the point of undraftability, that I could volunteer for the then Army Air Force and enjoy my training at Uncle Sam's expense. No, it was distressfully clear that I was not to take my seat at the controls of a genuine airplane for some time to come, if ever. (As it turned out, it was never to be; and I'm likely to die grounded unless I late and suddenly indulge the whim shared by my daring colleagues at the office.)

What could I, a mere schoolboy in numbing wartime, do instead? My mother, as usual, came up with A Plan. I was unfortunate in having a domineering mother who had all the answers to my future; by the same token, I was fortunate in having an aggressive mother who could open the most formidably locked doors for me. At any rate, my mother thought long and deeply, that winter of 1943 when I was just fifteen, and determined that I did possess one salable commodity in, or adjacent to, the field of aviation. To wit: an experienced, cement-fingered modeler myself, I could pass the gift of cutting balsa and stretching tissue along to even younger, but equally air-minded, boys and girls.

But how? I couldn't simply announce model-airplane-building seminars in my home; I had to have a base of operations. Very well, then: my mother, backed by my father, would set me up in a small hobby shop. They volunteered a round sum—I think $1000, a lot of money in those days—for the purchase of my stock in trade, plus $50 a month for rent. This latter amount was to be repaid from earnings, if any.

Obtaining stock was not a problem—even in mid-war, model-airplane kits and collateral items were available in quantity, presumably because they were morale-builders and propaganda-spreaders—but finding a suitable (i.e., cheap) storefront was. Since I could not afford to advertise, I required a high-traffic location; my eyes fell on several untenanted stores on Woodward Avenue, the main drag of the city, which was only a two-minute walk from our home. Inquiries were unproductive: most landlords wanted $100 or more a month for these valuable spaces, and my (or my mother's) Plan seemed doomed. Until my father, heretofore a silent partner in the borning enterprise, noted that one of the stores for rent was owned by the New York *Times.* Why, he reasoned, wouldn't a high-minded enterprise like the *Times* want to help set up a worthy young man in an equally worthy—and virtually nonprofit—business? The trick, he reasoned, was to gather his family together—father, mother, and son—and make a personal pitch to the head of *Times* real-estate operations in Detroit.

He made inquiries; the said executive turned out to be a Mr. Sulzberger, a member of the *Times*'s ruling family, which my father felt augured well. He called for the appointment, which was duly granted. We met on a sunny morning in Mr. Sulzberger's modest office, high up in a downtown bank building that might well have been owned by the tentacular *Times*. It was my first business presentation, and, to my undying surprise, it went well. Mr. Sulzberger was chatty and avuncular, listening in grave and middle-aged courtesy to our shaky little scenario; when we finished our act, he quietly allowed as how something might be worked out; he'd be happy, he said, to assist such an ambitious young man. What it boiled down to was a reduced rent of $50 a month—right on target—but without a lease.

Model Airplanes Unlimited opened, with a new hand-lettered sign and the aforesaid $1000 in models and supplies, on April 1, 1943. School hours prevented my opening until two in the afternoon, but I made up for it by staying late in the evening. From the first, to my amazement, kids showed up in droves. Not just the middle-class kids from the immediate neighborhood, but dozens of blacks and poor whites from the slums of the East Side. And they brought money: war work had employed both of their parents in many cases, and their mothers were only too glad to spend a little cash on a place that would occupy and engross their kids while they were at work. So, at the early age of fifteen, I found myself running a kind of prototypical day-care center—and enjoying it immensely.

When school ended, in May, I extended my business hours with an assist from my parents, who often spelled me; as public schools also let out for the summer, the number of my customers increased. It was busy, hectic, and even marginally profitable; despite the free tuition in modeling, I was clearing my rent and making a small and tidy profit on the sale of models. Best of all, my students and I had an enormously good time; as an only child, I had never worked closely with other children before, and the pleasure of teaching and teamwork was a revelation. And—in a city later to be famous for its racial tensions—black and white, hillbilly's son and sharecropper's son worked side by side with great goodwill.

But that was not to last. One hot day in that summer of 1943, there were rumors of riot, confirmed by a glance down Woodward Avenue: crowds of blacks and poor whites, advancing respectively from east and west, met in the middle of the street and did battle with fists and sticks, knives and blackjacks. Soon the National Guard was called in to restore peace, and olive-drab half-tracks patrolled the Avenue.

The riots continued sporadically for a few days, but my business, of course, came to a dead halt. Parents kept—and continued to keep—their kids at home. I might go through an entire day with half a dozen customers. Model Airplanes Unlimited was clearly moribund, and soon the time came to call once more on Mr. Sulzberger. As sympathetic as ever, he allowed us to shut down on short notice; we owed only that month's rent.

Now, as I write this, I hear the buzz of a light plane over in the west. In 1938, it was a wholly sweet sound, full of promise; now it is a bittersweet sound, reminding me with ever-increasing force that this is a life of choice and compromise; that I am no more a Junior Birdman; that the air and all its graces have escaped me. But grounded as I am, I still look up to see the light plane in the west.

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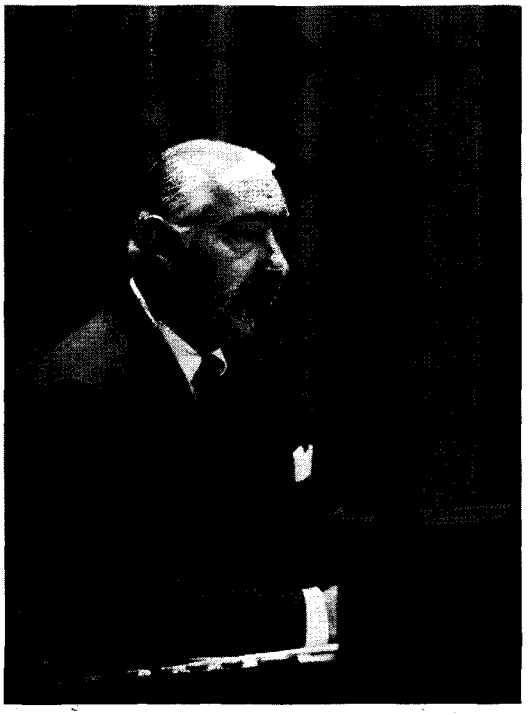
"I'm talking about jobs.



I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the store.

I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll bring a new prosperity to this land."

These excerpts were taken from a talk by Lewis W. Foy, Chairman, Bethlehem Steel, at the Downtown Rotary Club, Washington, D.C., July 23, 1975. If you would like a copy of his entire talk *(A Progressive Program for "A Backward Nation")*, fill in and mail the coupon at right.

"I'd like to set the stage by telling you about 'a backward nation.'

I'm talking about a nation that's been 'backward' in terms of economic growth. Over a long period of years that particular nation had an average economic growth rate of only four percent a year—less than half the growth rate in Japan, and seventeenth among twenty leading industrial nations.

Seventeen out of twenty in economic growth? I say that's 'backward.'

I'm talking about a nation with lagging capital investment . . . lagging economic growth . . . lagging plant modernization . . . and lagging productivity gains . . . and I say that's a pretty fair description of a 'backward nation'—a nation that's falling behind.

Well, I guess you know what country I'm talking about. It's our country, the U.S.A.

Of course we're still an economic powerhouse. Of course we still have a sizeable lead over most other countries in a lot of respects, but we're losing our lead, and *fast*. Relative to the other major industrial nations, we're moving *backward*.

Why? Because too small a share of the nation's output is being allocated to investment. We simply aren't plowing enough of our resources back into productive enterprise, into the engines of growth and progress.

Where will new jobs come from?

About a million-and-a-half people will be entering the private labor force every year between now and 1980, and we want to make sure there are jobs for them, and I mean good jobs. But the average investment to create just a single new job opportunity is rising all the time. It's about $25,000 now, and it'll be close to $35,000 by 1980.

You might think about that for a moment: $52½ billion in the year 1980, just to create enough new job opportunities for the people coming into the labor force that year.

We won't get the economy back into gear unless and until the private sector can generate the capital funds needed for modernization and growth. In the case of my own industry, that's something in the order of $5 billion a year.

Corporate profits can't generate that kind of money, not the way things have been going.

The equity route is at a dead end these days, and there are limitations to further borrowings. Even if corporate debt weren't at record heights, there's the crowding-out effect of massive borrowing to cover oversized Federal deficits.

Where's that private investment capital coming from? How in the world is our 'backward' nation going to get moving forward again?

In my opinion there's no way to do it without an enlightened and coherent Federal income tax program.

A progressive program

I want to urge just five tax-related measures that are needed by companies like mine, and industries like the steel industry, and manufacturing and mining industries in general. To my way of thinking, these five measures are rock-bottom requirements.

First, I urge Congress to enact a realistic, effective capital recovery system.

The guts of this system has to be *full* and *fast* recovery of expenditures for plant and equipment. Under the present depreciation system, we don't recover our investment

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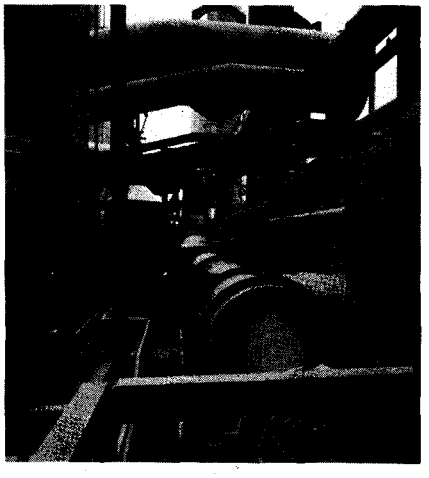
fast enough to plow it back into more capital spending when, as today, funds for capital spending are in short supply and badly needed.

And cost inflation makes matters a lot worse. Our original cost basis gets more ridiculous every year that replacement costs spiral upward. The longer the period for depreciation, the less we recover of the *real* costs of replacing our old equipment with equivalent modern equipment.

Second, what I've said about capital recovery goes *double* for the capital we're putting into pollution-abatement facilities.

Those facilities rarely produce a cent of income. In fact, they incur heavy operating costs year after year. In such cases the usual rationale for depreciation—recovering the expenditures out of earnings—makes no sense at all. *There aren't any earnings!*



In the past 5 years alone, Bethlehem has spent about $130 million for environmental protection and pollution control equipment. We expect to spend more than $600 million for such equipment during the next 5 years.

So, I recommend—I *urge*—that outlays for pollution control may be written off *immediately*, in the year the costs are incurred, or over any period that the taxpayer elects.

My third recommendation is this: Let's stop playing games with the investment tax credit. The Tax Reduction Act of 1975 took a step in the right direction, but it's only a single step.

At last Congress acknowledged what we've known for a long time, that the tax credit pays off in more investment. So far so good. Raising it from seven to ten percent was a sensible move, but limiting the increase to two years wasn't.

The business community needs *certainty* in order to plan ahead, and we need more than two years for long-range financial planning.

Let's boost the tax credit to *12 percent*. And let's make it *permanent*.

That would be another powerful shot-in-the-arm for economic growth and job formation, and it would lay the basis for increased future tax revenues.

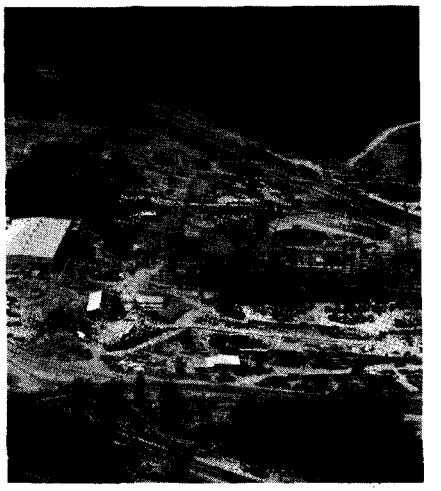
Fourth, let's do something about double taxation of corporate profits. I mean taxing income when earned by the corporation and again when it's received by shareholders in the form of dividends.

Most other industrial nations have systems that provide relief from double taxation, and I think that's the way we ought to go. In the long run it'd help open up the possibility of more capital formation through sales of new issues of corporate stock.

My fifth and final recommendation has to do with natural resources—mining and energy production.

I'm not suggesting anything new. All I want to do is urge the continuation of the existing tax provisions—notably, percentage depletion. It's terribly important to the extractive industries. It's been a helpful feature of the tax code for more than forty years, ever since 1932.

Today, when the national well-being requires the greatest possible assurance of ample mineral raw materials and energy resources, we've got to encourage exploration, development, and production. This is expensive. It costs like sin. And it's just about the riskiest business going.



Bethlehem is a major participant in a joint venture for taconite development in Minnesota. The final tab is going to be about $300 million, and that's a lot of capital right there.

We've got to move forward

The immediate and long-lasting payoff from these tax-related measures will be nothing less than solid economic growth. And I'm not talking about benefits that, as some people say, would just 'trickle down' to all Americans.

I'm talking about jobs; I'm talking about food on the table and goods in the stores; I'm talking about a dynamic economy that'll build our strength in world markets and bring a new prosperity to this land and all its people.

This is worth fighting for, and I hope you'll join me in letting Congress know where we stand!"

Public Affairs Department, Room 476 A
Bethlehem Steel Corporation
Bethlehem, PA 18016

YES, send me a copy of Mr. Foy's talk, *A Progressive Program For "A Backward Nation."* (Reprint includes documentation that the U.S. is "backward" in terms of economic growth.)

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THE MAIL

LIBERAL CONUNDRUMS

SIR: It is sad, perhaps even alarming, that Daniel P. Moynihan, our new ambassador to the UN, should still preach a foreign policy that echoes that of John Foster Dulles ("How Much Does Freedom Matter?" July *Atlantic*). He couches it all in liberal conundrums, and certainly not many will be opposed to his "freedom" or "democracy," and few will defend "totalitarianism."

However, does Moynihan really believe that we provided all that assistance to India in the 1950s and 1960s mainly because she was democratic? She was needy, but she was an ally and later a buffer against Russia and China. Surely we gave aid because she was at first anticommunist and later noncommunist. Throughout all this period it mattered to us little whether a government was democratic or autocratic, whether it was ruled by a military dictatorship or self-appointed civilian elites. We assisted those governments that were noncommunist, and we still do.

Daniel Moynihan is all for freedom, and that is a noble ideal. But in using that term he seems to care not a whit for freedom from hunger, freedom from disease, freedom of opportunity, freedom from corruption, and so on. To him, freedom is living under a nontotalitarian regime, by which he means a noncommunist one.

Our failure has been that we have supported governments because they are anticommunist, and not because they were genuinely trying to alleviate poverty and reduce deprivation among their people. Most rural peasants and urban slum-dwellers would be willing to dispense with Moynihan's narrow concept of freedom and instead have enough food, healthy children, and opportunity for employment.

Our support in future should go mainly to those countries that are genuinely using their own resources to reduce inequality and deprivation, in an effort to become self-sufficient through rural development, increased agricultural production, and labor-intensive industrial projects. The political stripe of the regime should only be a secondary consideration.

Moynihan's pithy phrases and terms like freedom, democracy, and totalitarianism flow slickly from his pen, but examined in the real world, they mean very little and they camouflage a lot. Certainly we should support democracy and freedom, but only if that also means a fair deal for the majority in any country. It would be tragic if, following the lessons of Indochina, the Ford Administration were to pursue a Dullesian foreign policy, cloaked in the rhetoric of its liberal Democrat-in-office.

MICHAEL C. LATHAM, M.D.
Ithaca, N. Y.

Mr. Moynihan replies:

Dr. Latham's letter puts me in mind of Melbourne's remark that he wished he was as sure of anything as Macaulay was of everything. He appears to know all about what I think, all about what "most rural peasants and urban slum-dwellers" in the world think, and, in addition, to have made a special study of the foreign policy of John Foster Dulles.

A good number of things that he knows are not so. He knows, for example, that India in the 1950s and 1960s "was an ally," which is precisely what India was not. She was a founder and a leader of the Nonaligned movement, which is what was significant about American support during that period.

I nonetheless welcome Dr. Latham's letter. It reflects the retreat from political freedom as a criterion of American interest, about which I was writing. Avoidance of foreign entanglements is one thing. John Quincy Adams observed that America is the friend of the liberties of the whole world, but the guardian only of her own. If I read Dr. Latham correctly, he is quite disposed to our being busy about the globe seeing that everyone has a balanced diet. But he would seem to regard deprivation of liberties as none of our business. Obviously our views differ, although I would hope to be understood as saying that the only thing worse than not caring about liberties elsewhere in the world is exaggerating what we can do to promote them.

SIR: Before all the parents of learning-disabled children begin clamoring for an Ayres-trained specialist ("Why Johnny Can't Run," August *Atlantic*), I will register my disagreement that physical coordination is directly connected with learning to read. What the research does show is that if a child is given perceptual-motor training, his coordination is apt to improve, but his reading skills do not. If he is having difficulty reading, he should be given tasks that are directly related to the process of reading, such as letter and word form discrimination.

To assume that a child will have difficulty learning because he is uncoordinated physically is illogical in view of the fact that there are many of us who have always learned easily and are still of the "klutz" variety. And they are still beating the bushes for reading tutors at the college level to keep some of the more superb athletes eligible . . .

BARBARA DAVID
Chanute, Kans.

SIR: I was extremely interested in the comments about Dr. Jean Ayres in George Leonard's article, "Why Johnny Can't Run." My daughter, now thirty-two, was diagnosed by her pediatrician and our local school district as "borderline retarded." Last year a Stanford-Binet test showed she was definitely not retarded, as she came out in the aver-

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The Mercedes-Benz 450SE. Engineered like no other car in the world.

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE is a pure combination of advanced automotive technology, enlightened engineering, safety and craftsmanship.

And though a host of "brand-new" automobiles have been introduced in the past several months, the world has never seen a production sedan like it.

On the *outside*, the 450SE Sedan is not as big as a full-sized American luxury automobile. The only thing big about this Mercedes-Benz sedan is the room *inside*. The 450SE is a five-passenger sedan with more than seventeen cubic feet of trunk space.

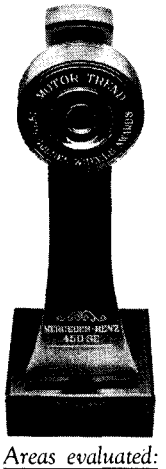
Many engineers agree that this is the shape and size of the automobile of the future. For some domestic manufacturers, the future has to wait until at least 1978. For Mercedes-Benz it's here now.

Aircraft construction

The Mercedes-Benz 450SE has no separate body or chassis structure. Its panels are fused into a unit with over 6,000 individual electric welds. This basic method of construction allows modern jet aircraft to have

The awards winner

The 1975 Motor Trend Magazine Golden Wheels Awards have just been announced.



Outstanding Achievement in Engineering

Winner: The 450SE.

Areas evaluated: The ride/handling relationship; performance, e.g. expressway entry, passing, hill climbing and stopping; passenger capacity and comfort; ease of entry and exit and accommodations; total engineering concept and quality of execution.

Outstanding Achievement in Safety

Winner: The 450SE.

Areas evaluated: Avoidance capability; braking response; visibility; innovation; occupant protection.

Safety first

The structure of the 450SE is the latest of Mercedes-Benz developments of the patented rigid passenger cell/deformable extremity construction. Both the front and rear extremities absorb force in the event of an impact, to help the passenger cell remain intact.

The 450SE's gas tank is mounted over the rear suspension, well in [illegible] rounded by steel bulkheads. What's more, the gasoline filler neck has been designed to pinch itself closed in the event of impact.

Unlike *all* domestic sedans which continue to have the same basic wagon-type rear axle they have had for decades, the suspension of a 450SE is fully independent. This system is completely different and allows the standard steel-belted radial tires to stay mated to the road where they belong.

Mercedes-Benz goes to great expense and effort to initiate new suspension developments. They can spell the difference between accident and incident.

Lasting value

One final thought. Today, when more than ever before, everyone is searching for lasting value, a Mercedes-Benz 450SE has much to offer you. Mercedes-Benz has the best resale value of any make of car sold in America. *Any* one. And the 450SE is pure Mercedes-Benz.

A unique driving experience awaits you at your Mercedes-Benz Dealer's. Call him today. Test

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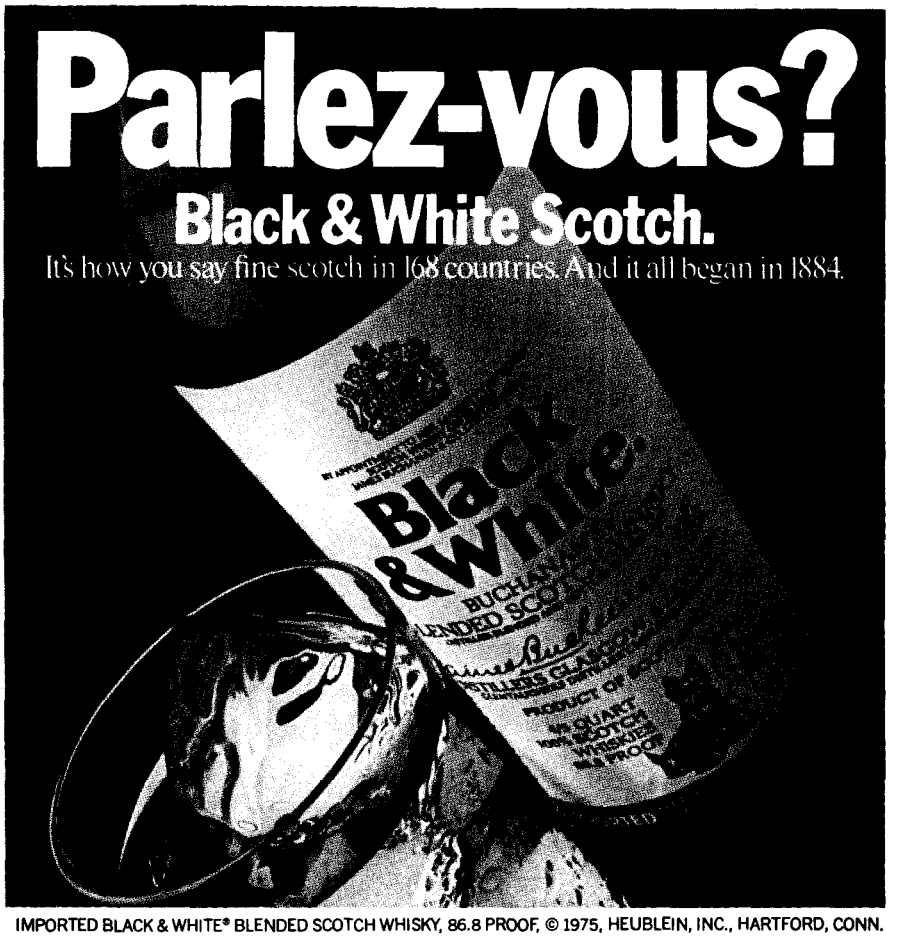

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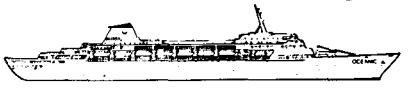

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6 GALA MID-WINTER CRUISES, 5 to 8 PORTS: Jan. 19-28; Jan. 28-Feb. 8; Feb. 8-21; Feb. 22-Mar. 5; Mar. 5-Mar. 14; Mar. 14-24

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age range in her verbal skills. It was suggested that she had a motor-perceptual problem.

I contacted Dr. Jean Ayres, who referred me to Mary Silberzhan, her associate, an occupational therapist who uses the Ayres technique of sensory integrative exercises. My daughter was given the California Sensory Integration Test, devised by Dr. Ayres, and it showed that her neurological system fell far below the norm for a nine-year-old child. After a year of therapy, the changes in her have been so outstanding that they have been noted not only by friends and family but by many professionals. She is now standing better, moving with more ease, and thinking better. Her vestibular system has so improved that she no longer gets migraine headaches, with their accompanying nausea, when taking car rides. Whereas before she could not retain more than one digit when dialing a telephone, she now remembers five or six. Her sense of orientation has improved so that she can find her way around in a supermarket. She can now carry on a sustained conversation. There are many other ways in which she has shown progress.

Perhaps other people who have members of the family with motor-perceptual problems would like to know where they can get help. They can write to the nonprofit organization set up by Dr. Jean Ayres, which can perhaps tell them of someone in their area who is qualified in the Ayres techniques: The Center for the Study of Sensory Integrative Dysfunction, 201 South Lake Avenue, Pasadena, Calif. 91101.

SYLVIA ROSENTHAL
Burbank, Calif.

WHICH HUNTS

SIR: Thank you for Elizabeth Janeway's fine and shrewd discussion of Norman Cohn's *Europe's Inner Demons* ("Witches and Witch-Hunts," August *Atlantic*). It is unfortunate, however, that Ms. Janeway chose to limit her application of Cohn's analysis of the social delusional pattern leading to the wholesale murder and suppression of witches and to the current fad in occult subjects.

Cohn's analysis may also be applied to such dissimilar political phenomena as the radical Left or the Nixon White House.

In both cases the principals identified their enemies and imagined such ex-

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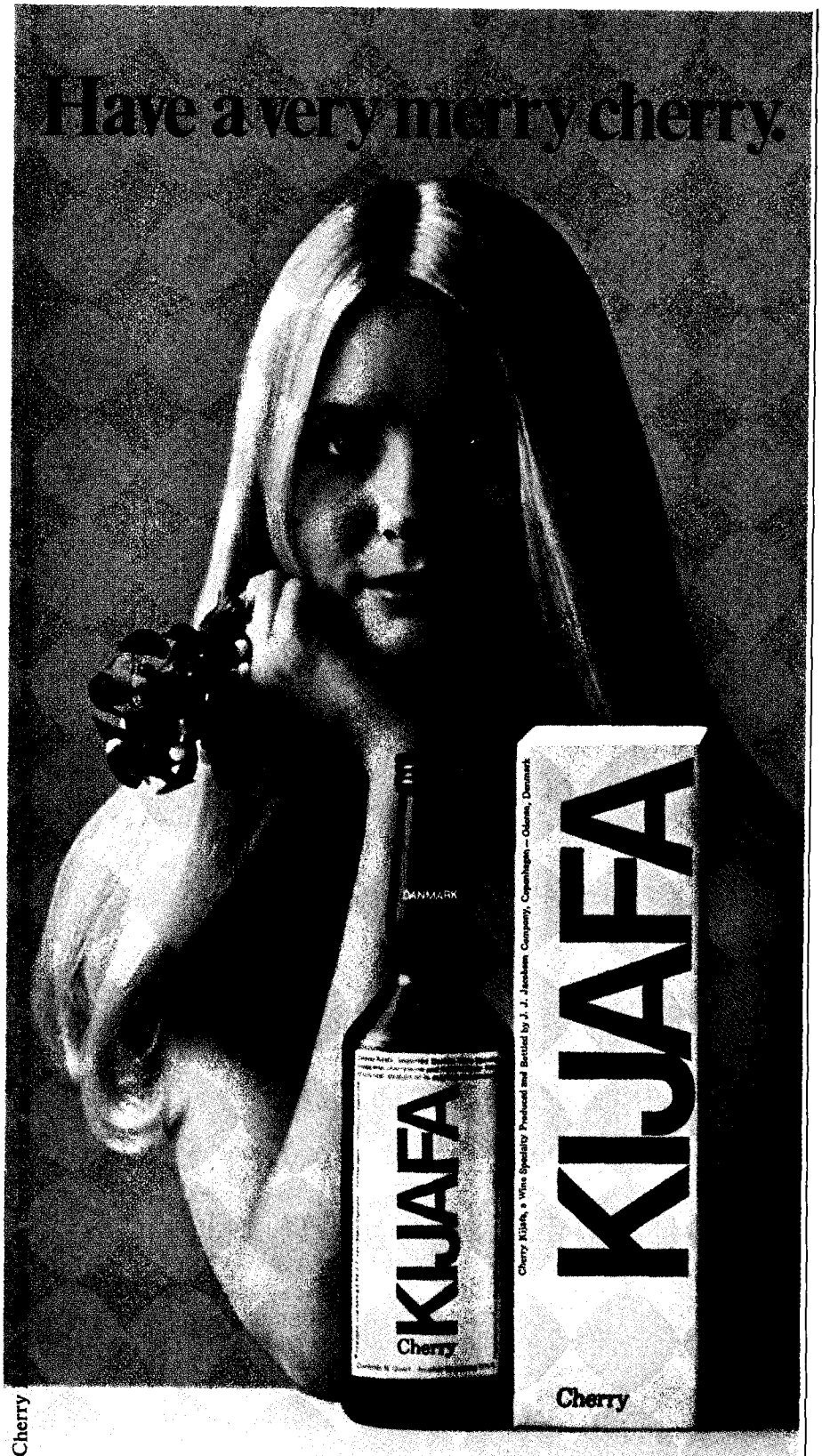

Celebrate with Cherry Kijafa. The wine specialty made with Danish cherry wine and delicious natural flavors.

Give it to good friends. Or to yourself. Enjoy it in your prettiest glass. Or over ice with soda. Or in a festive punch bowl with fruit and anything else you care to add.

Cherry Kijafa. Any way you use this most versatile wine specialty, it's the merriest.

Cherry Kijafa from Denmark. We think the world is ripe for it.

cesses on their part as to legitimize almost any act of retaliation. Nothing was too vicious to do to a "pig," and one can only guess at the bizarre imaginings of Nixon and his lieutenants, salivating over their "enemies lists."

One dimension of this pattern unmentioned by Ms. Janeway, and perhaps by Professor Cohn, is the positive sanction gained by the belief that one represents a higher good. Doctrinal orthodoxy and Mother Church were good enough for most Inquisitors, but in our less sure times a twist has been added. Not only have the enemies been imagined, the supporting constituencies have been manufactured as well. In the case of the radical Left it was "the people"; in the case of Nixon, "the silent majority." In both cases the constituencies were mute, and their yearnings and needs could only be understood and represented by a select few. And these mute groups thereby fulfilled their creators' own needs and ends in an ever tightening circle of paranoid logic.

JONATHAN P. LATIMER
San Diego, Calif.

Elizabeth Janeway replies:

Exigencies of space forced much cutting of my review of Norman Cohn's *Europe's Inner Demons.* Obviously, there are political overtones to the kind of delusional thinking that Cohn is analyzing. When I had to cut, I decided to concentrate on the philosophic question of where the line between reality and fantasy is seen to lie, instead of on these political aspects, which I felt *Atlantic* readers were bright enough to see for themselves.

SWEET AND SOUR

SIR: I read with great interest the very scholarly and well-documented article "Sweet and Sour" in your July issue, telling me how bad sugar is for me. I assume I may expect in due course to read articles telling me how bad salt is for me—and then meat—and then rice—and then wheat—and then beer—and then wine—and so on, ad infinitum. And if we believe all this and eventually wind up living on nuts, wheat germ, and carrots, some smartass is sure to discover that they are bad for you too!

E. S. ADAMS
Barbados, W.I.

SIR: Pekkanen and Falco's assessment of our voracious sugar eating points to

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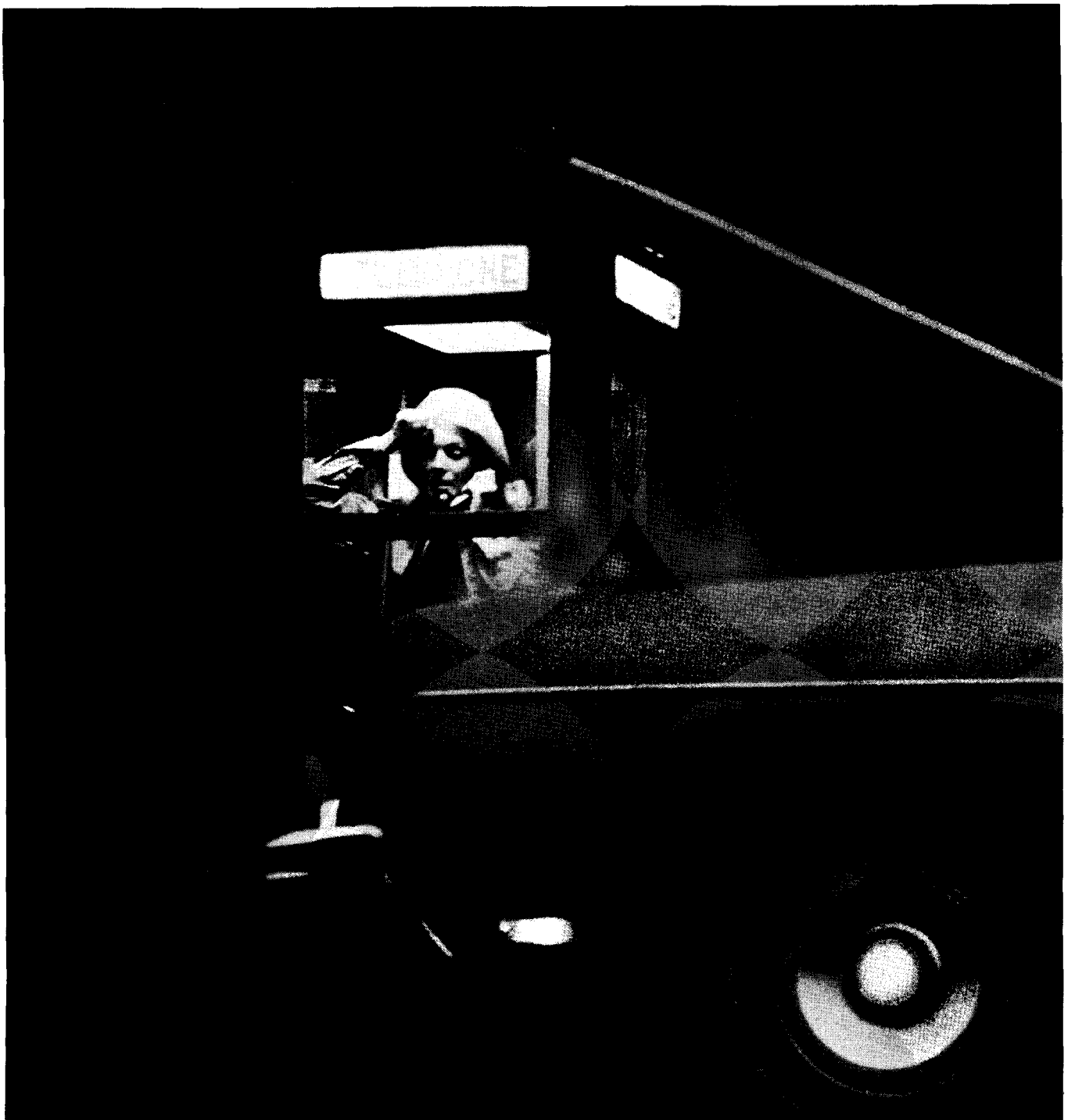

Your telephone service. Such a small price to pay for such an important part of your life.

Here's good economic news from the Independent Telephone Companies.

(Those people outside the Bell System who are responsible for one out of six U.S. telephones.)

It's that over the last decade, the price of telephone service has risen only *a third* as much as the other key prices you pay.

A bargain, when you figure you're getting the world's best service and equipment.

What's in store?

Well, we're waging war against inflation, too.

It's especially tough, since we have to have good earnings to attract sufficient financing.

And that's the only way to provide you with even better service.

As you fight inflation, remember: the best bargains are the essentials that don't cost much.

The telephone, for example.

The Independent Telephone Companies.

Statistics from Consumer Price Index, U.S. Bureau of Labor Statistics. For more information, write U.S. Independent Telephone Association, 1801 K St., N.W., Washington, D.C. 20006.

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our own gullibility. Until we realize that eating sugar is as culturally conditioned as popping aspirin, we'll all still be running to the smiling dentist.

STEVEN E. HUNSBERGER
Seattle, Wash.

SIR: You have made a reader and a one-woman sugar-boycotter *very* happy! How can I thank you for "Sweet and Sour"?

R. J. TEICH
Baltimore, Md.

NICKNAMES

SIR: I must protest against Benjamin DeMott's assertion in your August issue ("Culture Watch") that we old-timers used to hang nicknames on people instead of using the therapeutic full names recommended by all psychoanalysts today. On the contrary, it is we oldsters who initiated the modern trend, and we have no cause to hang our heads before any 1975 Horace who bridles at "Hoss" or any latter-day Nathaniel who feels stung by a "Nat."

Here's how I remember it from *my* childhood:

Remembrance of Names Past

When "Large William" Tilden was reigning,
And Harold Grange running amok,
Notre Dame had the famed "Four Equestrians,"
And nicknames were still quite a shock.

"Say it's inoperative, Joseph!"
We'd cry when our idols got caught;
Names like "Shoeless Joe" Jackson and "Black Sox"
Were words we had never been taught.

Jack Dempsey would say, "Call me William,"
And Tunney breathed low, "James—not Gene!"
Something mild, like "Refractory Joseph"
Is what we'd have called "Mean Joe" Green.

Robert Jones scored the "Magnum Concussion";
Nobody called Budweiser "Bud";
Even Tarzan announced, "Me Lord Greystoke!"
—A lesser name would have been mud.

But alas, how the hours are passing;
Big Benjamin's struck for my youth,
And I sit watching Christopher Schenkel
And eating a George Herman Ruth.

For we know that when the Great Scorer
Calls us to his Hall of Fame,
He'll ask not if we won or lost
But how we signed our name.

ROY DELAMOTTE
Augusta, Ga.

Benjamin DeMott replies:

There's hardly a syllable of difference between Mr. DeLamotte and myself, but his verses do make a point I missed, namely that the sports (and sports publicity) culture ranks among the most important contributors to the vitality of the nickname. Greetings and gratitude from DeMott to DeLamotte, and may the Great Scorer like the way we sign our names.

ADVICE AND CONSENT

SIR: David Markson's article ("A Day For Addie Joss," August *Atlantic*) celebrates a team of remarkable players, some having their greatest seasons. But weak hitting at shortstop and catcher undoubtedly prevent it from being the greatest team assembled at one time.

Based on their respective individual season records against their own opposition, Markson's 1911 All-Stars would have finished about seven games behind in a 154-game schedule against the 1934 American League All-Stars (Averill cf, Gehringer 2b, Ruth rf, Gehrig 1b, Foxx 3b, Simmons lf, Cronin ss, Dickey c, Gomez, Harder, Ruffing p), even assuming exceptionally weak fielding by Foxx. (Hubbell's five consecutive strikeouts were recorded against the 3-4-5-6-7 hitters, all now in Baseball's Hall of Fame.) The 1934 National League All-Stars would be one game weaker than Markson's 1911 team (Vaughan ss, P. Waner lf, Terry 1b, Ott rf, Berger cf, Hartnett c, Frisch 2b, Traynor 3b, Hubbell, Dean, Frankhouse p; Vaughan, surprisingly, and Berger are not in the Hall of Fame). I suspect that many All-Star squads could muster comparable credentials.

RICHARD D. CRAMER
Society for American Baseball Research
Wallingford, Pa.

SIR: Re your March Texas special: I found it extremely interesting that you leaned so much on advice and consent from the people at *Texas Monthly*. It figures. At the peak of their sensitivity to what's going on in this state with the Chicano movement, they've mentioned Chicanos in stories about Mexican food and Conjunto music featuring Freddie Fender.

RITA TREVINO
Dallas, Tex.

SIR: Sonny Kleinfield's article on dwarfism (September *Atlantic*) was enlightening but entirely too negative. As a social worker who has worked with many dwarfs, I have been impressed by their positive attitude toward their short stature. Most parents of dwarfs resolve their initial feelings of disappointment and become a supportive influence in their children's acceptance of themselves as small but significant human beings.

JOAN O. WEISS
Baltimore, Md.

SIR: I was sorry to learn that Mr. Weeks ("The Peripatetic Reviewer") will not regularly contribute to *The Atlantic*.

Somehow his section became the best part of your magazine, how, I don't know. His section was read first and I always enjoyed it. The gentle comments, personal notes, and understanding way came to symbolize *The Atlantic* for me.

I will miss him.

DANIEL B. CRUSE
Miami, Fla.

PHOTO AND DRAWING CREDITS

Cover, 47—Alan E. Cober

6—Dennis Brack, Black Star

20—A.G.I.P./Black Star

43—Richard Sanderson

49,51,53—Edward W. Cronin, Jr.

56,116—The Bettmann Archive

57—clockwise from top left:
Elliott Erwitt, Magnum
Wally Arrington, Black Star
Elliott Erwitt, Magnum
Michael Martin, Black Star

70—Michael Martin, Black Star

76,83,106—Steve Snider

89—Jon McIntosh

104—Geoffrey Moss

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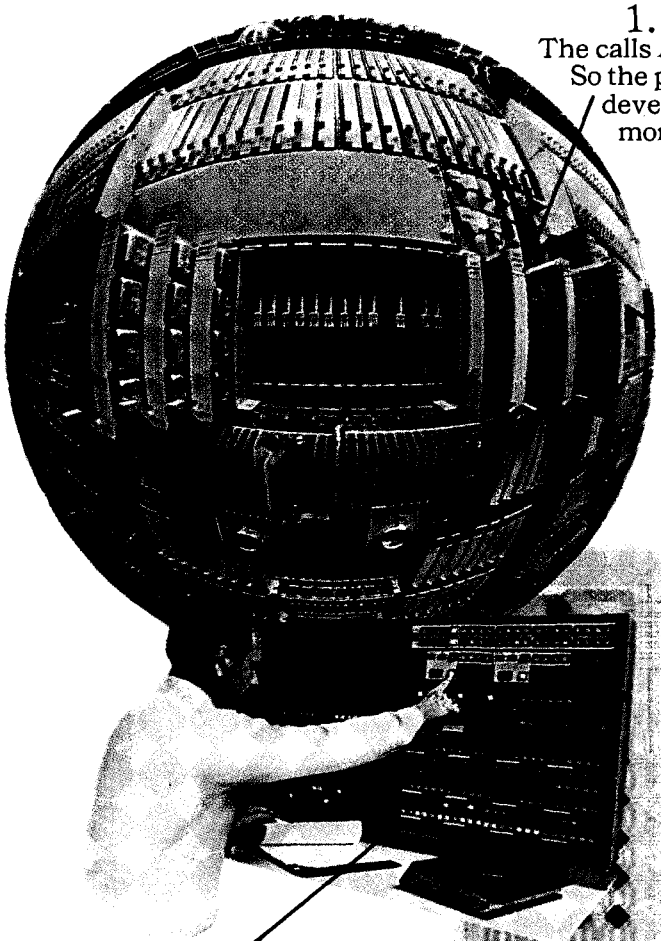
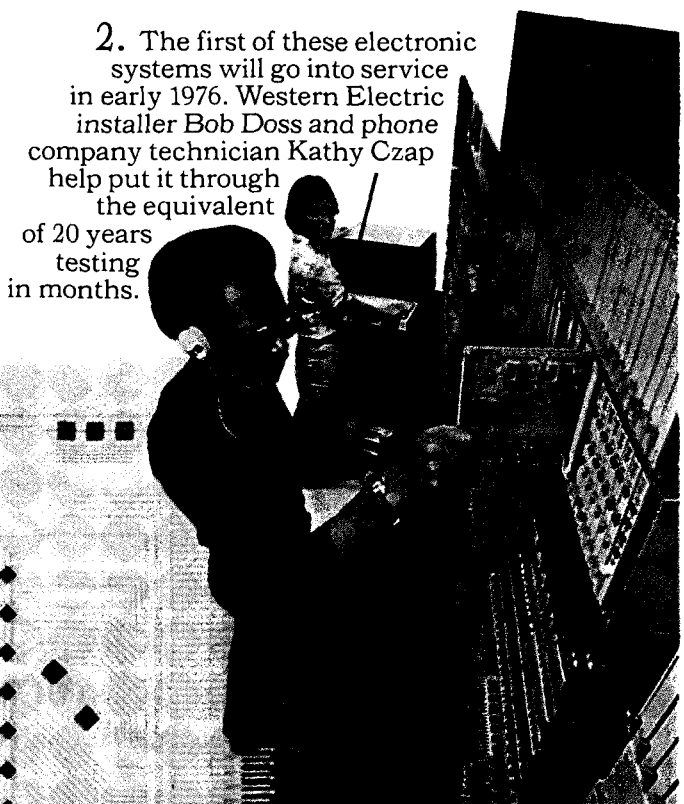
There are still some things Americans know how to do best.



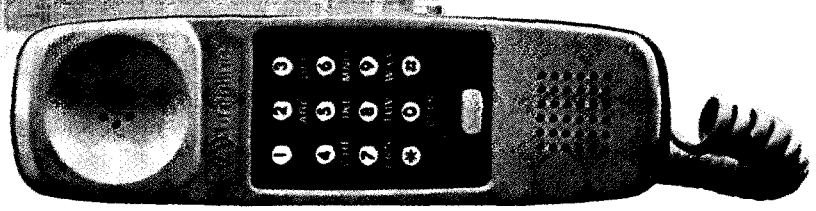
1. One of them is building our phone system. The calls Americans make will double by 1985. So the people at Western Electric and Bell Labs have developed a new switching system to handle more than 350,000 long-distance calls an hour.



2. The first of these electronic systems will go into service in early 1976. Western Electric installer Bob Doss and phone company technician Kathy Czap help put it through the equivalent of 20 years testing in months.

3. The "brain" of this switching system connects 100 calls a second, while it tests itself and reports on its own performance.

4. Tiny electronic memories control the correct path for every call out of billions of possible connections.



Making a phone call may be a small thing to you.

But to us it's a big job.

It takes a delicately balanced network of more than a trillion parts for you to reach the one phone you want out of 140 million.

Working with Bell Labs and your phone company, we at Western Electric help make sure that all the parts work together with just one goal in mind:

Making your phone system the best system in the world.

Western Electric

We're part of the Bell System.
We make things that bring people closer.

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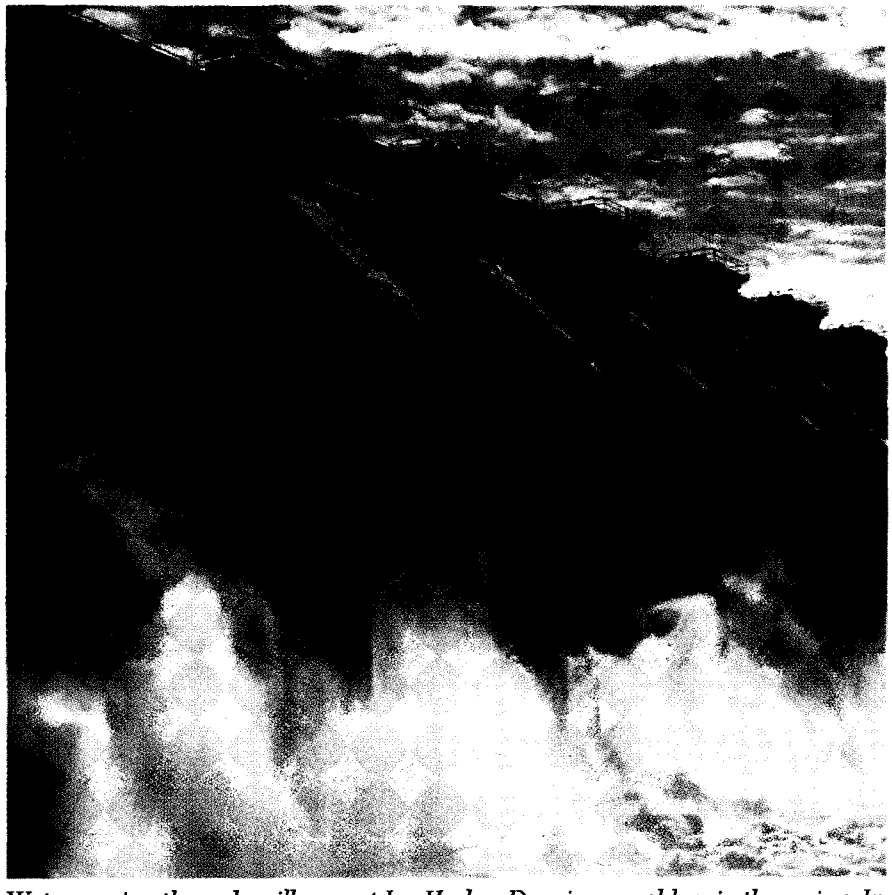
IBM Reports

How one company's people and products are helping find the answers to some of the world's problems



Water roaring through spillways at Ice Harbor Dam is no problem in the spring. In the fall, engineers try to avoid it, using computer control to conserve energy.

Saving energy in the Pacific Northwest

Three dams on the lower Snake River in Washington can generate over 1.2 million kilowatts—enough to supply 200,000 homes. An IBM computer makes sure they do it with the least possible waste of energy.

The spillways and turbines at each dam are linked to a single computer, which controls them automatically to get the most power and the least spillage from any given level of water flow.

"In the spring, when we've got plenty of water coming down, the control problem isn't critical," says project engineer Gordon Richardson. "But in late summer and early fall we don't want to spill anything if we can help it. The computer gives us the control to maintain the maximum head of water at each dam and still sustain our power load at the top levels."

The computer receives information about water height, rates of flow and power levels from 96 sensing devices at the three dams. It reacts immediately to open or close the spillways and direct water to the turbines.

"Things change too often to control these dams any other way," says Richardson. "You have to keep changing your calculations all the time to cope with what the river's doing. With the computer we can handle it and know that we're maximizing efficiency. We get the most power we can out of the water that comes down to us. And that helps to keep the cost of power down for all the consumers served by the Northwest Power Grid."

How to keep up with 3,000 medical journals

Today a doctor, research scientist, nurse or medical student can pick up a phone at a computer terminal in 300 bio-medical institutions throughout the U.S. and get a list of the latest articles on any medical subject in minutes.

The system is called Medline, and its center is an IBM computer at the National Library of Medicine in Bethesda, Maryland. Medline contains detailed references to more than half a million medical articles published during the last three years. And 3,000 journals from some 70 countries are indexed regularly to keep it up-to-date.

In the past year Medline has been used more than 270,000 times. Agreements between the NLM and institutions in seven nations and the World Health Organization make these computerized reference retrieval services available to physicians and scientists in other countries.

An up-to-the-minute reading list on any medical subject can be obtained at 300 computer terminals in medical libraries throughout the U.S.

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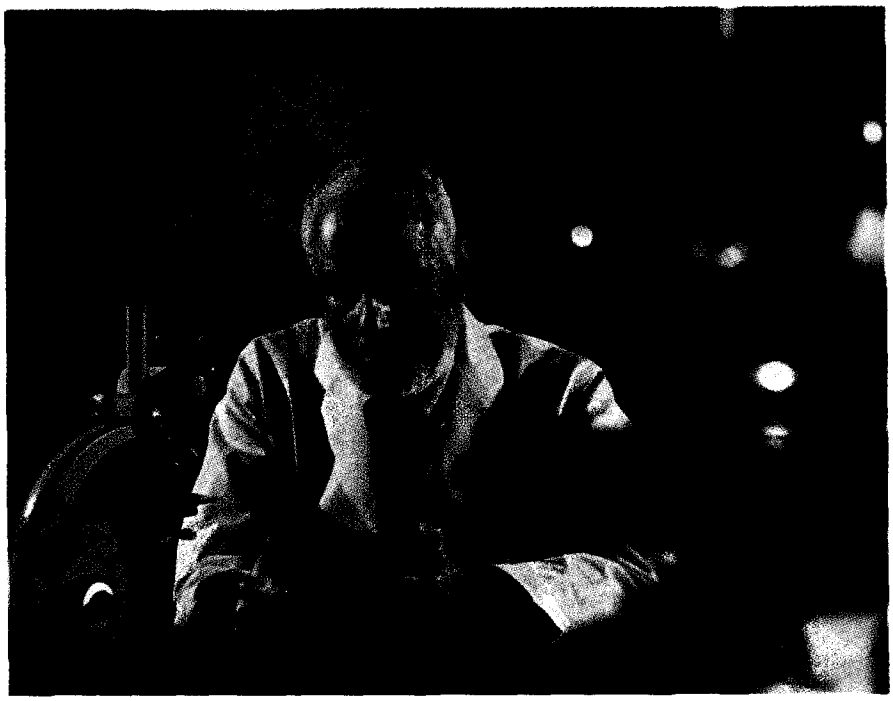

Pathologist Dr. Donald McGrew studies slide of a malignant melanoma (skin cancer).

Cancer tracked in a hot climate

In Visalia, California, a small farming town near Fresno, Dr. Donald McGrew is using an IBM computer to record cancer cases and follow up on their treatment. He keeps the records for the Kaweah Regional Tumor Board, which is accredited by the American College of Surgeons.

A full report on each patient is stored in the computer, containing background information, diagnosis, treatment and current condition.

"The board reviews about four new cases a week," says Dr. McGrew. "The computer can summarize our experience in similar cases very quickly. And our experience here may differ from the norm. We have three blistering summer months here, with temperatures over 100 degrees, and we get more malignant melanoma than the average."

Doctors can use this information in arriving at diagnoses and prescribing the most effective forms of treatment for their patients.

Computation costs drop. *In the midst of inflation, one cost has been going down dramatically – the cost of a computer calculation. In 1952, based on monthly system rental, it cost $1.26 to do 100,000 multiplications on an IBM computer. Today, they can be done for a penny, resulting in major savings in overall computing costs. This has helped give the computer a much wider range of uses.*

Keeping the pumps working in Savannah

Most of Savannah, Georgia, is only five to ten feet above sea level. This, plus the soft sandiness of the soil, requires shallow sewer depths. Sixty-five pumping stations are needed to transport waste water to the central water pollution control plant—making the reliable performance of the pumps critical.

To help assure their reliability, all 65 stations are monitored by an IBM computer.

Until 1974, when the computer was installed, the maintenance crews had to spend most of their time travelling in order to check all the stations just once a day.

"If something went wrong just after a check," says water pollution control administrator Don Bowman, "we wouldn't find out about it until the next day. But now our men can respond immediately. And they get twice as much time for normal maintenance, because of all the travel time we save."

A computer helps monitor the pollution-control pumps essential to the city of Savannah, which is just above sea level.

Toward more effective smog control

Most people who have ever lived in an urban center plagued by photochemical smog, which results from a combination of auto exhaust fumes and sunlight, would agree on two things—it is very unpleasant and ought to be eliminated. One problem is that the complex chemical reactions which produce smog are poorly understood.

Scientists Heinrich Hunziker and H. Russell Wendt have taken a step toward understanding at least part of the process. Working at IBM's San Jose Research Laboratory, they developed a method which identified the frequencies at which a key smog component, called the hydroperoxyl radical (HO_2), absorbs infrared light. This gives researchers, for the first time, an unmistakable way of identifying the presence of the radical, and thus may help in determining the reactions which create photochemical smog.

Other IBM scientists are using an IBM computer to predict the properties of HO_2 and related smog components, helping to build a better scientific basis for smog control.

IBM®

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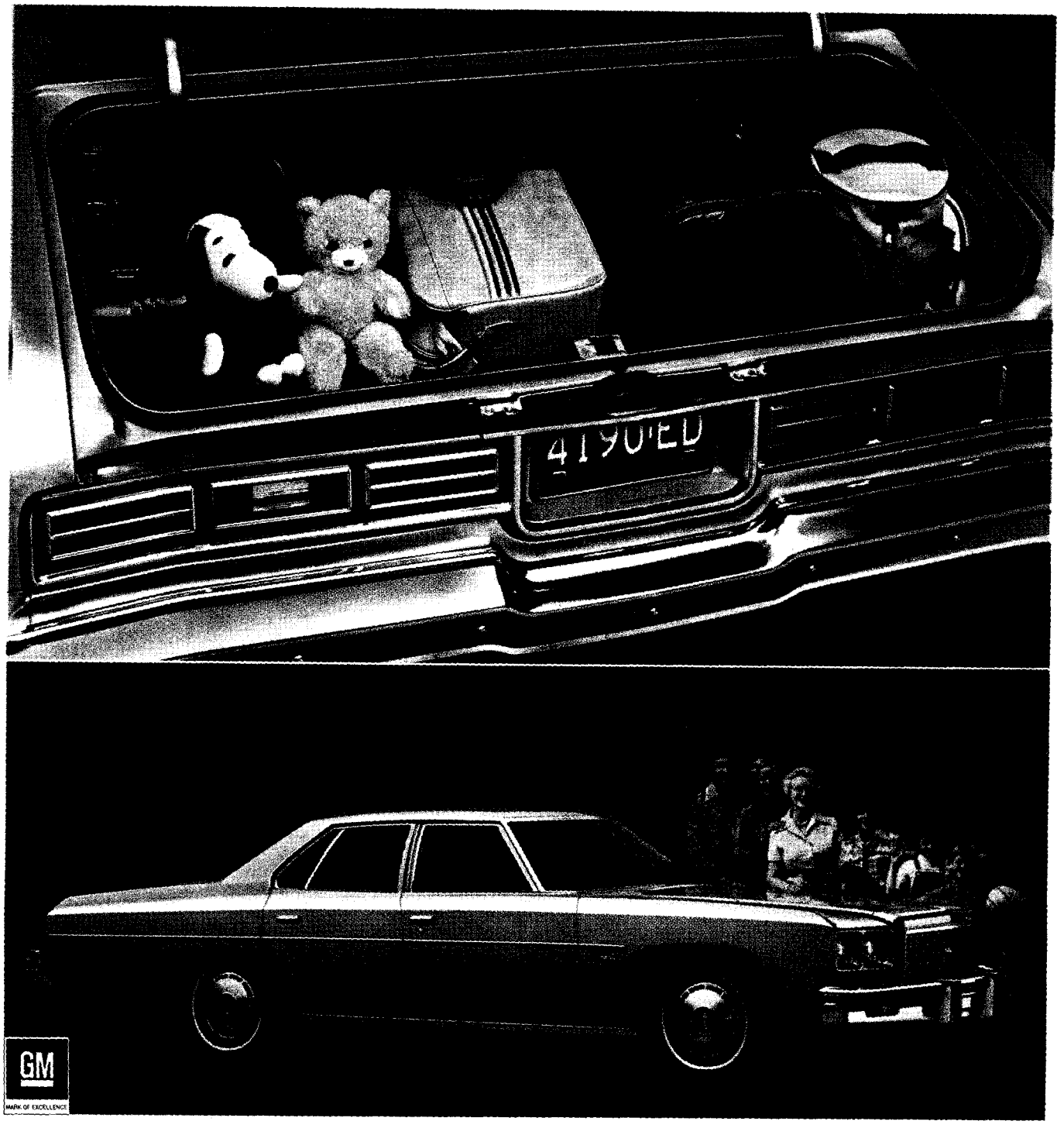
For those who need all the Chevy they can get. 1976 Impala.



1976. Chevrolet makes room for America.

If you've got a family, it almost goes without saying that you've got to have a car with enough room for them. And a car that's dependable. Those two qualities have helped make Impala one of America's best selling cars for years. It holds six with stretching room for both front and back seat passengers. And the trunk space is just as good as it looks above. Impala's built to get you on the road and keep you there. That's why it comes with durable steel-belted radial ply tires (except Impala S) and Chevrolet's Efficiency System for quick starts and reduced maintenance. And for easy driving, it comes with automatic transmission, power steering and power front disc brakes. Come down and see the new '76 Impala. It's designed to be the family car America needs.

Chevrolet

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THE Atlantic
FOUNDED IN 1857

A FEARFUL EASE:

Middle East Diary

by Drew Middleton

In Arab capitals, a reporter discovers a newfound confidence. In Israel, he senses a more realistic attitude toward the Arabs. But there remains a brooding uncertainty that peace and prosperity will ever be more than a Middle Eastern mirage.

TEHRAN

Each morning the traffic seems heavier, the cacophony of auto horns louder. Dark-suited officials in spacious offices sketch plans for petrochemical plants, for irrigating hundreds of thousands of acres of Iran's bare, brown earth, for hospitals, ports, universities. High-rise apartment houses sprout on the hills to the north. The city pulses with life. Iran, officials tell you, perhaps too insistently, is well on the way to becoming a great power.

And, from the walls of business offices, hotel lobbies, government bureaus, the craggy features of Shah Mohammed Reza Pahlavi, Ayramehr, "The Light of the Aryans," bless the relentless modernization of his country.

How much is shadow? How much is substance?

To be sure, there are all the toys of an industrial civilization: color television, motor bicyclettes, automobiles manufactured in Iran. But on many days, more than one hundred ships are at anchor off Iranian ports because neither the equipment nor the skilled labor exists to unload the steel, cement, machinery in the ships' holds.

Iran will need more than 750,000 skilled and semiskilled workers in the next ten years to maintain its present economic pace. Because there are not enough Iranians in those categories, Iran imports truck drivers from South Korea and the Philippines, doctors from Western Europe, technicians from the United States and Britain.

"Perhaps they are fooling themselves," said a diplomat retiring after three tours in Iran. "But there's no reason we should be fooled. Things really aren't much different than they were five years ago. There are the superficial trappings of a modern society. But this country, really, is just emerging from the 1930s. They confuse the present with the future."

Iran's major emphasis is on education. The government brings in teachers by the hundreds. Thou-

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sands of Iranian students are overseas, but an alarmingly high percentage show no desire to return to the homeland. Others reflect the national pride the Shah tries so desperately to instill.

I shared a taxi with a young man home on vacation from a technical school on the Isle of Wight. He liked England, but, "of course I will return; this is my country, this is where I am needed and there are great opportunities."

The foreign technician instructing Iranians in the mysteries of industrial management or bulldozers complains that Iranians don't particularly care about why and how modern industrial societies work.

"Once you show them how, they can keep engines running," said a British engineer, "but that's about it. They won't vary a set schedule, even if the change means higher production. There's no technical curiosity. There's no impulse to independent research. It's a lack of mental reinvestment. They can operate what they have now. But technology isn't static. Will they be able to run the more complex machines they've ordered? Or will we and the Americans and the Germans be here forever? Damned if I know."

Foreigners sense an understandable resentment on the part of the Iranians, who consider them too highly paid. The Iranians are too dependent, are irritated by the foreigners' assumption, common enough among Westerners, that anyone who does not understand modern machinery is a savage.

Usually, Americans working abroad conceive an exaggerated opinion of their hosts, seeing in them virtues which they do not possess or even claim. In Iran, except for senior officials and military officers, the attitude of American instructor, technician, or adviser toward Iranians varies from dislike to contempt.

The Shah dominates Iran. Important plans must have his approval, key policies are the Shah's policies, his are the major decisions. Opposition to his rule exists, and is ruthlessly suppressed wherever detected, but the visitor has no sense of a country seething with unrest, or a whirlwind of revolt about to sweep away the gilded paraphernalia of court, the rich aristocracy, and the ubiquitous armed services. Indeed, in the humbler sections of Tehran and in the towns, the Shah is venerated.

Outside Shiraz, I asked an Iranian what the old man in an adjacent field might think about Iran's modernization. The old man was voluble.

"He says he doesn't know much about industry," my interpreter said, "but the Shah has given his village water. That is more precious than oil."

BAHRAIN

The supertankers loom like islands in the steel-blue waters of the Persian Gulf; here is the most lucrative and important maritime traffic in the world. The Sheikdom of Bahrain, a tiny island off the coast of Saudi Arabia, is the crossroads of the Gulf, which, in turn, is increasingly the focus for the global strategy of the United States and the Soviet Union.

Bahrain, in contrast to its neighbors, represents "old money" in the Middle East; oil money, naturally. The West is well established here. The British came first, then the Americans. The Navy's tiny Middle East force of two destroyers and a command ship projects American power in the Gulf from Bahrain. The eddies and currents of Gulf politics swirl through the air-conditioned embassies and government offices in the sheikdom.

The Embassy cocktail party began, as outdoor parties must in the hot season, after dark. Rugs had been spread on the lawn. The Bahraini Foreign Minister chatted with the Jordanian ambassador. The French chargé quietly cursed the heat. Diplomats' wives fanned themselves and dabbed at streams of sweat running down their faces. The local gendarmerie band blared "Marching Through Georgia" and "Dixie." The talk was of arms deals, palace intrigues, Arab investments: the staple gossip of the Gulf.

The State Department has stocked the embassies of the Gulf states with young, industrious Arabists, men knowledgeable about the tangled politics of these newly important countries. They and their colleagues in older and greater Arab capitals see the Arab world moving rapidly toward stability and responsibility. In this they reflect the confidence that permeates the upper levels of that world.

In Egypt and Syria, much of this confidence is attributable to the military successes in the first days of the October War of 1973. In Bahrain, Saudi Arabia, Kuwait, and the smaller Gulf states, Arab confidence has more permanent foundations. The strongest is the conviction that oil revenues, properly applied, will not only modernize the countries, but create viable economies that will support the Arabs after the oil is gone.

For centuries, Arabs say, the West has considered Arabs as poor, lazy, and feckless. Oil revenues transmuted into education will now unleash the

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Drew Middleton is military editor of the New York *Times*. His new book, *Can America Win the Next War?*, has just been published.

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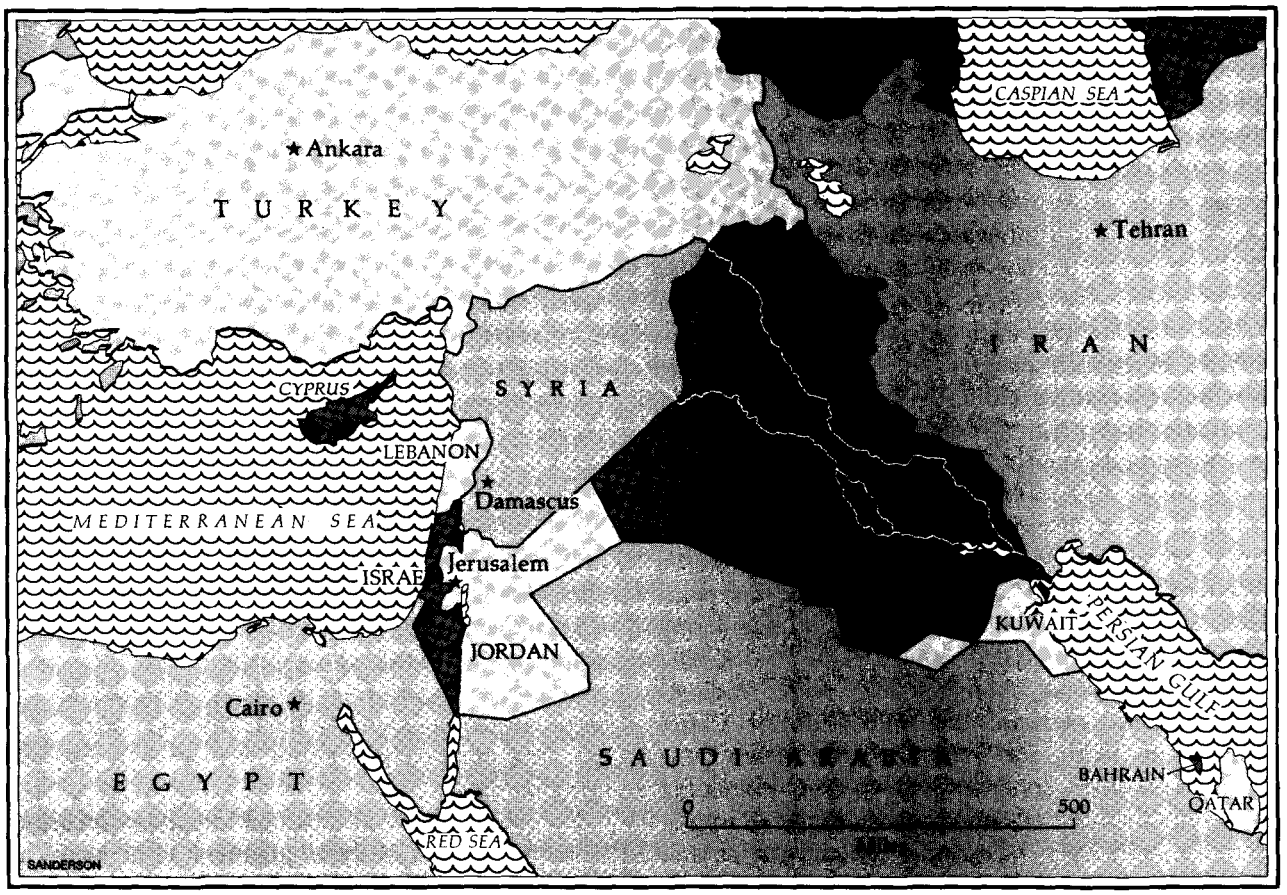

energies of the race. Arabs look to the United States, the leader in modern technology, for education and technical guidance. They are interested, friendly, and, up to a point, admiring. The divisive point is Israel.

A Jordanian, a Saudi, a Bahraini, and a Kuwaiti expressed to me their bewilderment over American support of Israel. They could not understand why the United States should support a country that, in their eyes, had fought four wars of aggression and conquest. To them, and to other Arabs, Israel is a bellicose, ambitious military state. Such Arabs no longer talk of "driving the Jews into the sea." They talk of curbing Israeli aggression.

The bright young men in the Gulf embassies believe that with the spread of education and the improvement in communications, the bad old days of intrigue and corruption have been left behind. Today, they say, disputes between rulers are settled over the telephone, the modern Arab world has no place for past rivalries, the United Arab Emirates are a model of cooperation, Iran's power in the Gulf is used for good, and only unpredictable Iraq, with her past record of fumbling aggression toward Kuwait, is a danger.

I recounted these views to an elderly Scots oil engineer as the night plane to Cairo sped over the empty deserts.

"Do they say that, now?" he asked, quietly amused. "Aye, it's changed. They won't poison the ruler and strangle the heir today. They'll mow them down with a Kalashnikov. There's your change."

CAIRO

The first light of dawn reveals Cairo for what it is, a Europeanized Arab metropolis that, despite the radicalism of the Nasser years, remains incurably bourgeois. The neat villas on the outskirts, the laundry-draped apartment houses, even the slums have a resemblance to Naples or Barcelona. This, the capital of the Arab world, is the most un-Arab of that world's cities.

President Sadat's government appears more representative of contemporary Egypt than was Nasser's. For the President is petty bourgeois, a class that suits the new men who have replaced the radicals of Nasser's day. Western influences, subdued in Nasser's time, are openly recognized. The civil servant happily recalls student days in Boston. The general says he studied both at Frunze, Russia's staff college, and at the British infantry school at Warminster, and he infinitely preferred the latter. Anti-Russian feeling is strong in the bureaucracy and the military. The new men look west to Europe and America rather than north to the Soviet Union.

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Paradoxically, the current of confidence that pulses through the Arab world is as strong in Egypt, a country beset by economic problems, as in better-situated states like Kuwait. The new men conjure up visions of an industrialized Egypt selling its goods to the Arab world, of harvests that will feed the country with enough remaining for export, of profits from a widened, deepened Suez Canal. To the visitor, faced with the visible evidences of Egypt's poverty, they sound like boozy vagrants planning a killing on Wall Street.

In the long term, however, this confidence may not be entirely misplaced. Egypt has a reservoir of professional and technical workers, and out in the villages the results of practical education in modern agriculture are beginning to show. To the Western eye, these results may seem the first painful steps of a toddler; to Egyptians, remembering the not so distant past, they are giant strides. The Aswan Dam works, though it has created ecological problems. Helwan, the mill south of Cairo, opened in 1958, does produce steel. Each year more land goes under the plow. The rebuilding and resettling of the Suez Canal cities of Kantara, Ismailia, and Suez has begun. Saudi Arabia and Kuwait, the chief paymasters of the Arab world, have been generous. American, West German, and French companies are investing in Egypt.

After four wars with Israel, in the main unsuccessful, war-weariness is understandable. The shopkeeper, the diplomat, even the general will tell you that Egypt is sick of war. But there is always one qualification: "All the Sinai must be returned." This is a volatile people. The emphasis for the present is on negotiation and settlement. But I felt that after a few rousing speeches by Sadat, a propaganda machine operating at full blast, the mobs would return to the streets crying for war.

"You Americans never seem to understand that the Sinai is ours, not Israel's," a young doctor said. "We are not asking the Israelis for something that is theirs. We are asking for our land. And we will get it back. We can wait. The French waited fifty years for Alsace and Lorraine."

A perplexing people. It is perhaps symptomatic of Egypt that no one knows the population of Cairo.

"It was four million fifteen years ago," said an official. "Today, who knows? Perhaps six million, perhaps eight."

Balancing the dreams against the realities, what has been done against what needs to be done, Egypt has a similarity to India. It is a country where population pressures, centuries of poverty, disease, and ignorance, the extremes of economic inequality are so great that no government, authoritarian or democratic, may be able to do more than make superficial changes.

DAMASCUS

This most ancient of Arab capitals is presiding over changes that are almost revolutionary in their scope and pace. Syria's image in the sixties, that of a renegade Arab state, politically unstable, economically stagnant, is being erased. Syria is changing fast. Confidence, that constant factor in the Arab world, is great, and probably not unwarrantedly so. Syria's leap forward is taken against an unlikely background and is carried out by a people who have little in common, save language, with other Arabs.

Damascenes tell you that theirs is the oldest continuously inhabited city in the world. Its *souks* epitomize the old Arab world of handicrafts and hard bargaining. Syria's landscape is dotted with the ruins of past civilizations that tried to rule this turbulent land.

No greater contrast to the amiable, incurious Egyptian peasant or the commercial Gulf Arab can be found than the Syrian. Syrians are people of a harsh vitality stemming from virile stocks—Turk, Kurd, Druze, Bedouin. They are the Spaniards of the Arab world, with a similar proud, prickly dignity.

Profound changes have taken place in the five years since President Hafez Assad seized power in the last of the series of palace revolutions that gave Syria a reputation for political instability. The changes were interrupted but not notably delayed by the 1973 war.

As the most biddable of Russia's Arab clients, Syria was rewarded after that war by prompt replacement of her enormous losses of equipment, including aircraft and armor more advanced than that destroyed by the Israelis. Syria is the best armed of Arab states.

Syria also received extensive economic help from the Soviet Union. But Soviet help does not alone account for the present changes. The government had to mend fences with other Arab states and demonstrate to European capitalists that it was stable enough to encourage investment.

Diplomatic rehabilitation has been rapid and largely successful. President Assad cultivated the rulers of the oil-rich Gulf states, citing sacrifices in the war as evidence of Syria's fidelity to the common cause. The feud with Jordan's King Hussein was ended and the two countries are moving into closer economic, political, and military cooperation.

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When Lebanon seemed on the verge of civil war, Syria's Foreign Minister and Chief of Staff were sent to Beirut to urge peace.

Relations with the United States were re-established. Syria, with some reservations, has supported American efforts to promote an Israeli-Egyptian settlement. The reservations concern Syria's own lost territory. "Whatever happens between Israel and Egypt," an official said, "the United States must remember that we demand the restoration of every finger of land Israel seized in the Golan Heights. Every finger!"

Economic benefits followed the diplomatic offensive. Kuwaiti investment in Syria is expected to reach $1 billion in the next four years. Saudi Arabia has advanced more than $220 million. Dubai and Abu Dhabi are financing hotels in Damascus and new aircraft for Syrian Arab Airways. France has signed a technical aid agreement worth $100 million and West Germany an economic pact for more than $150 million. Other nations of Europe have concluded smaller deals.

The Syrians, foreign diplomats emphasized, have done more than simply accept loans and sign contracts. They have worked to expand an economy that is a promising mixture of agriculture and industry.

In the north, Syrian farmers, among the Arab world's most progressive, will soon be working 1.5 million acres irrigated by the new Euphrates Dam. High-quality oil has been found in the far northeast, and will supplement the present output of about 140,000 barrels of high-sulphur-content petroleum.

Syrians are pleased but not complacent over their hard-won progress. But there is an undercurrent of anxiety. Pleasant as it is to view their old capital from the road on Caison Mountain, satisfying though it may be to anticipate more bountiful harvests, the Israeli issue still nags. Will the Golan Heights be returned? Or will Syria have to fight again?

ANKARA

A year ago, Ataturk's capital, for so long the eastern bastion of NATO power, would have been outside any report on the Middle East. But Ankara is astir with strange ideas.

The military and diplomatic patterns woven in a quarter of a century of cold war are unraveling under contemporary pressures. For the first time since Turkey turned toward Europe after World War I, Turks are studying the Arab world, fascinated by its wealth, discerning a more congenial atmosphere. The major cause is the rapid change in Turkish perceptions of the United States, to whom Turkey has looked for nuclear protection, military assistance, and diplomatic leadership.

A diplomat recalled his service in the Turkish forces in Korea and "the many friends, oh, friends from all over, Chicago and Tulsa and Baltimore" he had made in the American Army. But now, he thought, America and Americans have changed, embargoing arms to Turkey, seeing only one side of the quarrel with Greece over Cyprus. Did the friendship have to be one-sided, he asked? "You have become a different people."

Any Turkish government will feel political pressure to review its options. The Cyprus invasion and the American embargo stimulated nationalist passions not likely to be satisfied by a return to ritual obeisances to the North Atlantic Treaty. The present dependence on American arms, politicians say, need not be permanent. Western European armaments firms are approaching Turks with deals on aircraft, tanks, and guns.

Are the Turks merely making a gesture to impress Congress?

"You're dealing with an old, proud people," an American diplomat said. "No one can tell what they'll do if they believe themselves rejected and insulted."

Where will Turkey find the money? The economy is improving, but sophisticated weaponry is brutally expensive. A diplomat from a Western country whose intelligence service has not been destroyed by publicity said confidently, "If they want money, they can get a good deal from Libya. We know that. The Turks are Moslems and I think they're rediscovering the benefits of their religion."

A senior Turkish minister, impeccably dressed, fluent in French and English, said wearily, "Well, if the Americans won't see our predicament, there are other fighters besides the Phantom. The Mirage, for instance, or," he smiled, "even the Mig."

His reference to the Soviet fighter aircraft is hard to take seriously here in Turkey's rolling countryside, where life is more down-to-earth than in the cosmopolitan streets of Istanbul. This is a hard life, lived by tough people, in whose history the Slav from the north is the eternal enemy. They are blunt, brusque, not given to Arab hyperbole.

A lieutenant sitting across the aisle in the plane bound for Istanbul said "of course" he had been trained to fight the Russians. Did he think he would have to? Yes, he thought so. Then, searching for the English words, "We will fight, even with hands bare, even with no Americans."

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JERUSALEM

Sitting in the lobby of the King David Hotel, you may witness a meeting between sabras, native Israelis, and relatives or friends from the United States. The perceptive will note a certain constraint on the Israelis' side. For the visitors, no matter how fervent in their support of Israel, no matter how generous, cannot understand what the sabras have been through or what they may go through again. It is, I feel, rather like a meeting between visiting New Yorkers and settlers in Abilene or Tucson a century ago.

"It's very flattering to hear how brave you are," an Israeli major said. "But it's a little like being told you're a good boy because you didn't cry in the dentist's chair. If we began to cry, we'd never stop."

The national mood in this year of negotiation is as varied as the people. One element, as strong in a kibbutz near Galilee as in a Tel Aviv café, is an embattled militancy. Whatever diplomacy produces, Israelis know that they must make their country strong, and for the moment, they are satisfied that it is strong.

To maintain that strength, Israel gambles with its economic health. More than 30 percent of the gross national product ($8.7 billion) is devoted to defense. The number of men under arms, men who, in Israel, are not jobless peasants but engineers, bookkeepers, machinists, has been increased at the cost of economic efficiency. How long, I asked, can Israel bear these burdens? As long as it is necessary to maintain military superiority, was the invariable answer.

And there are some who balance national sacrifice against national gain—such as the senior officer who said, "We've fought four wars. Each time we've expanded the frontiers of Israel and increased our security. The price? Perhaps 15,000 lives. Is that too much to pay for survival and safety?"

Accompanying the militancy is the sober recognition that Israelis are a people who at any time, for whatever twist of political fortune, may be called again to spend their blood and treasure. There is a stoic acceptance of the burdens arising from Israel's enforced status of martial state.

They have heard so much about peace, and found so little, that their present lively skepticism about the prospects for a permanent settlement is understandable. They display a conviction that they can trust only themselves, that they can rely for national salvation only on their own efforts.

This is in sharp contrast to another impression. Israel seems at the moment to be much less a united country, much more nervy and argumentative, than at any other time in the last ten years. I asked a diplomat turned academic if my impression was correct.

"Of course," he replied, "What do you expect? It's nerves. We live on the edge of disaster from day to day."

The attitude toward the United States is changing. To Israelis, watching from afar, the twists and turns, the reverses and hesitations of American policy seem those of a capricious giant afraid of power.

Many, especially in the military, bitterly resent the manner in which the American Administration has used the delivery of sophisticated weapons to influence Israeli policy in the direction desired by Henry Kissinger.

Kissinger is as popular with many Israeli diplomats, politicians, and soldiers as the Anopheles mosquito. "Why, he can't even read a map," said a scandalized colonel on the Golan Heights. "How can such a man decide security issues?"

The attitude toward the Arabs is more realistic than in the past. Credit the bloody lessons taught by the Syrians and Egyptians in the first days of the 1973 war. Credit also increased knowledge of the economic and social changes in the Arab world, from which some Israelis take a wry satisfaction. The Arabs, they say, "would still be scratching fleas and riding donkeys" if it were not for "the Israeli challenge."

For all the talk of peace and negotiation, the shadow of impending tragedy is never far distant in the Middle East. People say comfortably that time or the big battalions or money is on their side. But the only certainty is uncertainty.

The interim agreement between Israel and Egypt on the Sinai has not dispelled this uncertainty because so many key questions about the Middle East crisis still remain. Syria demands the return of every inch of her territory on the Golan Heights. But Israeli Prime Minister Yitzhak Rabin talks only of "cosmetic forces" affecting a couple of hundred yards of Syria's land.

What will happen at the end of the agreement's three-year term? Will Israel then be willing to cede more strategically important territories in the Sinai? And will President Sadat still be in power? High-ranking Israelis concede that the agreement was concluded with the head of an authoritarian government. Would Sadat's successor, they wonder, follow his policies? Or would Egypt revert to the radical nationalism of Nasser? In the light of these unanswered and unanswerable questions, the interim agreement seems to represent no more than a breathing space, and the uncertainty over the future persists. □

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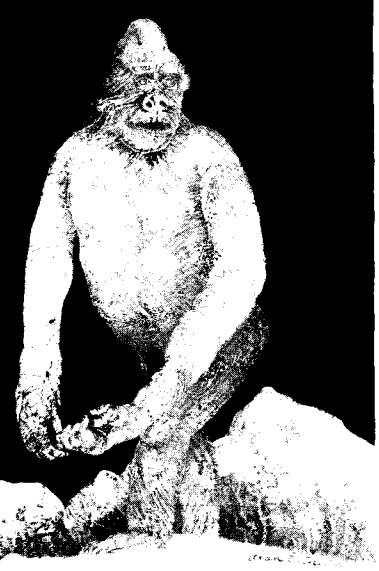
by Edward W. Cronin, Jr.

He is called the Abominable Snowman. He may exist. His arms are long, reaching almost to his knees; his shoulders are heavy and hunched. He is covered with short coarse hair. He has no tail. He has been seen but not captured. He is perhaps as curious about us as we are about him. If you travel in his country, you may find in the morning his footprints in the snow next to your tent.



Each year the stories of the yeti, or Abominable Snowman, a monster man-ape roaming the snows, come rolling down out of the Himalayas like an avalanche. "We stared in amazement and disbelief at those huge, apelike impressions in the snow," a Polish mountaineer announced last spring. "Lhakpa said she got a good look at the beast as it ripped out the throat of her only cow and slaughtered her yaks by smashing their heads with its huge fists," was another recent statement. A "hardened" police officer told reporters, "I'm convinced the girl saw a yeti. No other beast I know of could have mutilated her animals that way. One yak had been ripped apart and savagely gnawed by a ferocious beast with phenomenal strength." A Frankenstein ogre incarnate? A vivid nightmare? But what about the yaks? And the police officer?

And so, tales, eyewitness reports, photographs of footprints, even plaster casts of prints accumulate each year into a morass of confusing information. There seems to be no end to the lore and its appeal. Why is there so much excitement about the hypothetical existence of the yeti? Certainly the sensationalism has something to do with it, but there is more to the phenomenon.

The interest, in part, has to do with the very confusion and mystery that surrounds the yeti. In an age when science, with heartless efficiency, has usurped religion to solve every enigma of life from the creation to our own evolution, here is one mystery that cannot be disposed of so readily. "Perhaps our science is good with rocket ships and microbiology," the yeti advocate can argue, "but look, a large man-ape is alive on our crowded planet and we can't even find it!" For many, the yeti is a symbolic stone to hurl at science.

In part, also, the interest has to do with the creature itself. If there really is an unknown anthropoid of the yeti's description alive today, it must be a close relative from our distant and forgotten past. Man is foremost interested in man, and the yeti would be the most significant zoological and anthropological discovery of the century, offering comparative insights into our own development, behavior, and prehistoric society. It would not be just another fossil ape, but a living, breathing creature that we could study in the flesh.

The largest part of the fascination, however, has to do with what the yeti represents emotionally. Such a creature triggers a primordial memory of the time when we had to face these competitors on

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equal terms with no more technology than a club. It would be the reality of our recurrent nightmares about man-monsters. It would be the embodiment of our cultural bogeyman, our attempts in legends and myths to put boundaries on the unknown. We might slay our nightmares by capturing the monster.

Indeed, the yeti might be so serviceable to our emotions and science that we should be hopeful that it exists. The evidence is far from conclusive, but it does raise questions.

During the past three years, I have been working in the Himalayas as chief scientist of the Arun Valley Wildlife Expedition. This multidisciplinary scientific expedition conducted the first ecological survey of the remote Arun Valley in far-eastern Nepal. The Arun is one of the world's deepest river valleys, an isolated haven for wildlife between the towering massifs of Everest and Kanchenjunga, the first and third highest mountains on the earth. Prior to our expedition, the valley had remained relatively unexplored because of the rugged topography, inaccessibility, and dense vegetation. Its unique fauna and flora had never been critically studied, and doubtless contained new species as yet unknown to man. Since numerous reports of the yeti came from this area, we were open to the possibility that it was inhabited by a hidden population of unknown apes. Before we entered the field, we made a comprehensive examination of the previous evidence for the yeti's existence; while in the field, we devoted special efforts to searching for it.

Reports of the yeti have come out of the Himalayas for over two hundred years. There is an eighteenth-century drawing of the yeti in a Chinese manuscript on Tibetan wildlife. If questioned, the local villagers of the Arun Valley will relate stories supposedly older, dating back many generations; such stories are often so ornamented and corrupted through retelling that they seem impossible. However, reports of villagers who claim to have recently seen yetis or their footprints are more specific and seem highly plausible. Also, if the villagers are asked about their local fauna, they often include the yeti as a matter of routine. They respond, "Yes, we have many wild animals here. There are bears, snow leopards, wolves, yetis, civets, serows, monkeys, rabbits, and many others."

The first Westerner to have published an account of the yeti was B. H. Hodgson in 1832. Since then, more than forty Westerners, including such reputable gentlemen as N. A. Tombazi, Sir John Hunt, H. W. Tilman, Sir C. K. Howard-Bury, Don Whillans, Dr. Norman Dyhrenfurth, and Sir Edmund Hillary, have described sighting the yeti or its footprints. The primary question raised about these reports has always been the reliability of the witnesses. Perhaps some were excellent mountain climbers, but how qualified were they to examine spoor or interpret visual sightings? Were they tired or in some way affected by the high altitude? Did the powers of suggestion from a lengthy history of yeti lore convert otherwise explainable circumstances into confirmed yeti reports? Are the reports outright hoaxes, perpetrated for publicity and fame?

None of these accusations appear valid, given the personalities and accomplishments of the witnesses. Many of them are respected public figures with illustrious careers who would have nothing to gain from further publicity. Many are competent naturalists and mountaineers familiar with the wildlife and field conditions in the Himalayas. Often, their first reactions to their discoveries have been to explain them in terms of exotic fauna, altitude sickness, or atmospheric aberrations, and it was only after discounting such possibilities that many witnesses were willing to suffer the abuse and doubt that accompany the report of a yeti. There is also the inescapable argument that even if all the reports are inaccurate except one, that one constitutes proof that the yeti does exist.

Together, the eyewitness reports construct a detailed description of the yeti. Its body is stocky, apelike in shape, with a distinctly human quality to it, in contrast to that of a bear. It stands five and a half to six feet tall, and is covered with short coarse hair, reddish brown to black in color, sometimes with white patches on the chest. The hair is longest on the shoulders. The face is hairless and rather flat. The jaw is robust, the teeth are quite large, though fangs are not present, and the mouth is wide. The head is conically shaped, and comes to a pointed crown. The arms are long, reaching almost to the knees. The shoulders are heavy and hunched. There is no tail.

One of the most remarkable aspects of these descriptions by the various eyewitnesses is their consistency; each one describes essentially the same creature. Those reports that can be considered reliable do not depict strange colors, unusual growths of hair, fangs, extraordinary proportions, or any of the likely elaborations that one would normally associate with a monster story. Rather, the reports

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Edward W. Cronin, Jr., a zoologist, has recently returned from a two-year scientific expedition into Nepal.

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show an uncanny zoological expertise in portraying a creature that is exactly what a scientist would expect.

The behavior described is even more familiar to the scientist. Local villagers and Western observers relate the yeti's behavior with details that are easily recognized as displacement conflicts, aggressive posturing, and threat displays—patterns which scientists have recently found to be typical of wild ape behavior. The reports seem too good, too accurate, not to be true.

Yeti

Although the sightings must be taken on faith, the photographs of yeti footprints contribute concrete data. The most noteworthy discovery of footprints was made by Eric Shipton and Michael Ward during the 1951 British Mount Everest Reconnaissance. The prints were made on a thin layer of crystalline snow lying on firm ice, indicating that little erosion or melting had occurred. The photographs are exceptionally clear and sharp, showing that the yeti's foot is large, some twelve and a half inches long by seven and a half inches wide, with the heel nearly as broad as the forepart. A conspicuous humanlike arch is absent. The great toe, or hallux, is quite large, with the second toe the longest and relatively thin, while the remaining three toes are short, stubby, and united toward their base. The hallux is separated from the second toe in an opposable manner, and suggests a more primitive condition than that of modern man. These photographs have since become the "type specimens" of yeti prints.

Possible identification of the yeti footprints as those of a known creature ranges from bears, langur monkeys, barefoot men, snow leopards, and wolves to eagles. The foot of man and the langur monkey can be easily discounted because of the markedly different proportions (especially length/width ratio) and structure of the yeti foot. And no serious investigator would entertain the possibility that the footprints are those of snow leopards or wolves (which have nearly round prints) or eagles (which have four narrow toes in a palmate structure). Of all these, bears, because of their size, habits, and habitat, are the most likely suspects. During the expedition's stay in the Arun Valley, we encountered numerous bear prints which the local villagers would occasionally identify as yeti. But the bear prints invariably showed the equal-sized, *symmetrical* arrangement of toes typical of the group. By contrast, Shipton's photographs show distinctively larger and smaller toes arranged in a characteristic *asymmetrical* pattern.

Like man, the yeti appears to use bipedal progression, that is, he walks on two rather than on four feet. Bipedalism in the yeti seems to have aroused the greatest controversy and source of disbelief among skeptics. It is often thought by the uninformed that bipedalism is unique to man among the primates, but, in fact, it is by no means rare among apes. Gibbons and orangutans, the most arboreal of the apes, consistently walk upright when on the ground. Recent studies have shown that gorillas occasionally revert to bipedal progression for short distances when traveling through wet vegetation, apparently to keep their hands dry. Similarly, captive chimpanzees frequently walk bipedally when there is snow on the ground to keep their hands from getting cold. In careful analysis, it seems not only possible but altogether likely that a primate that frequents the high snows of the Himalayas would be using bipedal progression.

Another point of serious controversy between the advocates and the skeptics has been the supposed yeti scalps. Several of the monasteries in the Himalayas are known to keep what are purported to be yeti scalps. An expedition sponsored by the World Book Encyclopedia managed to borrow one from the Khumjung monastery in the heart of yeti country; it was taken directly to museums in Paris, London, and Chicago, where zoologists examined it carefully, comparing it to skins of known Himalayan animals. The verdict of the experts: a fake made from the skin of the serow, a wild goat antelope found in the Himalayas.

But the verdict was not unanimous. Dr. W. C. Osman Hill, a British expert on primates, pointed out that the hairs from the Khumjung scalp had a simian quality despite their gross resemblance to serow hairs. Comparing the granules of pigments in the hairs, he detected an arrangement quite different from that of normal serow pigments. In addition, ectoparasites (small insects that feed on the exterior tissues) from the scalp were different from normal serow ectoparasites.

According to some of the Sherpas at the monastery, the scalp was known to be at least several

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hundred years old, but none could vouch for its authenticity. Several of the Sherpas had insisted from the beginning that the Khumjung scalp was a fake, an imitation of the real scalps found at other monasteries, and made in order to enhance the reputation of the Khumjung monastery.

In reviewing yeti literature, it becomes increasingly obvious that the biases of the scientists involved, rather than any inductive logic, determine the interpretation of the data. Responsible authorities operating with the same evidence and reports reach completely different conclusions. One notable scientist who visited the Himalayas stated flatly that, based on his discovery that known animal tracks can be melted by the sun into facsimiles of the yeti footprints, the "yeti does not exist." Not only is it a doubtful accomplishment to recognize that snow melts, it is also a serious insult to logic, ideally the tool-in-trade of the scientist, to assert that an unknown thing does not exist.

Comparison of the evidence for the existence of the yeti with accepted scientific ideas reveals the even deeper dilemma of the fine distinction between empirical evidence and accepted scientific fact. By studying a few fragments of fossilized bones, paleontologists are able to construct a specific account of an extinct creature's general morphology, ecology, and behavior. These accounts are highly theoretical constructions, yet we still rely on them. The yeti, by comparison, has been seen, for lengthy periods, on numerous occasions, in many different areas, by dozens of people. Why are we so quick to accept the evidence of a new fossil, but so reluctant to credit the reports of the yeti? Even at this late date, we seem to be hindered by a conservatism and parochialism that do disservice to the potential of science.

Any creature existing today must have ancestors, and it may be that the antecedents of the yeti can be found among known fossil forms. Although there are numerous possibilities, one in particular, *Gigantopithecus*, seems especially likely. Remains of *Gigantopithecus* have been found in the foothills of the Himalayas, not far from where many of the modern sightings of the yeti have occurred; other remains have been found in Kwangsi Province of southern China, indicating an extensive range throughout South Asia. The dating of this material is as early as 9 million years ago, and as recent as 500,000 years ago, or middle Pleistocene age, which would make it a contemporary of *Homo erectus*.

Gigantopithecus' size and shape help make it a likely candidate, for it closely resembled the description of the yeti as given by eyewitnesses. Elwyn Simons and Peter Ettel of Yale University, who investigated the remains near the Himalayas, suggest that *Gigantopithecus* was an unusually large ape. It undoubtedly had the large jaw and teeth mentioned in the yeti descriptions, and, like the yeti, lacked conspicuous fangs or elongated canines. Also, the large mandible of *Gigantopithecus* meant extensive jaw muscles. In apes, this is often associated with a tall sagittal crest, which is required as an attachment point for these muscles, and would exactly duplicate the pointed head so consistently mentioned in the sightings of the yeti and observed in the scalp.

There are ecological reasons to suspect *Gigantopithecus*. It possibly came in contact with evolving man in India, and there would have been strong competitive pressure between them. A basic principle of population biology, the Competitive Exclusion Principle as stated by Hardin, explains that whenever two allied forms have a similar ecology and range, one will invariably gain a selective advantage over the other and displace it. The less successful form either becomes extinct or is forced to migrate. During the middle Pleistocene age, man had already learned about fire and had an extensive range of stone, bone, and wood tools; he would have been a powerful competitor. Meanwhile, *Gigantopithecus* would have been at a disadvantage, but assuredly had the behavioral flexibility to invade new habitats, such as those of the higher Himalayas. These mountains are noted for their ability to isolate populations of animals in steep valleys and protect them from outside competition. Today the Himalayas are truly a biological sanctuary, where creatures long extinct elsewhere continue to live in the inaccessible valleys. There is no valid reason to believe that they do not harbor a population of relict apes as they do harbor populations of other relict species.

How would *Gigantopithecus* have fitted into the Himalayas? It is a valuable question because it helps dispose of two common misconceptions about the yeti: 1) that the yeti is a resident of the harsh climate of the perennial snows; and 2) that it seems unlikely that a large primate could hide from the numerous investigators in such a small area as the Himalayas.

Our findings suggest that a yeti–*Gigantopithecus* form would not inhabit the snowlands. It would favor the dense vegetation of the steep valleys in the middle-altitude zone. The yeti is encountered in the snows because, like the mountaineers who discover its tracks, it uses the snowy passes as routes

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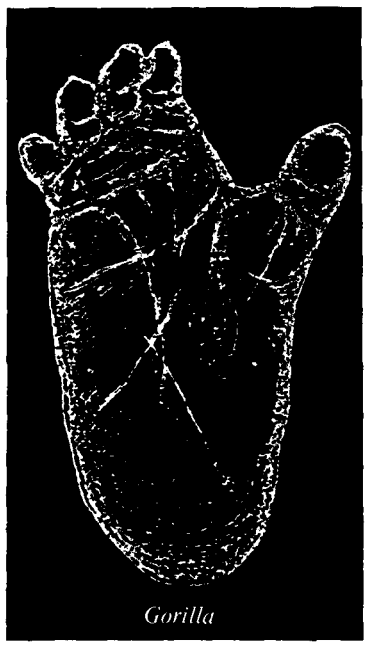
from one valley to the next. The topography of the Himalayas forces any animal traveling across the country to use the limited number of gaps, ridges, and passes as roads from one area to the next.

A creature like *Gigantopithecus* could easily survive in the lush forests of the valleys. The abrupt changes in altitude produce a succession of vegetational zones on the steep slopes, encompassing habitats ranging from the tropic to the arctic. The heavy monsoons result in true cloud-forest conditions in the middle levels. Forests of oak, magnolia, rhododendron, fir, alder, and beech, among others, provide an incredible diversity and abundance of plants. Numerous large mammals enjoy the rich conditions there and maintain sizable populations. In the mountains of Africa, gorillas are known to inhabit areas of altitudes up to 12,800 feet. A large primate would do equally well in the Himalayas.



Gorilla

The yeti would have little trouble escaping detection in these steep valleys. The dense vegetation presents a nearly impenetrable wall. During the years I lived in these forests, I repeatedly attempted to leave the trails and travel through the thick, congested undergrowth. My movements were so constricted that I had to force my way through, at times having to rely on a machete to cut a passage. Only a creature born in and adapted to these conditions could travel through the vegetation with ease. It would have been possible for a large mammal to hide within fifty yards of me and remain unnoticed.

The irregular topography would also help conceal a large primate. In the best monster tradition, the yeti could disappear among the numerous gullies, canyons, cliffs, rock shelters, and varied slopes. A two-dimensional map tends to disguise the enormous surface area that exists in the three-dimensional terrain of the highest mountain range in the world. The slopes fold back and forth upon themselves to include a prodigious amount of land.

In addition, these forests are seldom visited by people. The mountaineers hurry to and from their icy peaks and keep on the main trails to facilitate transport of their supplies. The villagers are primarily agriculturalists and pastoralists who have little purpose in exploring the forests. There have been surprisingly few naturalists who have spent any length of time in the forests, and even they usually keep to the trails. As in mountain country throughout the world, the trails follow the natural signposts of the topography, the ridges and stream beds; the vast area of the slope is virtually isolated.

Further, the ability of large mammals to escape documentation by scientists is infamous. The kouprey, a large wild bison, was not discovered by Western science until 1936, when the first specimen was identified inside the Paris zoo. This animal does not frequent the forests, but dwells in the open savanna and woodland areas of Cambodia, where the terrain and vegetation leave him highly visible. Other creatures, such as the mountain gorilla, pigmy hippopotamus, and giant panda, were all known from villager reports and yet remained unknown to science for years.

Finally, adding to the difficulty of discovery, the yeti is probably nocturnal. Like many other large mammals that suffer from man's disturbance of the wilderness, the yeti has probably developed the habit of hiding and sleeping during the day and confining its traveling and feeding to nighttime. Many elephant populations of South Asia have adopted this same strategy.

Thus, the sum total of evidence demonstrates that although there by no means exists the traditional zoological data required for naming a new species, there is no zoological, paleontological, or ecological reason to suppose that an unknown anthropoid does not exist in the Himalayas. There is, in fact, a significant body of data that warrants a more thorough field investigation.

In December, 1972, Dr. Howard Emery, expedition physician, and I decided to make a research trip to the high altitude areas around Kongmaa La mountain. The objective was to make our first reconnaissance of this remote, alpine area, and to investigate the winter conditions of the ecosystem.

We left base camp in the Kasuwa Khola side-valley on December 14. The first days were a slow trek through an upper-temperate forest where a deciduous canopy of winter-bare branches cast twisted shapes against a gray sky. As we climbed, we encountered heavier snows, which made travel-

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ing difficult; our porters turned back because of the cold. On the seventeenth, accompanied by two Sherpa assistants, we emerged on a high alpine ridge connecting to Kongmaa La. The weather was beautiful, with a clear sky and warm sun. The icy summit of Makalu dominated the horizon to the northwest. In the late afternoon, we discovered a depression in the ridge at about 12,000 feet, offering a flat place with firm snow that was suitable for camp. The area was small, less than half an acre, a completely clear snowfield unmarked by animal prints.

The slopes on the side of the ridge were precipitous, falling several thousand feet to the Barun River on the north and the Kasuwa River on the south. We made camp, pitching two light tents, had dinner around an open fire, and retired just after dark. The evening was calm.

Shortly before dawn the next morning, Dr. Emery climbed out of our tent. He called excitedly. There, beside the trail we had made to our tents, was a new set of footprints. While we were sleeping, a creature had approached our camp and walked directly between our tents. The Sherpas identified the tracks without question as yeti footprints.

We immediately made a full photographic record of the prints before the sun touched them. Like the conditions Shipton had encountered, the surface consisted of crystalline snow, excellent for displaying the prints. These conditions were localized to our camp area, and were the result of the effects produced on the depression by the sun and the winds of the earlier days. The prints were clearest in the middle of the depression, directly beside our trail, where some ten to fifteen prints, both left and right feet, revealed the details of the toes and the general morphology of the creature's foot. Some of the right footprints were actually on our previous trail, making them difficult to interpret; other prints of the right foot were distinct.

The prints measured approximately nine inches long by four and three quarters inches wide. The stride, or distance between individual prints, was suprisingly short, often less than one foot, and it appeared that the creature had used a slow, cautious walk along this section. The prints showed a short, broad, opposable hallux, an asymmetrical arrangement of the four remaining toes, and a wide, rounded heel. These features were present in all the prints made on firm snow, and we were impressed with their close resemblance to Shipton's prints.

We then proceeded to explore the rest of the trail left by the creature. By the direction of the toes on the clear footprints, I determined that the creature had come up the north slope. I investigated these prints first, following the trail back down the slope. Because the north slope received less sun, it was covered with very deep snow, and the tracks consisted of large punch holes in the snow, revealing little detail. I descended several hundred yards, but the heavy snow made walking impossible, and I was forced to cling to the slope with my hands; the creature must have been exceptionally strong to ascend this slope in these conditions. From a vantage point, I could look down the trail, which continued toward the bottom of the valley in a direction generally perpendicular to the slope, but there seemed little advantage in climbing farther down, and I returned to the top of the ridge.

From our camp, the tracks continued out onto the south slope, but here the increased exposure to the sun had melted most of the snow, and there were bare patches of rock and alpine scrub which made following the trail difficult. We walked farther up the ridge toward Kongmaa La to get a view of the trail from above, and discovered what appeared to be the prints of the same creature coming back onto the top of the ridge. They crossed back and forth several times. Here the ridge was covered with low bushes which enabled deeper snow to accumulate, and the prints were again confused punch holes. The trail then went back down onto the south slope, and we attempted to follow, but lost the prints on the bare rock and scrub. The slope was extremely steep, and searching for the prints was arduous and dangerous. We realized that whatever creature had made them was far stronger than any of us.

We considered the possibility of a hoax perpetrated by our Sherpas, but discounted it, realizing that the Sherpas were not capable of making the full trail of prints we could see from the top of the ridge. They would not have had the time. We also doubted their ability to make prints which were so consistent with each other and which so closely matched the yeti footprints that we were familiar with from photographs.

We sent word with one of the Sherpas down to the other members of the expedition. Jeffrey McNeely, expedition mammalogist, came up to the ridge later and made plaster casts of the prints.

During the following three days, we kept a careful watch for the possible reappearance of the creature. We made a new camp farther up the ridge, and spent the days examining other snowfields. At night, taking advantage of a bright moon that clearly illuminated the surrounding slopes, we watched from the front of our tent for possible nocturnal activity. There were no further signs.

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Upon reflection, there are several aspects of this incident which constitute valuable additional information about the yeti:

1. The circumstances eliminate the hypothesis that all yeti prints are the function of melting by the sun or wind erosion. We know that the prints were made during the night of the seventeenth, or very early on the morning of the eighteenth. We photographed them before sunrise. We knew wind had not affected them, since a comparison of our own footprints made on the morning of the eighteenth with our footprints made on the seventeenth showed little, if any, distortion.

Man

2. The prints are not referrable to a local animal. During the expedition, we devoted special efforts to examining all large mammal prints made in snow; we noted possible variations produced by different snow conditions, terrain, and activities of the animal (i.e. running, walking, etc.); a photographic record was made. As professional biologists with extensive experience in the Himalayas, we feel we can eliminate any possibility that the prints were made by any known, normal mammal.

3. The prints support the hypothesis that the various yeti reports refer to one species. The prints are similar to those photographed by Shipton, differing only in being smaller, with a shorter hallux, and perhaps indicating an immature or female yeti. (Sexual dimorphism, that is, difference in size between the sexes, is known from *Gigantopithecus* and many other primates.)

4. The prints support the hypothesis that the yeti is an ape. Like Shipton's photograph, our prints show a foot morphology typical of Pongidae.

5. The arrangement of the prints supports the hypothesis that the yeti uses bipedal progression. The prints demonstrated a left-right-left-right pattern; there was no overlapping; there was no indication that more than two appendages were used in making a lengthy series of prints.

6. The weight of the creature that made the prints is less than or equal to the weight of an average man. My footprints (I weighed approximately 185 pounds, including winter clothes and boots) were slightly deeper, suggesting that the creature weighed about 165 pounds.

7. The circumstances support the hypothesis that the yeti is nocturnal.

8. The creature displayed some inquisitiveness, since it made a detour along the ridge in order to enter our camp and pass between the tents. It is possibly significant that the creature appeared to be immature.

9. The track of the creature supports the hypothesis that the yeti inhabits the forested regions. The tracks came from the heavily forested valley of the Barun, and rather than going in the direction of the higher snowfields, crossed the ridge and appeared to be continuing back down toward the forests of the Kasuwa.

10. The circumstances suggest that the yeti is very strong and well adapted to traveling across the Himalayan topography.

11. The prints lend credibility to the general theory of the yeti. Their resemblance to the numerous footprints previously reported, such as Shipton's, which were made twenty-one years before and a long distance from Kongmaa La, suggest a uniformity of data strongly indicating the existence of an unknown creature in the Himalayas.

Based on this experience, I believe that there is a creature alive today in the Himalayas which is creating a valid zoological mystery. It is possibly a known species in a deformed or abnormal condition, although the evidence points to a new form of bipedal primate. Or perhaps an old form—a form that man once knew and competed with, and then forced to seek refuge in the seclusion of the Himalayas.

Even though I am intrigued with the yeti, both for its scientific importance and for what it says about our own interests and biases, I would be deeply saddened to have it discovered. If it were to be found and captured, studied and confined, we might well slay our nightmares. But the mystery and imagination it evokes would also be slain. If the yeti is an old form that we have driven into the mountains, now we would be driving it into the zoos. We would gain another possession, another ragged exhibit in the concrete world of the zoological park, another Latin name to enter on our scientific ledgers. But what about the wild creature that now roams free of man in the forests of the Himalayas? Every time man asserts his mastery over nature, he gains something in knowledge, but loses something in spirit. □

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TWO NIGHT POEMS

I. EVENING HAWK

From plane of light to plane, wings dipping through
Geometries and orchids that the sunset builds,
Out of the peak's black angularity of shadow, riding
The last tumultuous avalanche of
Light above pines and the guttural gorge,
The hawk comes.

* * *

His wing
Scythes down another day, his motion
Is that of the honed steel-edge, we hear
The crashless fall of stalks of Time.

* * *

The head of each stalk is heavy with the gold of our error.

* * *

Look! look! he is climbing the last light
Who knows neither Time nor error, and under
Whose eye, unforgiving, the world, unforgiven, swings
Into shadow.

* * *

Long now,
The last thrush is still, the last bat
Now cruises in his sharp hieroglyphics. His wisdom
Is ancient, too, and immense. The star
Is steady, like Plato, over the mountain.

* * *

If there were no wind we might, we think, hear
The earth grind on its axis, or history
Drip all night like a leaking pipe in the cellar.

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by Robert Penn Warren

II. MIDNIGHT OUTCRY

Torn from the dream-life, torn from the life-dream,
Beside him in darkness, the cry bursts: *Oh!*
Endearment and protest—they avail
Nothing against whatever is so
Much deeper and darker than anything love may redeem.

* * *

He lies in the dark and tries to remember
How godlike to strive in passion and sweat,
But fears to awaken and clasp her, lest
Their whole life be lost, for he cannot forget
That the depths that cry rose from might shrivel a heart, or member.

* * *

How bright dawns morning!—how sweetly the face
Inclines over the infant to whom she gives suck.
So his heart leaps in joy, but remembering
That echo of fate beyond faith or luck,
He fixes his studious gaze on the scene to trace

* * *

In the least drop spilled between nipple and the ferocious
Little lip-suction, some logic, some white
Spore of the human condition that carries,
In whiteness, the dark need that only at night
Finds voice—but only and always one strange to us.

* * *

The day wore on; and he would ponder,
Lifting eyes from his work, thinking, thinking,
Of the terrible distance in love, and the pain,
Smiling back at the sunlit smile, though shrinking
At recall of the nocturnal timbre, and the dark wonder.

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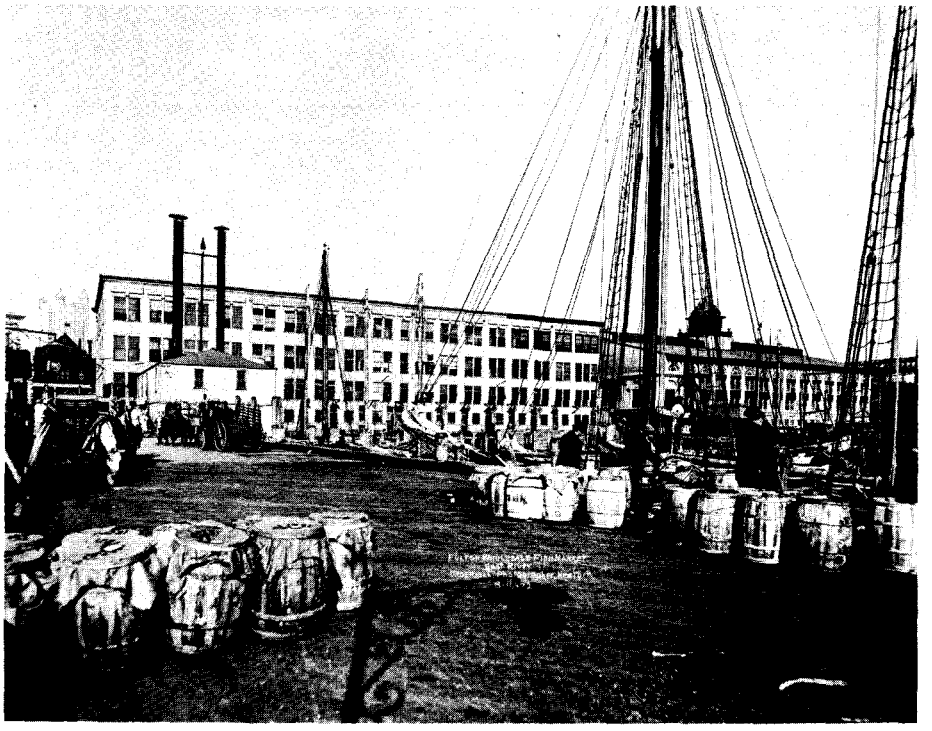

AT THE FULTON MARKET

by William W. Warner

It's the place to go for soft-shell crabs that hours ago swam in Chesapeake Bay, and for fresh fish of every description. Needless to say, the Fulton Fish Market is scheduled to be demolished.

Over forty thousand soft-shell crabs are served each year to patrons of Jack and Charlie's 21 Club Restaurant in New York. The first soft crabs come from North Carolina, are seldom more than three inches across, cost as much as eight dollars a dozen wholesale, and begin to appear on the 21 Club menu at a much higher price in late March or early April, just as the novelty of fresh shad roe is wearing thin. By May, the larger supplies from the Chesapeake Bay, which yields more crabs than any other body of water in the world, begin to come to market.

Much of the Chesapeake Bay catch—70 million pounds, or over 200 million crabs, is a "good year" average—goes to freezer plants. About 40 percent of the Bay's delicious blue crabs end up in frozen crab cakes, deviled crabs in plastic shells, soups, and even in a distilled crab-juice essence used to fortify the flavor of fish sticks and other TV dinner specials. Frozen crab utilization, moreover, increases every year. What this means is that exquisitely fresh, same-day-as-caught crabmeat, which is one of the world's great refections, may soon be very hard to come by. Worse, the incomparable Chesapeake soft crabs (the soft-shell crab of commerce is merely the familiar blue of our Atlantic seaboard, taken soon after moulting) could totally disappear in the live or fresh form. Such a possibility would be nothing short of gastronomic catastrophe to many of our most celebrated French chefs. "The American soft crab is fabulous," says Michel Sellier, former chef to Am-

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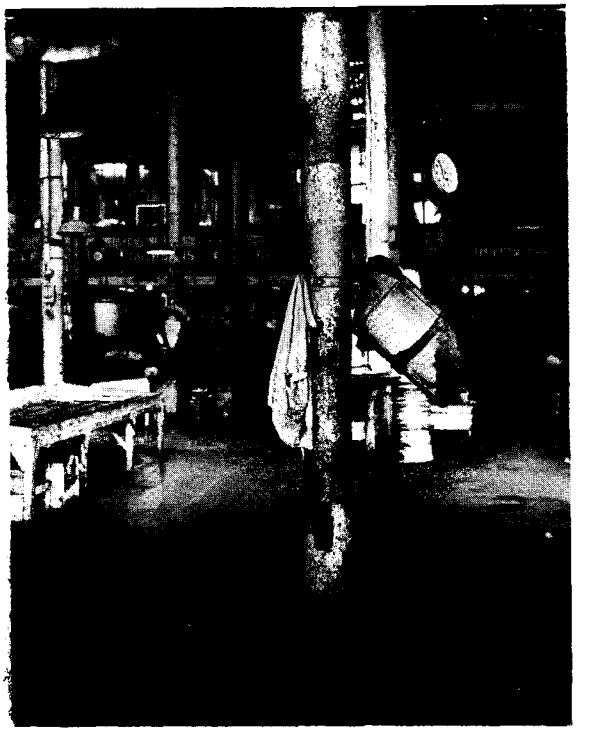

bassador John Hay Whitney and now owner of Washington's popular Café de Paris. "There is nothing like it in the world. It is one of your national treasures. To freeze it is a desecration."

But, happily for all gourmets, the traditional big-city markets of our East Coast are holding firm. They insist on freshness, whether in crabmeat or soft crabs, and still get a significant portion of the Chesapeake catch. The city market wholesalers are both professionals and connoisseurs, men who know the quality of fresh crabs as well or better than the Chesapeake watermen who catch them. Only at their stands can the urban consumer be sure that the crabs he buys today swam in the Bay yesterday.

Washington's Maine Avenue, Baltimore's Wholesale Fish Market, Philadelphia's Market Center, Boston's Fish Pier—each has its own character and special interest. But to see fresh crabs and other creatures of the sea in greatest plenty and variety, to witness fishmongering at its vigorous and blasphemous best, it is necessary to go to New York. Ride a patiently secured cab through deserted streets or a long awaited subway train to a point on the East River not far south of the Brooklyn Bridge. Here, in an area comprising 250 yards of pier frontage and four small city blocks, is America's oldest continuously operating marketplace. It began in the seventeenth century as a general market area in the fields of lower Manhattan, conveniently located along a narrow stretch of the East River where boats crossed with farm produce from Long Island. After a fire in 1821, the New York *Gazette* successfully urged a more specialized role and in time it became the Fulton Market Wholesale Fishmongers Association, Incorporated.

The day begins at Fulton Market at two in the morning. At that hour the big trailer trucks that have been arriving through the night start serious battle for the best parking positions under the columns of the East River Drive. Invoice men may already be looking over the day's stocks. Lights go on here and there deep within the cavernous "Old Shed," an ironwork and corrugated steel exuberance, backside to the river and front to South Street, built in 1894. In little offices tucked under its roof, the owners or managers of the older firms—Frank Wilkisson, Lockwood & Winant, Wallace, Keeney and Lynch—are changing into their traditional white aprons with drawstrings at the waist, even though they will spend most of the day at their books. They look down from small picture windows to the long lines of their stands, which extend in parallel rows for one hundred feet from the back of the building out into South Street. Some few journeymen may already be trundling ice or heavy fish boxes. But it is early yet. If the morning is cold and damp, the place to be is the Paris Bar and Restaurant, corner of South and Peck Slip, which at this hour extends a warm and friendly beacon.

The Paris Bar and Restaurant occupies the ground floor of Meyer's Hotel, a brick building constructed in 1873. Upstairs are lodgings for

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forty-five pensioners, fifteen dollars a week, and the offices of the Fishery Council and Board of Trade Association. Directly below these offices is the Paris' *grand salon.* It contains both a bar and a lunch counter, and gives off to a smaller side room with tables that are used more for dice and card games than for eating. Throughout the early morning hours these two rooms are crowded with journeymen of all ages, from young men with long hair to tattooed older seamen who may once have worked on fish boats that no longer come to Fulton Market. They talk loudly, wear short rubber boots, and have bailing hooks slung over their shoulders in such a way that the points pierce their clothing, very macho. They are also friendly and inquisitive.

"Hey, what are you, friend, from the newspapers or something? Looking for a little atmosphere?"

"You innarested in scallops, friend?" A voice detaches itself from the rest, low and conspiratorial. "You heard about the New Bedford draggers, din't you? All out on strike. Well, I got a friend, he's holding some nice scallops."

A crap game is in progress in the side room and the neon-lighted lunch counter is jammed. A pale girl with Slavic features and a wiry-thin black man with a facial twitch are handling breakfast orders. Potatoes, ham, sausage, eggs, most anything, in fact, except fish. Towering over all is the bar, the pride of the Paris. Heavy, dark-stained oak, thirty feet long, and backed by three tall mirrors framed with matching oak and crystal sculpture, its like is not to be found in all Manhattan. Unfortunately, by city regulations, the bar cannot open until eight in the morning. Nevertheless, a barman is standing down at one end, where the cash register is. Look closely and you will see the journeymen taking partially filled coffee cups over to him. He adds a strong shot of anisette under the counter. What comes out is coffee royal, a traditional Fulton proprietary. It is the top-of-the-morning elixir, what it takes to open the market.

Finish your breakfast, let the coffee royal warm your insides, and walk out into the market. It is three o'clock. The tempo is picking up. All the suppliers' trucks are in, parked so tight that it is impossible to walk between them. Big rigs they are, bearing checkerboard designs of numerous interstate license plates. Some have come long distances: Merritt Island, Florida; Valona, Georgia; Provincetown, Massachusetts; St. John, New Brunswick. The drivers are impatient; they want to turn around and get out of city traffic before dawn. Lights are now on everywhere in the Old Shed, the New Market, and the brick buildings across South Street. The stands, in fact, are ready for business, although heavy selling will not start much before five.

The opening of the market is a great spectacle. As the journeymen rip apart wooden boxes or wax-board cartons, there comes into view a veritable still-life aquarium, a feast of *nature morte.* There are the Lilliputian species. Fresh sardines and delicate whitebait, beautifully packed in golden-bronze buckets. Also the Gargantuans. Huge bluefin tuna, for example, 600 pounds or better, with red, raw meat. Tell the man how much you can use, and he'll cut you a chunk to size. Or twin-eyed halibut, largest of the flatfishes, bedded down in ice and in sturdy individual boxes, the weight scrawled in black crayon outside: 128, 294, 381 lbs. Almost as big are the basslike jewfish. Large-mouthed, goggle-eyed, and coarsely scaled, they look like comic strip caricatures of a fish, or what the little boy getting a lesson from his father reels in, so big it overwhelms the rowboat. Now you must call them "warsaws." "The Jewish people is some of our best customers," a vendor explains. "You better believe they buy a lot of fish. Carp, buffaloes, sable, whitefish, you name it."

There are some familiars, too. Red snapper, Florida snook, striped bass, bluefish, and Boston scrod, the latter so fresh-looking you almost want to sample it raw. Then come the odd ones, fish you never expected to find in a market. Not just octopus or squid, but deep-sea anglers and monkfish from the permanent night of abyssal depths, known generally as "bellyfish" around the market. And sand sharks or dogfish. "Sure, the Portugees, the Italians all eat dog. It's good eating meat, don't kid yourself."

The buyer trucks are arriving. Sun Hope Kee from Mott Street, Victor Fish and Hotel Supply, Joe's Clam Bar, and the big trailer truck from Waldman's in Montreal. All shapes and sizes, and some with Chinese characters.

To stroll and observe becomes increasingly difficult. The hand-truck traffic is thick. And anyone in a proper business suit is tabbed for a new buyer, an easy mark, perhaps, who doesn't know the market.

"Can I help you, friend? Or you looking for local color?" A salty old journeyman poses the question. He wears a knitted black watch cap, has most of his front teeth missing, and knows that brokers from Wall Street or the nearby Cocoa Exchange

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William Warner's book about the Chesapeake Bay crab fisheries, *Beautiful Swimmers,* will appear early in the spring.

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like to come over now and then just to look around, curious-like.

"Here comes the biggest man in Chinatown," he says. "How you doing, Joe? Here, my friend, meet Joe Fat. He is very honorable. He pays the top dollar. All Chinese people is honorable. I never seen a Chinese tief. Except maybe once in Hong Kong, I seen a tief."

A swollen-faced woman approaches, wearing two overcoats, brown cotton stockings, and shoes stuffed with newspaper. She is pushing a supermarket shopping cart and uses a wooden stick with a barbed metal point to retrieve truck-squashed fish off the cobblestones. "That's your scavenger," the old salt adds. "Years ago, you had a better class scavengers. You didn't mind giving them some damaged product the end of the day. Now all you got is smokies. They live up under the Bridge. Drink wine, heat up a pail of water, throw a fish into it."

A noisy dispute suddenly erupts at a neighboring stand. The manager evidently has the corner on the dwindling scallop supply and is holding back for his favored clients. The language is very blue, revolving mostly around incest in every possible combination. There is a ritual quality to the utterances, though, that takes out most of the sting. The whole is a bit of theater, you suspect, a parabasis that must be played out many times during a busy day at Fulton Market. There is one final burst of obscenities, the *pnigos*, or choker, of this particular comedy, and the frustrated buyers walk away to hoots and catcalls from a chorus of journeymen. The haggle is over, as quickly as it began.

Some twenty firms handle crabs in one form or another at Fulton Market. Typical of the older generation of managers is Harold Aaronson of the Berman Fish Company. Harold occupies stand number 31 in the New Market, an undistinguished concrete structure next to and with the same basic plan as the Old Shed. His upstairs office has a picture map of Maryland's Eastern Shore which is badly faded in spite of repeated applications of shellac; a group photograph of the last Fishery Council annual picnic and outing held at Bear Mountain, New York, in 1939; and a familiar carved wooden sign which reads:

> Behold the Fisherman!
> Mighty are his preparations!
> He riseth up early in the morning
> And disturbeth the whole household.
> He goeth forth full of hope,
> And when the day is spent,
> He returneth home smelling of strong drink.
> And the truth is not in him.

Harold Aaronson does not bother with crabmeat or whole hard crabs. "I don't like hard crabs for the same reason I don't like chicken," he says in well-modulated Brooklyn cadences. "Too much work preparing them, and then the meat sticks in your teeth." Aaronson also refuses to handle frozen Alaska king crab. "The king crab market don't affect us. You are talking about two different things; the closest thing to a king crab is a lobster." Like most Fulton stand managers, he finds the greatest challenge in selling soft crabs. "But you got to know your product," he warns. "You would be surprised what some of the packers pass off." Harold learned about soft crabs back in 1938, when a supplier friend of his on the Virginia Peninsula got sick. "Look, I'm from Brooklyn," Aaronson will protest. "But there I was, down in Hopkins, Virginia, in the middle of the Depression, shedding crabs for five dollars a week." He seems pleased to recall those days, and will tell you that things are not what they used to be in his business, since the packers no longer have the necessary patience to nurse soft crabs into prime market condition. (A fine soft crab ready for market is very rarely caught in nature; instead, "peelers," or crabs showing certain subtle signs of readiness to shed their bony exterior skeletons, are held for a number of days in floating pens, watched constantly until the moment of moult, and then quickly fished out, since any soft crab left in the water will harden its new shell very rapidly.)

"In the old days they sent you a tray, it was a pleasure to handle," Aaronson adds. "Today, the young people, they don't have time to shed a quality crab. There should be more uniform standards; the suppliers are not adhering to market measurements. Some you can talk to like a Dutch uncle; some you can't. Look, here! Here is something what I got for a joke from a friend. Me and this party, we are good friends, but we were always having arguments about the measurements." He holds up a large and finely carved measuring stick. It is inscribed "To my cheat friend Harold," and has notches indicating the various soft-crab market sizes, from the little "mediums" and "hotels" that measure three to three and a half inches across the body, to the big "whales" and "slabs" of five and five and a half inches respectively, all grossly exaggerated.

"Yes, there ought to be better standards," Aaronson concludes. "A striped bass in New York *has* to be sixteen inches, nose to spike. You get a

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21/25 pack of shrimp, you know you're getting twenty-one to twenty-five shrimps to the pound, no funny business about it. Now with the crabs, some days you can make more on twenty-five boxes than you do on a hundred. If we had a more uniform product, we could do better and get a little more room, a better spread, you might say. That way the supplier's happy, I'm happy, and the customer's happy."

For a more tolerant view, or the opinions of Fulton Market's principal crab dealer, there is Johnny Montauk. "You want crabs, friend, you gotta see Johnny Montauk," the journeymen tell you. "Johnny, he's the king of the crabs."

Johnny Montauk is in fact John Catena, owner-manager of Montauk Seafood Co., Inc., 96 South Street. "My folks come from the Island," he says, explaining the name. Johnny is the archetype of a younger generation of Italian-Americans who have risen to prominence in the market since the days of the legendary Joe "Socks" Lanza, who had to fight his way in as a journeyman. (Prior to the 1930s, Fulton Market had a solid Anglo-Irish hegemony.) Johnny is a graduate of CCNY night school with a major in marketing. He uses such modern conveniences as an off-hours telephone answering service and correctly characterizes Montauk Seafood as "your biggest outlet for soft crabs in the country." Johnny also sells live baskets of hard crabs, having discovered that New York's southern blacks, Chinese, Japanese, Portuguese, Greeks, and his fellow Italians like to steam and prepare crabmeat at home. He is thirty-eight years old, of strong build, and has handsome dark eyes that are tired and languorous, when discussing thievery or other discouraging aspects of Fulton Market, or alert and darting, when he senses a good sale or goes out for a stroll to look over the competition. On a good day he will sell 100 to 140 boxes, or over 18,000 soft crabs, and as many as 150 bushels of the hard-shells, ninety or so to the basket.

"I sell to Sardi's, Fraunces Tavern, a lot of your big name restaurants," Johnny tells you. "Also the top retail shops. I'm into frozen soft crabs, too. I have two accounts in California and sell maybe 30,000 dozen a year. Years ago you would find 150 boxes per market stand every day, of the fresh soft crabs, that is. Today you can't get that kind of volume. Too much is going off to the freezer plants. Frozen soft crab is a tremendous industry, now bigger than the fresh, growing all the time. It takes care of glut periods. But it can also disguise a poor product, and I would hate like hell to see the fresh crabs go."

In winter, Johnny concentrates on clams, mussels, and Long Island mariculture oysters. But his heart is not so much in it. "Your customer, how can he tell one clam from another?" he asks. "Now, with the soft crabs, you are making a more visual-type sale. You've got to be able to show a good, clean-looking product. Some of the buyers, they know something about a crab."

On the busy days, when most of his crabs have been sold by mid-morning, Johnny may decide to make one of his periodic inspection tours of the market. To accompany him on such an expedition is a special treat, although there are many false starts and great patience must be exercised throughout.

Out in the front part of his stand, which is a garagelike storage area typical of most South Street locations, a fat man wearing a checked flannel shirt says, "Break me a box, Johnny. I don't need more than six dozen jumbos."

Johnny shoves a soft-crab box into view, rapping on the top with his fist.

"Hey, none of that," the prospective buyer complains.

"What's the matter?" Johnny protests. "I got to wake them up, don't I? Crabs got to have a little sleep, same as you or me. What do you think I am, a faith healer or something, restoring the dead?" He takes the cover off the box and removes a tray. "Look here! You won't find any better this time of year. Okay? You got it, Frank, you got it! Two trays jumbos!"

Out on South Street, the confusion hits you hard. Buyers and sellers move about like a giant colony of amoebas, exchanging some form of hidden signals as they pass close or bump into each other. Shouting truck drivers pull in and out of impossible spaces, journeymen continue to rattle their hand trucks, and an increasing number of scavengers search among mounting piles of broken boxes or other spoil. Johnny takes in the scene with one broad sweep of his arm as we start our walk.

"The Police Department says there's no crime down here," he observes. "But you should see what goes on! Two weeks ago, there's a gang broke into B & G's freezer, right next door to me. They came through my bathroom and got $30,000 worth of shrimp. Last year they hit Crown Shrimp for 1500 pounds. That's even more. Went through three different buildings, maybe four or five walls. We call them 'The Engineers.' "

As we pass Sloppy Louie's Restaurant and round

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the corner onto Fulton Street, one of Johnny's men stops him and asks if maybe he shouldn't buy some crabs from another stand. Johnny agrees, or at least tells him to have a look around. "Sure, we sell some, one to another," he explains. "It might be that you are low on a certain item halfway through the day and the market is still strong. So you send out your journeyman to get some fast prices. Then maybe you buy from an associate; maybe you don't. Also, along the way, my man, he can perhaps get a few orders, a few instructions. That's what I call notes to myself on market conditions, notes for the future. Sure, you may sell a lot of same-day stuff, but more than that, you're picking up orders for tomorrow, the next day, or even next week. With the suppliers, you do business by contract. In the old days there used to be more consignment. Some still do it. But no one who depends solely on consignment can make it in this business. Especially with the soft crabs. You have to contract with many different suppliers. You got to move around; you got to know where and when to buy."

Walking past Sweet's Restaurant, where you can get the best broiled fish in New York, Johnny may turn off Fulton to Front or Water Street on the back side of the market complex. In this area and nearby Schermerhorn Row are some of the classic four-story "humpback" buildings that are believed to be the oldest commercial structures in New York, some dating to the late eighteenth century. Today they are occupied mostly by shellfish dealers, filleting or smoking concerns, and a number of fresh-water fish houses. Here it is much more quiet than in the Old Shed or on South Street, so Johnny chooses this point in the tour to explain his marketing philosophy.

"I sell by implication," he says. "I think for the customer. The heart of this job is knowing what some 400 customers might be wanting each day of the week. Look, let me put it this way. There's fourteen guys here selling clams, right? Well, the buyers, they get up at four o'clock in the morning and come down to the market. They're sleepy. They're confused. They are supposed to be getting the best clams, but what do they know about it? Why, it's an emotional experience, a trauma for the buyers. So, what I do is, I take decision-making off their minds!"

Johnny is warming to the subject. Asked about disagreements or haggling with buyers, he will stoutly protest that such tactics are a waste of time. "No, no, you don't ever do that," he maintains. "I don't take any of this 'Have you got this; what price is it?' Hell, no. I just come up to you and say I've saved you a bushel of crabs. Note that I do not ask if you want it. Instead, I say I have got something really good, special for you. It's a favor to you, in other words."

Striding down Peck Slip, back toward the main market area, Johnny spots a customer. "Here, watch this," he says. "Hey, Leo, a jumbo tomorrow? Break down a bit. The whale run is over. I got a nice bag of necks and a tray of jumbos for you tomorrow."

"You do?" says Leo sourly. He makes a well-known upward gesture with his middle finger.

"You're goddamn right I do!" says Johnny, returning the gesture.

Leo goes on his way.

"That's a sale," Johnny explains. "In the absence of any negative comment, in the absence of any specific indications to the contrary, you consider it a sale." He scribbles on an order chit and puts it in his pocket.

"Another thing you got to think about is moving your product fast," Johnny adds, as he turns the corner into South Street and enters one of the smaller garagelike stands selling oysters and clams.

"Smell anything funny?" Johnny asks, loud as he can.

I agree. The odor is very strong.

"You're damn right it is," Johnny says. "Now, you don't have to be too bright to know what's going on. He's holding his product too long!" By now Johnny will be almost shouting. The proprietor, of course, notices.

"Herman, I want you to meet my friend here. He's the new health inspector."

Herman is taken in. His face registers genuine panic, so much so that compassion forces me to smile and explain it isn't so. Johnny is pleased with his joke.

The last stop on Johnny's inspection tour is usually at Shore Shellfish, Pier 17, East River, a small and rather dilapidated building standing by itself on the waterfront. Here his kid cousin Dave Catena, who was among the first to introduce *Cardisoma guanhumi*, the purple-colored and hairy-legged land crab of the tropics, to an astonished market, carries on his business. Dave is an energetic young man who walks with a bouncy jive step and brims over with good anecdote. He wears a neck chain with a religious medal, uses the Fulton language at its richest, and is so good-looking that you think he should have played the nice guy in *Mean Streets*.

Ask Dave how he got started with the tropical land crabs and you are in for quite a story. He was up in the barrio one day, you see, and there

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was this guy with all these crazy-looking crabs running around in a pen in the back of his store. *Muy rico*, the guy says, and he's getting good money for them, too. So Dave and his partner, they fly down to Haiti, rent a car, and drive all to hell and gone for two days, not seeing a single crab. Ready to call it quits they were, when all of a sudden they see a native walking along the road carrying one of the big things in his hand, all tied up with vines.

"So we slam on the brakes and I jump all over him," Dave recalls. "I'm yelling at him, my partner's yelling at me. The native must have thought we were going zoo. Finally, I say like 'take me to your leader' in sign language, and he gets it. We meet his foreman and he's got a whole fuckin' corral full of the crabs, maybe 500 dozen."

Johnny, who has heard it all before, often gets impatient at this point. "Look, I been away from the office too long already," he says. "I got to get back and do my orders." But there is seldom any stopping his young cousin.

"That was in September a year ago," Dave continues. "I got my first air shipment in October. I took a bath. It was too cold and the crabs didn't survive the trip. Now, I'm doing better. I fly them in from Haiti, Venezuela, St. Thomas, all the Caribbean islands. Sell 300 dozen a week; I could do 5000 if there was the production. But, boy, have I got problems! The Board of Health! And the goddamn customs at JFK! They're so dumb out there, they don't know enough even to put the crabs in the shade. I have lost more goddamn crabs in customs. Sometimes I think I should get into frog's legs. I want to get in touch with some domestic frog breeders, right here in the old U.S.A.

"Well, so long, pal," Dave finally concludes. "I'll give you some good crabs the next time. *Juellas*, they call them. It's mostly the one big claw that you eat. *Muy rico*."

South Street is now very empty, except for the accumulated litter of one day's buying and selling, which can be rather spectacular. A big compressor truck from the Cantalupo Carting Corporation is starting to attack it, in fact. Fulton Market is the toughest garbage run in town, the journeymen tell you.

Johnny strides through his stand area back to his private office. "I sold out early today," he reflects. "So maybe I was in too low. Listen, I'm telling you, it took me a long time to learn the pricing structure here. There are many factors. First of all, there is history. What was it yesterday? What's changed since yesterday? Is there an increase in supply? A decrease? What is the composition of the product? Look, it's going to rain this afternoon on Long Island Sound. It's going to be foggy, so the clam catch will be curtailed. That's why I already bought extra today on the littlenecks. Then you got to keep an eye on the competition. They are always out to cut you."

Johnny is winding down. He stretches his feet out on the desk and tries to sum it all up. "It's a hell of a business," he says. "Some days you can't make more than two dollars a tray. Think of it! Two lousy dollars for three or four dozen crabs. People down the Bay think we rake it all in here. They should try it some time! In the gluts, very often, you have to sell at cost, just to move the product. Sometimes you can't even give the stuff away. You just have to dump it. Take right now, in midsummer, the market is not so hot. Some restaurants are closed, the kids are in camp, and a lot of people on vacation. I'm waiting for September. The market gets a little shot in the arm then. But meanwhile I got my ethnics, my foreign clientele. You know what *kaki* means? That's oyster in Korean.

"Look, this is my dictionary. I made it myself." Johnny is holding up a little notebook with foreign phrases, Oriental language characters, and columns of numerals. "I got a working vocabulary in Chinese, Japanese, even Korean. Also the Mediterranean languages, which come easy to me. It's good customer relations. More than that, though, I get a jump on the other guys. Competitors are always hanging around, eavesdropping. It drives them up the wall when they can't understand what I'm saying."

It is now going on one o'clock. Sweet's Restaurant will be filling with the luncheon crowd, mainly brokers from Wall Street. But Johnny has already put in a ten- or eleven-hour day. It is time to clean up and go home to Queens.

"*Chai jin,* pal, *chai jin,*" he says. "That's 'goodbye' in Chinese, you know."

Outside, the herring gulls are waiting on the Old Shed roof, way up where a gilded bluefish weathervane used to turn creaky in the wind. The big Department of Sanitation water truck is rumbling down South Street, shooting out a hell of a spray to either side. Mostly the water just shoves the stuff aside, out of the way a little. Sometimes a lingering journeyman, too, right on his ass, and that's pretty funny. Last big laugh of the day. And the choicest obscenities for the driver, of course.

Steel-shuttered doors are rolling down. The Ful-

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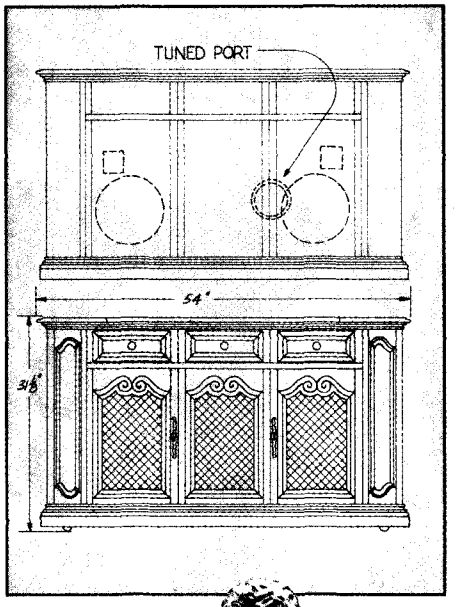

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Just two reasons why a Zenith Allegro gives you more for your money.

ZENITH® Allegro®
The quality goes in before the name goes on.

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ton cats come out. Great prides of them, in fact, with well-defined territories.

A watchman is pulling a long metal gate across the mouth of the Old Shed.

The gulls fly down to the pavement.

All the crabs have been sold.

Fulton Market is scheduled to be demolished in 1977. The Department of Ports and Terminals of the city's Economic Development Administration has drawn up contracts, totaling an estimated $20 million, for transfer of the stands to Hunt's Point in the South Bronx, where most of New York's produce markets have been located since 1968.

Nearly all concerned with Fulton Market oppose the move and have long fought it. The Committee for the Preservation of Fulton Fish Market, representing 95 percent of the stand owners, has repeatedly petitioned the city to be allowed to remain. Solidly aligned with the owners is the United Seafood Workers' Union, which has itself commissioned architectural and engineering studies for the rehabilitation of the market area and possible solutions to its traffic problems. Both the owners and the union members have hopes that, at some point in the struggle, the neighboring financial district might lend a sympathetic ear. But Wall Street casts a covetous eye at the market's land.

The South Street Seaport Museum has displayed an ambiguous position at best. It has done fine work in preserving some of the humpbacks on Schermerhorn Row and Front and Water streets, and has taken vigorous steps to preserve the area for cultural and recreational resources. But, as early as 1972, the Seaport Museum proudly announced ". . . the final formulation of the transfer of unused development rights . . . worked out between City, State, five banks and several corporations" for all of Fulton Market. The museum's annual report for that year, in fact, thanked conservationist Laurance Rockefeller for a generous gift which would permit the museum to continue its policy of designating some of the market's oldest buildings for possible reconstruction as art galleries, bookstores, craft shops, restaurants, and residences for artists. The gift would also enable the museum to draw up "a master plan for the entire seven blocks from the south side of John Street to the Brooklyn Bridge and the entire waterfront from Pier 15 to Peck Slip," which area comprehends all elements of the market and then some.

"Officially, we are neutral," staff members declare. "The market can stay or go as far as we're concerned. The ideal would be to have half a dozen or so of the stands remain and become part of the museum's program."

"Tokenism!" replies Frank Mosco of the Committee for the Preservation of Fulton Fish Market. "All they want is a relic market! And who's thinking of the human values, of all the three- and four-generation firms that will quit before they'll move?"

"The facts of the matter are simple enough," says Frank Corbin, public relations chief for the Economic Development Administration. "Over a year ago, the Fulton Fish Market Cooperative, a legally incorporated organization representing forty-three stand owners, signed a contract to move to the Hunt's Point Food Distribution Center." Corbin admits that some of the smaller stands may not survive. But he is convinced that the larger and more successful dealers will profit from the move and eventually be thankful for the distribution center's totally refrigerated buildings, truck bays for automated loading, railhead, and proximity to interstate highways.

The Committee for the Preservation of Fulton Fish Market sees a strong ray of hope in the fact that Hunt's Point construction is far behind schedule. Only concrete foundations, bulkheading, and some pier work have been completed. Given New York's day-to-day fiscal survival problems, some say, it might just stay that way.

But at present writing, the city is standing firm. It will enforce the contract. Fulton Market must go. "Oh, yes, there's a lot of history down there," a city official admits, rather airily. "But they had even more in Covent Garden and Les Halles, you know." □

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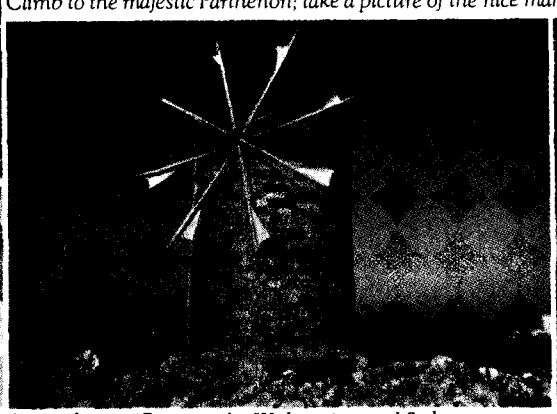

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Call your travel agent. Tell him this winter, you're looking for more than sunshine.

There's no place on earth like Greece.

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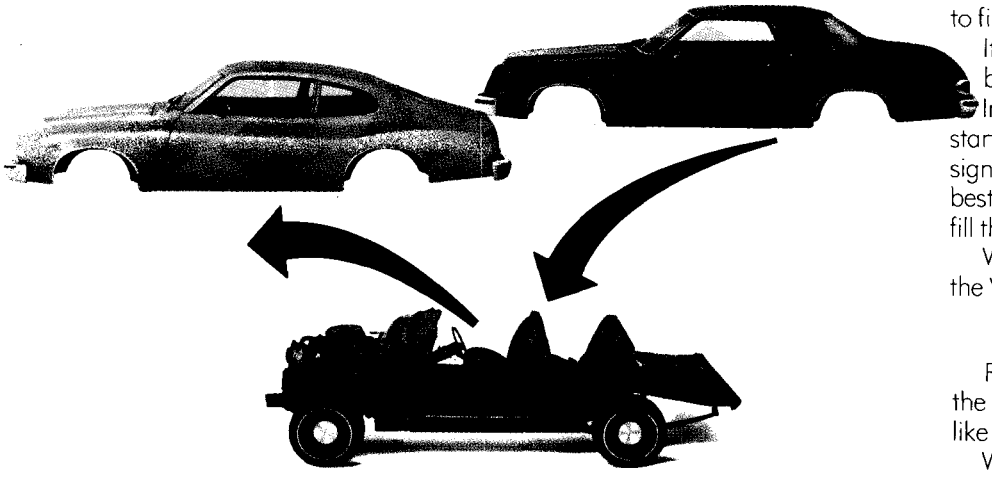
NE

What does



The Detroit concept: Make it look new.

It's probably the most powerful word in advertising.

And often the emptiest.

Because it's been abused so much.

Make a modest change in a product and right away it's NEW!

Make two little changes and it's NEW NEW!

Some advertisers have even gone so far as to label their products ALL NEW! Which, if you stop for a moment and analyze it, is somewhat redundant.

Detroit vs. Webster

Let's take the American car manufacturers. And mind you, we don't mean to disparage their craftsmanship, because the fact is, they do make some pretty fine automobiles.

But their misuse of the word "new" would make Webster turn over in his grave.

Last year, almost every major American car manufacturer introduced new outsides on old insides. And spent gigantic advertising budgets promoting their NEW cars.

(One manufacturer is actually about to launch a major NEW car introduction for an automobile that's been around in Europe for some time now, that they're merely making a few changes and slapping a sleek American body on.)

Are these cars really new? Hardly.

Sure, legally they can get away with calling them NEW. However, if the lawyers really wanted to be accurate about it, their advertising should carry a sentence that reads "OUTSIDE NEW ONLY."

The Secret Everybody Knows

Now, we all know what "new" really is. It's no great, dark secret that you have to go to the top of the mountain to find out.

It's simply that which hasn't existed before.

In the case of an automobile, it's starting from scratch and totally redesigning just about every single part to best fill your needs. Or rather, to best fill the needs of the driver.

Which is exactly what we did with the Volkswagen Rabbit.

Five Long, Hard Years

Five years ago, we set out to design the car of the future. Which may sound like a cliché, but it happens to be true.

We wanted to build the perfect car not only for today, but for the next twenty (maybe more) years.

To do that properly, we had to start from ground zero, taking everything into consideration — primarily economy, handling, safety and comfort.

Let's take economy.

With the price of gas skyrocketing — and no relief in sight — we felt we had to build a car that didn't get good, but *great* gas mileage.

And so we did. The standard transmission Rabbit gets an EPA-estimated 38 miles per gallon on the highway — and 24 in the city. (Actual mileage may vary depending on type of driving, driving habits, car's condition and optional equipment.)

Big Mileage: No Big Deal

Now there's nothing that extraordinary about getting high gas mileage — if you want to sacrifice performance (which is exactly what most cars do). But we didn't want to. We felt we couldn't. More and more superhigh-

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© Volkswagen of America.

W.

it mean?

The VW concept: Make it new.

ways are being built every day and our car had to be zippy enough to negotiate them.

Well, our engineers figured out a way, despite the 38 miles per gallon, to get the Rabbit from 0 to 50 in 8.2 seconds.

To our knowledge, there is no other car in the world—none—that can give you this much gas mileage and this much acceleration together. And there may never be another one.

A Good Handling Car Is a Safe Handling Car

As far as handling goes, we didn't just stop at things like front-wheel drive for better tracking and rack-and-pinion steering (though they make the car handle so well we probably could have). We designed, for example, a totally unique "independent stabilizer rear axle." Rather than bore you with the details right now, we think it will suffice to say that this axle significantly increases the stability of the car on rough roads. And therefore the safety.

And speaking of safety, we gave the Rabbit features that you'll find on few other cars in the world. Like something called "negative steering roll radius," which helps bring the car to a straight stop in the event of a front-wheel blowout. "Dual diagonal brakes," which means that if either brake circuit fails, directional stability is maintained. And a uniquely designed double-jointed steering column that breaks aside in the event of impact.

How We Did the Impossible

Our engine, by the way, is what's called a "transverse engine." Which means it's mounted sideways. That's how we were able to keep the Rabbit so compact on the outside, yet so big and comfortable on the inside (it actually has the same amount of head and leg room as some mid-sized American cars!).

Curl Up With a Good Ad

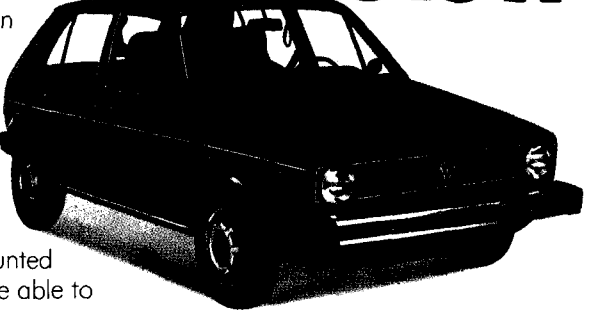
Most of the incredible features that we've incorporated into this revolutionary automobile we really don't have the space to go into right now. However, you'll get a chance to read about them in detail in future ads we're planning to run. We're certain you'll be quite impressed.

But what will impress you even more is stopping in at a VW dealer and actually seeing the Rabbit in the flesh. And, of course, driving it.

You see, if you're in the market for a new car, we think your hard-earned money deserves more than just the word NEW with an exclamation point after it.

It deserves new, period.

The Amazing Rabbit



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TWO POEMS

Being a dog & being treated like one
except by Congress & the President's wife
Being also a cat & being treated like one
petted, purred at & feared

I can't say who I am. I hang on to Catullus' love for his dead brother,
I love my living one, & there is art
there is (scholarship) the finding of things out
there is my wife & baby daughter.

'I'm not a baby: I'm a li'l girl'
she began two years ago to growl at me.
'Darling,' I said, 'you will always be my baby.
As you stumble up the steps of Smith or Vassar

grumbling in Latin, you will be *my baby.*

I'm afraid you'll fracture hearts, in New Haven & Cambridge,
with your natural wit & your built-in beauty
got (darling) from your mother. So: take it easy.
Let them proffer their best. But: do *your* best.

Say nothing but politenesses. Try them out, give them a chance,
in company & alone.'
The lady President of Smith's final advice to her graduating class:
'And, girls, keep your legs together.'

May my beloved friend, your godfather Robert Fitzgerald
from his eminence at Harvard & Ithaca
often pray for you. And may you live long
& sometimes visit my grave.

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by John Berryman

SHERRY, & X OVERSEAS

They had in common O & rum-&-coke
(hers) & blackberry brandy (shudder, his)
& a sullen selfhood; and no more O.
She sought a how to put the message O
that what had not been might gnash to its end.

She came to me to sing upon this theme,
but a sorry declarative sentence was all my do.
No altitude! no depth of loss! Only
a vexed impulse of half-contempt despite
my fondness toward her strong that this one hope

in all her all but thirty years that this
the surfaced thing should fizzle.
Daughter, it was not yours; of whom I've seen
only truly to *love* one spasm of courage.
Your living must alter, nightly I pray.
Apathy toward Limbo

volcanic made this once, of which you said
afterward you felt silly: ah you were wrong,
awarding your being nothing, as usual.
I'll dare my utter all for you. For me.

Our Lord descend again on you, I at first light wish
& now at 3 A.M. sober I beg.
My dear, you too must bow down, unthinkable stance,
& give up, & summon to you blindly trust, & pray.
He always hears. Even I, in my degree,
hear what you cannot say.

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TALKING WITH PAUL NEWMAN

by Leonard Probst

Paul Newman at fifty. One of America's most popular film stars casts a wry look at his profession, his future, and his wife's consuming interest in life insurance (Newman's).

PROBST: You have appeared in four plays on Broadway, thirty-five movies, and directed two films.

NEWMAN: Four. *Gamma Rays, Rachel, Sometimes a Great Notion,* and a twenty-two-minute monologue entitled *On the Harmfulness of Tobacco,* by Chekhov.

PROBST: The first play you did was *Picnic* by William Inge. And the first movie you did was no picnic, it was *The Silver Chalice.*

NEWMAN: No, I refuse to deprecate that! To have the honor of being the worst picture made in the 1950s, and to have survived! That is no mean feat, I think. I don't make any apologies for that anymore.

PROBST: You took out an advertisement in Los Angeles apologizing for it at one point. Why do you not apologize for it now?

NEWMAN: I'm a little more mellow and I'm not quite as feisty as I used to be. The first time it was shown on television, I guess, was fifteen years ago. I took a two-column ad in the Los Angeles *Times* with a kind of funeral wreath around it, saying that I apologize.

PROBST: *The Towering Inferno* came out this year. I thought it would be a junk movie and it *was* a junk movie, but I thought it was a good junk movie. Also, *The Sting* made more money than any movie last year and it became the fourth biggest moneymaker in the history of movies. Another thing happened this year that may possibly be the most significant of all—you had a party called "The Big 5-0."

NEWMAN: Oh!

PROBST: We ought to record that—that's the sound of pain—human pain! What did you get for your birthday?

NEWMAN: Well, Redford gave me a Porsche. The Porsche had hit a telephone pole sideways at ninety miles an hour. It had neither transmission nor engine in it, it was an antique version of an antique version. The cockpit was absolutely empty, it had no seats in it. It was sitting in my driveway with a ribbon on it. So, I merely had the whole thing compacted and put in a crate about

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that big, and to the best of my knowledge it's in his vestibule right now. I don't see how he could move it. It took five guys to get it up there.

PROBST: At the party, you gave a speech?

NEWMAN: Not of any consequence. I pointed out the fact that I was very happy that there were no media people there. But I was also very happy with the media in general because they kept assuring the public that in the last twenty years I'd only shacked up with two people—Joanne and Redford. Then someone sent an article that had appeared in a newspaper saying Mr. Newman confessed he had only shacked up with two people!

PROBST: Who did you invite to the party?

NEWMAN: My friends haven't really changed that much in twenty years. For the most part, they are screenwriters, actors, and people in the theater.

PROBST: George Roy Hill was there, wasn't he? He directed you in *The Sting*, of course.

NEWMAN: Yes. George and I have quite a marvelous relationship. He is, I think, an extraordinarily gifted man, he really has a concept of what a movie should be like. He has a great musical sense. He is loyal, affectionate, gifted, and the cheapest son of a bitch that I've ever met in my life. That's why it's marvelous to play practical jokes on him. You know, he can never afford, emotionally, to retaliate. I sawed his desk in half in his office because he wouldn't pay his bill for liquor which he had borrowed from my office. That was kind of the beginning of everything.

When I took over the direction of *Sometimes a Great Notion*, and was in bad shape because I did it involuntarily, he was the first guy to call up and say, "How are you?" I said, "I'm terrible." He said, "I'll be up." He got in his airplane and flew up to Portland and said, "What do you want me to do?" I said, "I've got fifteen thousand feet of silent footage and I don't even have time to look at it." So he sat in the cutting room up there for three days, put the sequence together, and I said, "What do I need?" He said, "You need twenty setups, you need a point of view of the kid, you need his walking shot away, and so forth." And then he got in his airplane and left.

PROBST: How long can you continue to play a romantic hero?

NEWMAN: I don't know, but there's a little mustard left in the old fox yet! I think it's all a combination of emotional attitude and genetics. I don't think I've ever felt better. I run a couple or three miles every day and jump in the river out in back. And the reason I run a couple of miles every day is that Joanne puts me on a rope at the end of a car. She's very interested in insurance. She will probably outlive me by twelve or fifteen years—and she would like all of it as quickly as possible. So she cracks the ice down there in the river every morning and makes sure I jump in, on the theory it will start my heart or stop it, one way or the other.

PROBST: Can one go the Cary Grant route? Do you decide it's time to become a director or to portray not the architect, the romantic hero, but the builder, the character role, in future *Towering Infernos*?

NEWMAN: I don't know. Motion pictures being what they are today, I might very easily go into marine biology. There are two things working against the actor. One, if you've been in the business as long as I have, the audience will simply not accept you in certain parts. People will not accept me with a black wig and a putty nose. That's not what they want to see. Two, there's an escapist kind of film which is very fashionable now. *The Towering Inferno* is a perfect example. I knew that the quicker I got off the screen and the stunt man got on, the quicker the picture would start rolling. I knew it was going to achieve what it wanted to achieve—and that is to frighten people. It dealt with height, which is very fearful, and fire. The combination in creating a danger movie is irresistible. You call it a junk movie, and I say, yes, it probably is that, but it is a very *distinguished* junk movie.

PROBST: Distinguished escapist movies are preferable to pretentious movies that take themselves seriously?

NEWMAN: I don't know what's happened in the theater, in television, in motion pictures. Writers exhausted themselves in the social upheaval films of the thirties and the forties, and in the kitchen drama, which was Bill Inge, which in a way was Tennessee Williams, the psychological drama of Mommy-never-kissed-me-which-is-why-I-am-the-way-I-am. Television exhausted that very early, much before the cycle would have normally if it had just been theater. We're stuck now with no new vision of life that seems to be dramatizable. The playwrights are exhausted, very much as the institutions in this country are exhausted. There's not a single institution in this country which isn't under attack. Congress, the presidency, the church, marriage, feminism, masculinism, the labor unions, corporations, all of them. There is nothing to replace religion and marriage, there is nothing right

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Leonard Probst, reporter and critic, teaches drama at Manhattan's New School, where this interview occurred. It will be a part of his forthcoming book, *Off-Camera*.

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now to replace the kitchen drama, which, in terms of serious drama and serious theater, replaced the social-upheaval plays of Odets and Kingsley. The writers don't know what to write about.

PROBST: You recently made a movie, *The Drowning Pool*. How did you respond to that?

NEWMAN: *The Drowning Pool* is really a continuation of the Harper character. I simply adore that character because it will accommodate any kind of actor's invention. He can do the most outrageous things. He can be different characters in order to accomplish certain ends. He can put people on, he's got a great sense of humor, so I can horse around. It's just lovely to get up in the morning, it's great to go to work, because you know you're going to have a lot of fun that day.

PROBST: Is that character close to you personally?

NEWMAN: No. There are very successful mannerisms from certain parts that stick to your own personality. It may be a walk, it may be a way of listening to people, it may be a story, it may be a way of sizing a person up. You finally wind up as being half what you are yourself and half fragmentations of the characters that you play, not the unsuccessful characters but the successful characters.

PROBST: You are known for preparing very carefully for roles—for *The Sting* you watched William Powell play the Thin Man.

NEWMAN: Well, I watched about fifteen of his movies.

PROBST: To observe how a con man plays a con man?

NEWMAN: No, what I did with that, particularly, was just to watch the movies, with no idea of creating that character or anything anywhere near it. I think there are certain things that happen by osmosis, and that's what I depended on—for that part, at any rate.

PROBST: What did you depend on for *The Towering Inferno*?

NEWMAN: When you create a role that you think is fairly close to your own upbringing, which mine was basically—Shaker Heights, Ohio, Kenyon College, Yale—and you get a part like the architect, there's nothing you need draw upon except yourself. When you get a part like Rocky Graziano or Hud or Hombre or the Battler, then you have to draw upon your own observations of other people or your own fantasy. The thing that I'm concerned about right now is that I'm running out of original things and I'm falling back on successful things that I can get away with. I duplicate things now. I don't work as compactly as I used to work, simply because the demands aren't asked of me anymore.

PROBST: Is there a future for Paul Newman in pornographic movies? If a good writer—a modern Chekhov—were to come along?

NEWMAN: Well, I don't think so. No, I'm not interested in pornographic films, not because I have any modesty about them, but I'm not turned on by them. You may have seen me going into *Deep Throat* in a red beard . . . and a big hat.

PROBST: You once said you were not as interested in concepts or messages as in creating emotions. Why?

NEWMAN: Because I think there's so little genuine emotion. It's manufactured—pornographic films probably being the best example. A friend told me that some friends of his had come down to his place in New Jersey and had said, Here's five thousand dollars—you know where all the action is, make us a pornographic film. So he got four young ladies from Swarthmore—which I thought was rather interesting—and three or four volunteer truck drivers, and they made a pornographic film for five thousand dollars and brought it back into New York. The distributors, to a man, turned the film down. They said the people were having too much fun, it was done for their benefit and not for the benefit of an audience. And they simply could not distribute the film.

My fantasy of making the perfect movie is very, very simple. You have an idea for a film, you work with a screenwriter or a playwright—it can be either a film or a play—you get a marvelously inventive director, and you cast it the way it ought to be cast, not because you have to cast it a certain way. You get together and you have four incredible weeks of rehearsal and then you shut it down. And no one ever sees it. That would be a marvelous movie. You never crank a foot of film and you never have an audience to come in and see it.

PROBST: Don't you need public acceptance for what you do?

NEWMAN: No. I don't need it anymore. There may have been a time when I did, but I don't need it anymore.

PROBST: What do you see as your work? Is it to act?

NEWMAN: I'm not sure that I know anymore. There are severe limitations. A script came to me about nine months ago, about Robin Hood. He had just come back from the Crusades and he was over the hill and he was having trouble getting up over those walls. Maid Marian was forty-three, just out of a monastery. Incidentally, under certain circumstances I can do a film if I can bring in a piece of material that will cost less than three million dollars. I get no salary; I participate much

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later, once the budget is in—and if it's under three million dollars, they can't stop me from making the picture.

PROBST: Terrific contract.

NEWMAN: So, with this picture, they said, How do you plan to play it? And I said, I'm not sure. I would want to look older and I will probably want to put on some weight, I will probably have a beard. And they said, Yes, we suspected as much. And they said the picture would cost about three and a half million dollars without me getting anything, because it is not a small production. They said, We can't stop you from doing the film if you can bring it under three million, but we know you can't do that. We simply don't want you to make the film. They don't want to see me play a part like that.

PROBST: You can only play parts in which you are recognizable, in which the image continues. But you've got to run three miles every day?

NEWMAN: Oh, I don't mind that. That's kind of fun. Tied to the car like that.

PROBST: Do your children watch?

NEWMAN: Watch what?

PROBST: Watch Dad run?

NEWMAN: Occasionally, not very often. Joanne likes to run, incidentally, when she's not dancing. We have a very peculiar family. Joanne went on point when she was thirty-five—she will be the oldest ballerina to try *Swan Lake.*

PROBST: You have six children?

NEWMAN: More or less.

PROBST: How many of them have become actors or actresses?

NEWMAN: Well, my daughter Susan has just been cast in her first Broadway play. They've all taken the jump rather late. I don't think they wanted to be connected with the old man's shirttails. And my son Scott was in a guest-star role on *Marcus Welby,* his first part.

PROBST: He was in *Towering Inferno*?

NEWMAN: Yes.

PROBST: Last year your son had given trouble to some sheriffs in California. What did you say when he called up and said, Hey, Dad, I'm charged with resisting arrest?

NEWMAN: The incident with him was blown all out of proportion. And I think that's deliberate. The accusation is always on the first page and the retraction on page nineteen. So what you're left with is the memory of the accusation without ever knowing really how the whole thing finally came out.

PROBST: What do you do when you get a telephone call like that?

NEWMAN: You go in the kitchen and you get about three ice cubes and you chill a beer mug and you sit there and think a while. Listen, there's not much you can do except offer what support you feel is required.

The funny thing about it is, I got into acting because I got thrown into jail. I was on the football team at Kenyon College. We always used to have brawls between the town's guys and the college kids. We used to swipe their girlfriends at the local gin mill. Those brawls, I thought, were great fun. You wind up with a black eye or a bloody nose, but no one had a chain and nobody had a knife and nobody had a gun and you knew it was on a one-to-one basis and there was a great sense of humor because you'd see these guys on Monday and you'd try to knock out a couple of teeth the next Saturday night. It was part of the culture in those days.

There was a big brawl out there and the quarterback and the first-line guard and tackle were thrown in the clink, and as they were taken out by the local gestapo, one of the guys threw me his keys and said, "Drive my car in," and so I drove his car in about a half an hour later and went into the sergeant's office, and I said, "Burt asked me to give you his keys." He said, "Let me take a look at your knuckles." So the door closed in back of me. Four were thrown out of school and two of us were placed on probation. And it was simply because I couldn't play football anymore and I didn't want to study that I went back into the theater. About ten days later I got my first part in a play there—this was my junior year—I was in ten subsequent plays as a result of that. I have the funny feeling that if I had never been thrown in the clink I would have become an economics major and would have been in a sporting goods business in Cleveland, Ohio.

Q (from the audience): Since you are so bankable, wouldn't you have the power, more or less, to do what you want to do in the movies?

NEWMAN: The Robin Hood thing is a perfect example. Not entirely. I get the best scripts, under the most prestigious auspices. And they are uniformly bad. I have not read a serious film that's any good. I've read films that purport to be about serious things, and they're simply no good. The big problem, of course, is, if you decide to do a serious film, whether it be about the United Nations or about the Indians or about homosexuality, if it's about a serious subject, then you better make certain that the material is impeccable. It doesn't make any difference if you do a bad western, it doesn't make any difference if you do a bad dis-

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aster film, but if you do a bad film about a serious subject, you've done the subject a disservice. You've got to be three times as careful, and the writer must be four times as good, if you're going to do a serious film.

PROBST: In *The Towering Inferno,* did you do those risky things we saw you do?

NEWMAN: I tried to stay away from that. My theory about all of that stunt stuff is you do what you can do well. If you can't do it well, you don't blow the movie just to glorify your own ego.

Q: What role did you find most challenging, and what did you like best?

NEWMAN: There's a lot of difference. The thing that the critics don't understand and sometimes the public does not understand is, you may start off with a script which you have great hopes for. It may or may not come off. Do you give yourself more points for making something almost good out of something that's mediocre? Or do you give yourself more points for doing a picture like *The Hustler,* where the character was always there, in which it was just a matter of digging? I give myself more points for a picture like *WUSA* than I do for *The Hustler,* because that part demanded a lot more.

Q: What do you think of the Academy Award structure?

NEWMAN: Well, it's been a matter of common knowledge that the Academy Awards do not represent what the actor would call any great critical acclaim. I think it's important for, let's say, a small film. I think it was very important that *Rachel* was nominated. Not because it meant more money in the coffers, but when I did that film, I had something to prove, since the film had been turned down by every major studio. I wanted people to see it, I wanted people to see the material, I wanted them to see the performances. *The Towering Inferno* winning the best special-effects award is not going to make any difference.

The Academy does some things that are outrageous; for instance, Dede Allan is the best cutter in the business, but she works in New York. She has never been nominated for an Academy Award although she cut *Rachel,* she cut Arthur Penn's film, she cut all of Kazan's films, she cut *The Hustler,* yet she's never been nominated because she's a New York cutter, and the film editors are nominated by Los Angeles film editors.

PROBST: One of the things written about you is that you are a New York fellow, that you are the biggest actor in the movies not to live out there, and that because of your liberal tendencies you've been nominated for four Oscars but the only Oscar in your home in Westport, Connecticut, belongs to your wife. Would you take an award if they gave it to you?

NEWMAN: I would have to weigh that very seriously. I don't know. At one point in my life, I suppose, an Oscar would have been very important, but I don't need the medals anymore. I'd probably be very indifferent unless it was for a very specific reason in terms of penetration.

PROBST: What do you mean, penetration?

NEWMAN: Being able to make a film be seen.

Q: What is your reaction to the New York critics?

NEWMAN: What can I say about that? The critics have too much power. I'm not always certain that their credentials are better than ours in terms of judging something. But it works both ways. It has worked both ways with me. Without the notices *Rachel* got, it would have gone right straight into the sewer. By the same token, I thought they were rather harsh with, let's say, *Gamma Rays.* It's very simple, you know: when things are good, the critics are great, and when they're not good, they're terrible.

Q: Why do you prefer living in the New York area to Hollywood?

NEWMAN: I can be much more private in Connecticut. People can't catch up with you there as easily, and I've never liked the California scene. No, I can't say that. What I really like is mobility. I love California for about a year. I like Connecticut for about two and a half years. The fact that I can move back and forth is a great luxury. We have a lot of options, and that's very pleasant. I've stayed here because New York was always exciting for me and I suppose even the memory of that odor still lingers although the activity is long gone. And I like the seasons.

When Joanne and I used to come back in the middle fifties and sixties, I remember one time we came back over the Fifty-ninth Street Bridge and it was as though someone had dropped the flag or something. We both were quietly weeping into our beer, at just the joy of coming back to where the action was. Those were the days of live television, Chayevsky, Tad Mosel, Tennessee, and Arthur Miller, Bill Inge—and Off-Broadway was just getting started. And to leave that rather sterile pad out in California and come back here was a high point of the year. It isn't anymore, and I don't know whether I've become less susceptible to stimuli like that or whether it's deader. I suspect it's deader.

Q: What was it like working with Tennessee Williams and Kazan in *Sweet Bird of Youth*?

NEWMAN: It was really interesting. I was getting

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successful and very confident, and that's exactly the quality that Kazan didn't want. And the thing that I give him points for in terms of the play is the way he handled me. I learned a great deal from that. Whenever he would give me a piece of direction or whenever I would come over with an idea, he would say, "Paul, try this." And I'd say, "Okay." Or he'd come over to Geraldine Page and she'd say, "What if I try this?" and he'd say, "Try it." And so we would play the scene, and then we would separate, and I would hear him go over to Geraldine and say, "Ah, right on!" I'd say, "God, I thought she was really off a little bit, that's not what I expected her to do." Then he would walk over to me and say, "Ah, try it again." He was chopping me down. By opening night, it was marvelous. I didn't have any security in the part at all. And that's precisely what he wanted. Tennessee was going through bad times then, really bad times, and I didn't see as much of him as I should have.

Q: Do you feel acting studios help a young person who wants to be an actor?

NEWMAN: The Actors Studio, whether they like it or not, has either credit or blame for what I've become as an actor. I certainly came out of a very academic background, which was not very helpful, and I learned everything I've learned about acting at The Actors Studio. But in those days it was known what was required of you. So the people who taught could teach you that. It was naturalism, it was the school of Inge, Miller, and Tennessee, and very realistic and emotional things on television, the *Robert Montgomery Presents* and *The Philco Playhouse.* As the playwright flounders, the actor flounders, and the acting schools flounder because they don't know what's fashionable or what works. And so I don't know how valuable those schools are now.

Q: Do you want to work with big American film directors such as Peckinpah or Bogdanovich?

NEWMAN: I have no urge to work with any specific directors or actors. I only have a very real desire to find a script that's genuinely distinguished.

Q: Do you think a director makes a film?

NEWMAN: No. I don't think the director makes the film if the characters are interesting. The characters can carry a film, too. If the story is good enough, the story can carry a film. I think there are probably only two genuinely original filmmakers in this country, Kubrick is one and the other is Cassavetes. That doesn't necessarily mean that they're good, but they're original. I've turned down a lot of films because there's been a lot of violence in them—but it's reflective of our times. I'm bored by it. That's why I'm not interested in working with Peckinpah.

PROBST: Does it bother you if an actor runs for political office? Like Ronald Reagan?

NEWMAN: I don't like Ronald Reagan, but I think an actor shouldn't be denied the privilege of running for public office because he's an actor, any more than I think an actor should be denied the privilege of campaigning for a candidate because he's an actor.

PROBST: Have you become less political in the last year? I know you supported Ramsey Clark.

NEWMAN: The whole country has become less political. I'm getting tired. I'm going to leave it up to you people now.

Q: How do you feel when you are in a gathering with a lot of females who are oohing?

NEWMAN: I'm faintly embarrassed, because what is created on celluloid has about half to do with me and half to do with what the playwright gives me to do.

Q: The gay world sees your films as having a pervasive theme—and Joanne's also—of a same-sex friendship. What about gay civil rights?

NEWMAN: Well, if people can find serenity and peace and comfort among each other, I'm certainly not interested in what their sexual proclivities or their sexual interests are. In England they'll do *Sunday, Bloody Sunday,* they are not concerned about whether they're playing homosexuals, or lesbians, or anarchists, or fascists. They merely go out and play the characters. If that's what's being written, and it's interesting, then they'll do it. But I have a sneaking feeling that if I were to play a homosexual, it simply would not be accepted by the audience, that they'd go away saying, Well, there's something fake about that. So, I am in a dilemma.

Q: Do you feel you owe anything to your fans, such as autographs?

NEWMAN: It's a matter of public knowledge that I don't sign autographs. Mostly because you say, What do you owe?—well, I think I owe *one* thing, and that is to give the best and most competent performance that I can. To say that I am required by some kind of mystic law to be stopped every fifty feet on Fifth Avenue and be required to put my signature on a piece of paper, or if I'm having dinner with my children in a restaurant, to be bothered, I say, No, I'm sorry, those rules were made thirty or forty years ago, and I was not allowed to vote, I wasn't even around to vote on it. □

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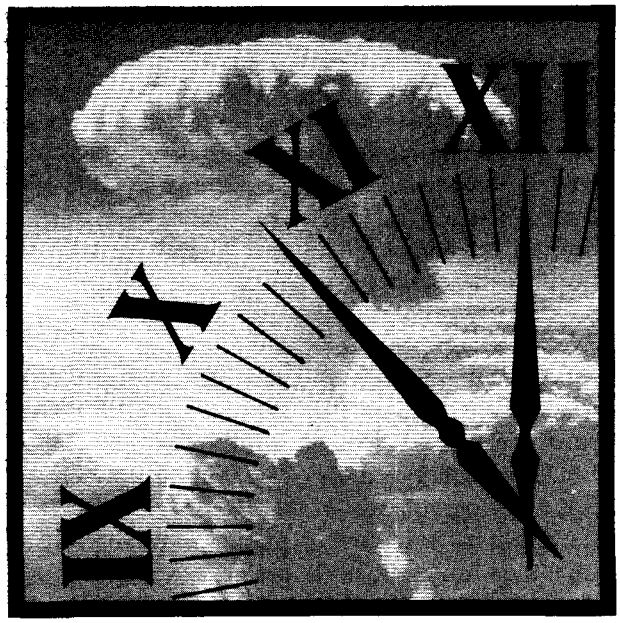
THE NUCLEAR AGE TURNS 30

Two cities some 6500 miles apart bespeak the extremes of the age: Los Alamos, where a bomb called Fat Man was invented; Hiroshima, where it did its first terrible work. Thirty years after the Nuclear Age began, some of the inventors and some of the sufferers look back at what happened and wonder what lies ahead.



Our illustration, by Steve Snider, borrows with appreciation from the Bulletin of the Atomic Scientists *and its ingenious symbol, The Bulletin Clock. It was conceived in 1947 and the hands were set at seven minutes to midnight to dramatize man's approach to nuclear catastrophe with the loosing of nuclear energy. The hands have moved forward and backward in the intervening years, depending on nuclear developments and the changing temperature of international relations. The closest it got to midnight, two minutes before, was in 1953, after the United States and the USSR exploded hydrogen bombs. Today the scientists reckon that the time is nine minutes before twelve, but at the speed with which the nuclear bomb is proliferating, it may be later than that.*

I. Reunion at Los Alamos

by Richard Rhodes

On a recent day in late June, a warm day under clear, deep-blue skies, the city of Los Alamos, New Mexico, "The Atomic City," hung its banners out. Red, white, and blue, blown by the high mesa wind, they waved across Trinity Avenue, the city's main thoroughfare, named for the site of the first atomic explosion, the site most of us call Alamagordo; they waved at the east gate, where a Mexican restaurant now occupies the gatehouse that formerly controlled the secret comings and goings of famous men; they waved from the county municipal building that has replaced with stylish glass and stone the jerry-built, pale-green barracks of Main Tech, where the bomb was dreamed and designed. Thirty years after the beginning of the Atomic Age, thirty years after a few thousand men and women, working in secrecy against a deadline they measured not in dollars but in lives, changed the history of the world, Los Alamos was welcoming what the banners called its "veterans and pioneers" home for reunion.

The 30th Reunion of Los Alamos Veterans and Pioneers received little national attention. The President of the United States wasn't there, nor the Secretary of Defense, nor even New Mexico's two senators, though both wired messages of congratulations. The Canadian Broadcasting Corporation and the BBC sent commentators and camera crews, but ABC, NBC, and CBS passed the occasion by. Veterans and pioneers came anyway, nearly a thousand of them, cooks and scientists, MPs and lab technicians and engineers, men and women who remembered their years at Los Alamos as the most significant years of their lives and wanted to recall them again.

To the politicians and media who stayed away, the reunion must have seemed as private a celebration of nostalgia and longevity as a local assembly of the Veterans of Foreign Wars, but it was much more. At Los Alamos in late June of 1975, not for the first time but possibly for the last, the men and women of World War II laid markers on the grave of a more heroic age. In that spirit of innocence, or in Disneyesque imitation, Los Alamos was named a National Bicentennial Community, a distinction it shares with the early cities of the

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American Revolution. Like the Declaration of Independence and the Liberty Bell, the atomic bomb thus took its place as a patriotic artifact.

The bomb that shriveled the scorpions and tarantulas on New Mexico's Journada del Muerto—the desert of the *conquistadores'* "Journey of Death"; the bomb that vaporized the 100-foot steel tower at Trinity site, the site that J. Robert Oppenheimer named in allusion to one of John Donne's holy sonnets, in the hope that upon it the three-personed God would batter our hearts free of the evil of war; the bomb that, in his ignorance, a rancher on the other side of the mountains took to be an early and extra and miraculous dawn, was a crude, primitive machine. Fat Man, it was called. It contained two hemispheres of plutonium surrounded by shaped charges of high explosive. Its joints were firmed with Kleenex and its charges tightened with Scotch tape. It weighed, in its spherical steel casing, 10,000 pounds, but only one gram of its eighty-four pounds of plutonium completely fissioned to produce its nuclear explosion: one gram, m, times the square of the speed of light, c^2, equals E, 20,000 tons of TNT equivalent. So a few grams of heavy metal marked the end of a long and destructive war. We live in a time, Søren Kierkegaard wrote in *Either/Or,* when the smallest causes produce the most immense effects, and large causes produce hardly any effect at all.

Those who count the atomic casualties and forget the dead of Normandy and Bataan, of Bergen-Belsen and Guadalcanal, count by a system different from that of the people of the reunion. The people of the reunion count back, not forward; for them, the outcome of their three years of work was an end, not a beginning, which is why they could gather in good conscience to commemorate it. "I think it's grotesque," said the CBC's Mike Maclear of the reunion, and to the extent that the people gathered there had the blood of Hiroshima and Nagasaki on their hands, it was, but they didn't see it that way, and perhaps they had reason.

"It was a war," said the widow of a veteran, "that you took personally, because you had brothers or a husband or friends who were off fighting it, risking their lives." It was also a war gone fetid with the stink and the fear of death, a war of death marches and final solutions, of black headlines in the morning paper and gold stars in the windows down the block, of seemingly endless lines of Panzers and of Japanese soldiers who preferred, rather than surrender, to fold themselves over grenades. "Soon after firing ceases," a Japanese wrote before a banzai charge on the Aleutians in 1943, "birds are singing and flying around about the quiet and frozen ground. I will become a deity with a smile in this heavy fog. I am only waiting for the day of death." After three years of such a war, the atomic bomb seemed to those who devised it not a weapon of doomsday, but a weapon of deliverance. That it would burden mankind with the knowledge of the possibility of its annihilation they can be forgiven for not having known. Only a few seem to have been granted that vision before the fact, the subtle and melancholy Oppenheimer first among them: he named the test site Trinity as a code, so that we would know he knew.

The veterans and pioneers of the 30th Reunion remembered, as they gathered together again, another war. "You hear a lot of talk about World War II as a kind of holy war," said one of the most perspicacious among them, "but you know, most of us, most Americans, had spent the previous ten years, the Depression, bored out of our minds, and one of the things the war was was something to *do.*" That statement was the most candid, or perhaps the most realistic, I heard; the people I talked to at the reunion were unanimous in their evaluation of their war work: it was necessary, they said, and important, and good. If we hadn't built the bomb, they said, the Germans would have. "We only did our duty," one man, an engineer, told me, echoing them all.

Some people attend reunions, others stay away. Few of the men whom Los Alamos made famous attended the reunion. Many were dead—Oppenheimer, his ashes scattered on the ocean east of the Virgin Islands; Enrico Fermi, a cancer victim; Louis Slotin, the first to go, killed in a radiation accident in 1946—but most of those still living had long ago left their Los Alamos years behind. Edward Teller, out in California, announced his retirement a few weeks after the reunion, but he had left Los Alamos decades before to found his own weapons laboratory under government sponsorship at Livermore, east of Berkeley, over the hills; embittered, some say, at Oppenheimer's stand against the development of the hydrogen bomb of which Teller was the leading theoretician, convinced that the workers at Los Alamos were dragging their feet.

It was the hydrogen bomb more than the atomic bomb that had divided the men who worked in such enthusiastic concert during the years of the

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Richard Rhodes's most recent book is a novel, *The Ungodly.*

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Manhattan Project. Before President Harry Truman announced the decision to go ahead with its development in 1950, twelve leading scientists, including a number of Los Alamos men, had issued a declaration against such a terrible weapon: "This bomb is no longer a weapon of war," the declaration had said, "but a means of extermination of whole populations."

Prominent among the names on the declaration was that of Hans Bethe, the physicist who had been responsible for the design of Fat Man's plutonium core. Bethe visited Los Alamos during the days of the reunion, but he attended few of the ceremonies. "It was disturbing to see the atomic bomb celebrated quite so patriotically," he told me. "Even during the war, I would say the majority of us had regrets. We felt we would be much happier if this had not succeeded, if we could have proved it could not be done. But I no longer have any regrets, because there was a chance that the Germans could do it. They were actually ahead of us in the early years of the war, and then they lost their lead through mismanagement. So our fear was justified. Fission, after all, is a force of nature." After his initial hesitation, Bethe found similar reasons for working on the hydrogen bomb. "I originally decided not to work on thermonuclear weapons," he says today. "The main point that made me change my mind was Teller's discovery of a method that could make it work. I realized that if we could do so, then the Russians could do so, and I didn't like that."

One sensed, among the people of the reunion, their feeling of survivorship, the common coin of reunions, but behind that, one sensed their feeling of privilege, privilege not only to have participated in one of history's most significant events, but also, by doing so, to have been spared more direct contact with the ravages of war. They did not fight on the front lines of World War II; they fought on a mountain-surrounded mesa of the high New Mexican desert, the alpenglow putting on a show every night as it turned the Sangre de Cristo Mountains, across the Rio Grande Valley to the east, the blood-red of their Spanish name, "Blood of Christ"; the snow a fine powder through the cold winter days on their homemade ski run, Sawyer Hill; steak one night a week at Fuller Lodge and first-run movies at the two theaters that doubled as halls for square dancing and chapels for Sunday morning worship. The siren, "Oppie's whistle," sounded six mornings a week at 7 A.M., and they worked long, hard days, but there were weekend excursions with extra gasoline coupons that General Leslie R. Groves, who commanded the Manhattan Project, insisted be set aside for them. When Oppenheimer traveled the United States in late 1942 to recruit the country's best young scientists, he told them the war would end the day their work was done: they came to the dusty mesa of Los Alamos, where the Corps of Engineers was still hammering up its rickety labs and apartments, with that high a sense of purpose. Physicists before World War II were as undervalued and poorly financed as astronomers are today, and built their experiments out of home-soldered copper tubing and sealing wax; at Los Alamos they would have the best that money could buy, as befitted the importance of their work. So also would those who supported them.

The MPs at the Trinity base camp might prove their isolation by winning the Army's award in 1945 for the lowest VD rate of any company in the world; the secret city on the mesa might carry on its activities surrounded by cyclone fences and barbed wire; but live the men and women did, dating and dancing, marrying, producing so many babies that Groves asked Oppenheimer to call a halt (a responsibility that the mesa's scientific director wryly declined), riding horses up the Jemez Mountains to the broad meadows of the Valle Grande, the volcanic caldera below which Los Alamos was built and the largest extinct volcano in the world, fishing, hiking, working out their tensions in tennis and baseball and football and volleyball and soccer games. And partying, drinking whiskey brought up on booze runs from Santa Fe and the Army's Greisedick beer, the bachelors invading the WAC quarters, the married couples taking turns at progressive dinners while Edward Teller sat in the corner reading to the children from *Alice in Wonderland* and Klaus Fuchs did his somber best at "Murder" and charades.

The water supply was never adequate, and toward the end they brushed their teeth with Coca-Cola; the coal furnaces filled the apartments and the barracks with soot; a polio scare temporarily closed the schools and frightened the mothers, who wondered if they would be allowed to take their children and leave if an epidemic broke out; their mail was censored; they could not visit relatives, nor could their children away at school visit them; but the difficulties only keened their appreciation of the privileges, and many of them came away saying that the Los Alamos years had been the best years of their lives.

"There's old Greasy Groves," said a veteran at the slide show the reunion committee had put together, and in a dozen scenes of wartime far behind the lines, General Groves clicked past, the

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man who built the Pentagon, the man who shepherded the building of the bomb. And Oppenheimer, looking boyish and almost cachectically thin, looking not at all like the fiercely tragic figure he would later become, and Norris Bradbury, who became the Lab's postwar director, who guided it through the years of nuclear buildup and who was that day in Washington, unable to attend the show. And GIs posed together in groups, draped over jeeps or grinning together in civvies on leave in Albuquerque in 1945, and WACs in hairstyles that made the women laugh, and physicist I. I. Rabi, "the rainmaker from Hoboken," conferring with Ernest Lawrence, the inventor of the cyclotron, and Enrico Fermi in his ubiquitous windbreaker; but nowhere in the slide show was there a photograph of the bomb. The Army's grocery store, where wilted lettuce was shipped from Texas when it might have come up fresh from the truck gardens in the valley below; the drugstore where, over chocolate sodas, dates were arranged; but not the black desert tower and not the bomb. The unctuously cheerful narrator, a voice on a reel of tape, chattered on—"Hey, guys, remember this? Whooee, didn't we have fun?"—but failed to mention the purpose for which the fun was compensation and from which the fun was relief, and perhaps it is asking too much that he should have. The bomb that the veterans and pioneers of Los Alamos built is today an antique; the Lab moved on long ago to other work.

George Kistiakowsky, who was responsible for Fat Man's revolutionary implosion mechanism—the shaped charges of high explosive that squeezed its plutonium to critical mass—and who later became Lyndon Johnson's chief science adviser, remembers being surprised by the development of Los Alamos after the war. "I didn't go eagerly to Los Alamos," he says. "I went hesitantly, because I didn't think the work could be finished in time. But I had no moral scruples then, because we were at war, and anything that could shorten the war made sense. I knew the implosion mechanism would work, but I was less confident of the nuclear reaction. That's why I stood on top of the control bunker when the Trinity bomb went off, which wasn't a very wise thing to have done. I regretted very much our dropping the bomb, but I was very influenced by Naval Intelligence estimates that the Japanese would fight on for six months or more and that invasion would be necessary. I know now that wasn't so, that Intelligence had argued the worst possible case. We shouldn't have dropped the bomb over populated centers.

"I didn't anticipate nuclear proliferation," Kistiakowsky recalls, "partly because I didn't believe that nuclear power reactors would ever be economically feasible. I thought they were something exotic. I declined involvement in the thermonuclear. Disillusionment had set in by then. I don't trust statesmen, specifically including Kissinger, to have good judgment. The arms race horrifies me. With tens of thousands of nukes in our hands, in Soviet hands, and in other hands, miscalculation or accident is practically certain to happen. Let me remind you of the worldwide alert in 1973 that Schlesinger and Kissinger cooked up on the flimsiest of evidence."

I've talked to many of the Lab's leaders during my visits there. Two of them—Norris Bradbury, now retired, and Louis Rosen, a graduate student during the war who worked on implosion and is now the director of the Los Alamos Meson Physics Laboratory—have described the changing fortunes of Los Alamos to me.

"When I took over as director," Bradbury says, "the place was certainly in disarray. After all, there was a certain amount of argument that the place should be abandoned. Crimes against humanity. Even then the argument was going around that this should not have been done and Los Alamos should be left as a monument to man's inhumanity to man. They were difficult times. Science was in the ascendancy. Lots of people here hadn't finished their formal education. We were losing our senior staff, and there were a great many people just standing around waiting for the best job offer from somewhere else. Nobody was being mean, they were just being human.

"One has to be very proud," Bradbury continues. "Things that seemed quite impossible in 1945 had become very possible by 1950. The success of the hydrogen bomb itself was a major triumph. Getting that thing from whatever it was, twenty-one tons, down to some usable device was an occupation of the next half-dozen years, which people carried out with enormous dedication. We added other fields to weapons research. We managed to have a laboratory that earned for itself the reputation of a major scientific installation. The nuclear physics that was done here was as well done as it was anywhere. The nuclear chemistry was beautiful. The publication record of the laboratory is, I think, extraordinary.

"I would hope that someday the whole world would get out of weapons research," Bradbury concluded. "I'm surprised that it's gone on so long,

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thirty years, and nothing's happened. Thank God. I felt very strongly and still feel very strongly that the weapons business has to go on until we find something better. I don't know that today you're getting the same technical results for your dollar that you were getting in 1943–1944, when we changed the whole course of history for a relatively few million dollars. You certainly did something like that in '51 and '52. You've not done anything like that in the last twenty years. And of course you've got enough. The emphasis is much more on the improving of systems. Delivery systems. But eventually the world has got to get out of it."

Louis Rosen sheds light on the question of how Bradbury turned Los Alamos from a war project to a permanent installation. "After the war," he says, "this place started to fold, to fall apart. Fortunately, Bradbury reversed the downhill trend on the rationale that this war's over, but things are not calm in the world by a long shot, and we could all see, looming on the horizon, a tremendous confrontation between the two political ideologies in the world. It became obvious that the USSR had embarked on a tremendous effort to develop thermonuclear weapons. Well, we'd done some of that during the war, and when it became obvious that they were actively pursuing it, quite a few of us became concerned that we not be placed in a situation where we could be blackmailed. Now, we were in a position where we could have blackmailed anybody, but it was not in our moral code to do so. We were not at all sure that it was not within the moral code of other nations, had they been and were they to get into our position, to do what we felt we should not. And so we began a rather intensive effort to see whether it was possible to produce weaponry using the fusion reaction rather than the fission reaction."

Rosen implies that even fusion weapons, hydrogen weapons, are developed today to the point where they are more a matter of engineering than of physics. "More recently," he says, "we began to think and talk about evolving beyond the weapons work. We felt that if we wanted to serve society, we'd better start paying some attention to things other than nuclear weapons. Because we were getting into a very powerful position as far as weapons were concerned. Hardly anybody in their right mind would dare to risk the destruction that would befall them if they fell upon us. And so, in the decade between the sixties and the seventies, were born many other initiatives. The Meson Physics Laboratory, the nuclear rocket program, the controlled thermonuclear fusion program, the high-temperature reactors, the program for geothermal energy. I think in some respects, that was the golden era of conception. The golden era of accomplishment we haven't achieved yet." Rosen is largely out of weapons work today, and has been for a decade or more, but the Lab is not.

The work of unlocking nature to create categorically new weapons of war came to an end long ago; in a sense, the veterans and pioneers at their 30th Reunion, men and women of middle and late-middle age, were gathered to memorialize that end and to celebrate their part in it. More precisely, the work of unlocking nature came to an end sometime after 1952, after the United States exploded the first hydrogen bomb at Eniwetok and subsequently learned how to build a "dry" hydrogen bomb to replace the twenty-one-ton monstrosity, complete with its own cryogenic cooling system, that so frightened the Eniwetok observers that Norris Bradbury considered keeping its explosive yield a secret from the very scientists who had designed it. The test of Mike I at Eniwetok was reminiscent, in the surprise of its violence, of the test at Trinity. In both cases, as if protectively, the scientists who built the weapons underestimated their destructive force. Oppenheimer thought Fat Man would yield only 3000 tons of TNT equivalent, and Bradbury thought Mike I would yield a million tons, and both men were wrong by an order of magnitude: Fat Man yielded nearly 20,000, and Mike I more than 10 million. Men who observed both tests expressed their sense of terror in identical words: "I thought the fireball would never stop expanding," one of them said on each occasion. "I thought it would keep on going until it destroyed the world."

The effort that has continued since those early days has been a work more of refinement than of breakthrough. New bombs are still being designed, but they are new adaptations, not new types. At the Sandia Atomic Museum in Albuquerque, a place few Americans bother to visit and a display as chilling as anything offered at Madame Tussaud's, one can see the subtleties of packaging our designers have achieved. The two original bombs, Fat Man and Little Boy, are dwarfed by the first hydrogen weapon, a bomb nearly as big as a railroad tank car, painted a dark, gloomy green. One walks down a row of atomic and hydrogen bomb casings watching them magically shrink in size and diversify in purpose, first bombs only slightly smaller than the behemoth hydrogen weapon of 1952, then the much smaller "dry" bombs, their shapes increasingly aerodynamic, then rockets, tor-

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pedoes, anti-aircraft missiles, modest cannon shells.

The later bombs are painted white; they look almost cheerful. There is even, in a case the size of a steamer trunk, a device intended for military demolition rather than military slaughter: it can be carried by two men, and would fit in the back of a jeep. Theodore B. Taylor, the former bomb designer whom John McPhee chronicled in his book *The Curve of Binding Energy,* once designed a bomb, never built, that would have weighed only twenty pounds, far less than even the plutonium core of Fat Man. Pointedly, the Sandia display is not duplicated at Los Alamos; the science museum there devotes most of its rooms to demonstrations of safety systems and the peaceful uses of the atom.

We hardly need new breakthroughs in weaponry, and today the design of delivery systems takes precedence over basic research. Today our designers of war, or forestallers of war, work to increase the accuracy of our delivery systems, accuracy of delivery allowing, as it does, for weapons of smaller yield, weapons more portable and harder to track.

The latest of their visions, revealed recently by Secretary of Defense James Schlesinger, is the cruise missile, a device no larger than an ordinary torpedo, which can travel 2500 miles and find its target within an accuracy of thirty feet. Hans Bethe, for one, finds the cruise missile disturbing: "We don't need it. We have plenty of weapons as it is, and the idea of a far more accurate missile is very alarming, because it destroys our land-based missiles as a deterrent." Nevertheless, the cruise missile could be, and probably will be, deployed throughout the world by 1980. It will confirm to certainty that ours is an age of missiles more than a nuclear age, because to control the proliferation of cruise missiles, we will have to negotiate new treaties, not banning atmospheric or underground nuclear testing—those treaties are already at hand—but limiting or banning the testing of missiles, a proposal that George Kistiakowsky, among others, made several years ago. "The arms race," Kistiakowsky says, "cannot even be slowed down without restrictions on research and development, specifically restrictions on the field testing of missiles. All missile firings should be reduced by a gradual, programmed reduction over the next five years or so, reduced to a minimum consistent with maintaining existing systems. That will take out the most dangerous element of the arms race, the fear of the unknown, the fear of what the other guy's going to do." But the nuclear nations have not yet even begun examining such a proposal. When they do, the SALT talks will have to begin all over again.

A Yankee people first and last, we celebrate breakthroughs more than sophistications, and the increasing sophistication of our missile systems is a change in the fortunes of war that we have largely overlooked, dangerous and threatening though it has now become. How to keep those missiles out of the air is the central problem of the last quarter of the twentieth century, as certainly as unlocking and then restraining the destructive force of the atom has been the central problem of the middle half of the twentieth century. It is as if, confronted by the truly irrational, confronted by the power to use forces of nature so destructive that they can hardly be imagined, we have concluded that the only way to control them is to shape them to as many diverse purposes as we can conceive, seeming thereby to give them order and organization. So we confine the irrational, keep the fear at bay, by rationalizing: these are not what they seem, much thought has been given to their purpose and their design, these are merely more efficient weapons, these are merely counters we reserve in the game of international affairs, and because we have them we will never have to use them.

But they are what they seem, our tens of thousands of nuclear weapons, for all their increasing sophistication, as the men and women of Los Alamos who built the first crude models knew. They are fire and death and the end of the human world, and they brood in their dark silos and tubes and racks and bays in a silence so shrill it has almost deafened us. Unless momentarily roused by crisis or threatening alert, who among us thinks of nuclear war any more? The bomb shelters are dismantled, the survival biscuits shipped off to feed starving Africans, and even at Los Alamos the civil defense signs have been taken down. No people can live eternally threatened by doom, but whether we think about it or not, we still feel the threat, down at the bottom of our nightmares, and in subtle ways it has changed us. We are not the same people we were in 1944; we cherish less hope for the future; our patriotism sours; at times of tragedy and in times of conflict our mouths go dry, because we have fashioned at last the means of our suicide, and having fashioned them, must look at the wicked things there on the table before us, must remember the thoughts we have thought about them and the fears we have felt, forevermore. "I am become Death, the Shatterer of worlds," Oppenheimer thought he heard Fat Man say; now death is everywhere, death is manufactured in quantity and shipped around the earth.

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Somewhere in a museum is preserved a sealed jar that, legend has it, contains a portion of the original darkness that Jehovah visited as a plague upon Egypt to force the freeing of the Israelites. The jar cannot be opened, or the darkness would escape. In each of our nuclear weapons, similarly sealed, is a portion of death itself. Style them as we may, rationalize them as we will, we only seem to forget: we know, and never forget.

The veterans and pioneers of Los Alamos met, the second day of their reunion, for a barbecue at the city's Knights of Columbus Hall, and drank Coors beer and talked of old times. Then, at seven in the evening, the sun still shining over the Jemez Mountains to the west, they walked in couples and small groups to the green park around Ashley Pond, the pond that the masters of the prep school that originally occupied the mesa had comically named for the school's founder, a man named Ashley Pond. The pond is completely walled with masonry now, another historical artifact, and through the evening's ceremonies ducks worked its waters, chasing down popcorn that the children threw in. Above the pond, on the plaza before the community building, a band made up of Los Alamos students began a medley of patriotic tunes, faltered, and then struck up with enthusiasm "The Way We Were," Hollywood's nostalgic tribute to World War II.

The people of the reunion settled on the lawn on cushions and blankets, some of them dressed casually in pantsuits, slacks, Hawaiian shirts, some of them dressed in suits and floor-length gowns for the dance that would follow the evening program. I heard the group seated nearest me talking of retirement. People still sought each other out, waiting for the program to begin; they shook hands and filled in the missing years. There had been bus tours of Los Alamos during the day, and they spoke to each other of buildings torn down and events now become history. It should not seem curious that most of them remembered the scientists with whom they worked as celebrities more than as men, celebrities with interesting quirks and possessed of great authority: they were as susceptible to the postwar fame of Los Alamos, across the gulf of thirty years, as the rest of us have been. The price of meat and the ordeals of flower gardening occupied them more than the consequences of their war work, as they occupy us all. Even living, we forget what Lionel Trilling once called "the great hum and buzz of implication" that surrounds our lives.

A team of teen-aged boys played basketball against the side of the community building. Several hundred resident Los Alamos families had turned out for the program; they sat with their young children on the north side of the pond, the reunion people on the south. Civil Air Patrol students kept the sidewalk that circled the pond clear. Three hawks soared overhead on their last hunt of the day; the children ran lithe and healthy through the grass; the band played "God Bless America"; and then a costumed trio, the patriots of the American Revolution with fife and drum and flag and bloodied bandages, marched around Ashley Pond, cutting across the lawn to pass between the comfortable groupings of people, and as the thirteen-star flag went by, a number of the reunion men almost involuntarily stood to attention, still remembering that reflex from three years of war thirty years ago. "The contributions made by our community to the nation are considerable," said the chairman of the county council. The understatement seemed both ironic and extreme.

The Lieutenant Governor of New Mexico presented the city with a state flag, and he had hardly begun to speak when one of the boys on the basketball court set off a powerful firecracker that startled and even frightened the crowd. The police chased the boys off, and after that the Lieutenant Governor spoke to silence. He talked about the privilege of freedom and the work we would have to do in the future to keep that privilege. "In my own opinion," he said, "I think that our enemies are doing everything they can, day and night, to destroy our system of government." It was remarkable to hear Cold War rhetoric at Los Alamos, where most are liberal in politics despite the military nature of their chosen work.

At fourteen minutes before eight the sun touched a peak of the Jemez Mountains and the air began to chill, but by then Los Alamos had been presented with three flags, and the Boy Scouts of Los Alamos raised them on their flagpole in front of the municipal building while we stood and sang, timidly, the national anthem.

By such ceremonies Los Alamos became a National Bicentennial Community, although before April of 1943 it did not even exist. The regional director of the Bicentennial Administration said the Bicentennial was "giving Americans a chance to take a new look at America, to look at the things that have made us grow to the strongest, most powerful, most envied nation in the world." He didn't say he meant the bomb—centrally important though it has been, when we are being spiritual we don't mention our nuclear arms—but what else

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could he have meant in that city on that day? And playing on the sidewalk in front of me I saw a small blond boy, slim and tanned, wearing a T-shirt with the words "Endangered Species" printed across the front.

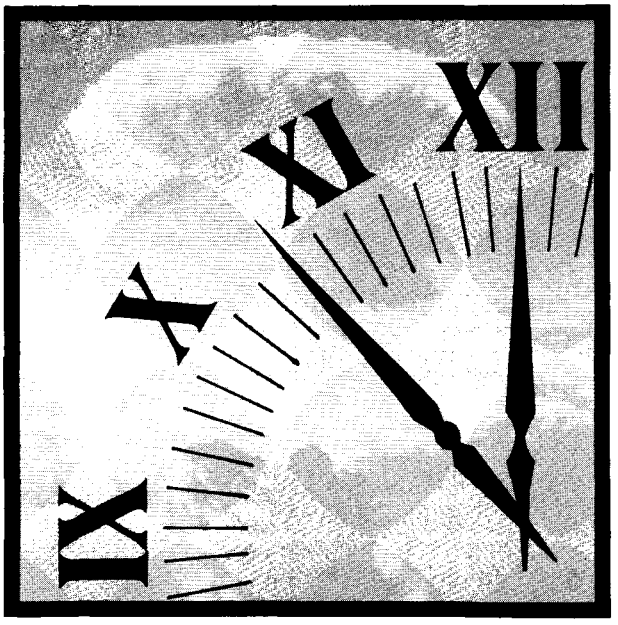
The reunion program that followed was perfunctory. The air turned cold and people drifted away to their cars and their homes. Harold Agnew, the third and present director of the Lab, a hard-line weapons man, talked about improvements he hoped to make, but the most he came up with was a meeting place for visiting scientists that would have to be built with contributed funds, whereupon he proceeded to ask for contributions. Agnew also said that the Lab was supported today 55 percent by nondefense spending and only 45 percent by defense spending, implying that Los Alamos is getting out of the weapons business; and in a sense it is, but only because it and the other weapons labs have already polished off most or all of the weapons we presently believe we need.

Los Alamos is not what it was, is no longer what Oppenheimer called "the finest laboratory in the world." "Los Alamos," says Kistiakowsky contemptuously, "is a rather pathetic, isolated community, a strange never-never land." Nobel prizewinners, though they visit it from time to time as consultants, choose not to live and work there, nor are they needed there anymore. The labs have been moved from Los Alamos mesa to mesas farther south, the better to guard them, and by a transformation so commonplace in the United States as to seem almost banal, the town has become a typical American community, with band concerts and patriotic speeches and songs—as typical, at least, as a community of weapons designers and scientists can be.

But during its days of reunion, when the people who made its name feared throughout the world returned to remember the living they had done, Los Alamos was recalled to what it had been, the American prelude to Hiroshima. The two cities, Los Alamos and Hiroshima, exemplify the extremes of the Atomic Age, extremes of brilliant technology on the one hand and terrible suffering on the other. Significantly, both peoples believe themselves chosen, chosen to bring a message of the brute necessity of peace to the world. □

II. The Hiroshima Connection

by Robert Jay Lifton



A man's real possession is his memory. In nothing else is he rich, in nothing else is he poor.

—Alexander Smith

The night before leaving Tokyo for Hiroshima, where I was to spend most of the month of May collaborating on a BBC film based on my book *Death in Life*, I had a vivid and disturbing dream. I was the head of a team of doctors about to examine a desperately ill child. We knew that the little boy would die, but our examination seemed important for some obscure humanitarian purpose. The child's father, also a doctor, stood protectively at the bedside as I approached, introduced myself and my colleagues, and reassured the little boy that I would not hurt him. Beginning the examination, I observed a large swelling that protruded from around his eye, and asked: "Does your eye feel as though it is swollen?" Before the child could answer, his father responded in a pained, angry voice: "Of course it

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feels as though it is swollen—you can see that!" I felt upset by the father's answer and very uneasy toward both father and son as the dream faded away.

The dream expressed, among other things, my own painful uncertainties about approaching Hiroshima once more. After all, we *know* that people died in the tens or hundreds of thousands, suffered from grotesque immediate radiation effects and are still suffering from deadly delayed effects, and that survivors' psychological suffering, compounded of fear and taint, reflects their uniquely intense, many-layered, and above all, *unending* encounter with death. As the father of the little boy in the dream—the other doctor, Hiroshima's own spokesman—said to me, in effect, the distortion and death are fully visible to anyone. Additional examinations—more questions—these only humiliate further.

At the heart of the dream is my inner question about the "humane purpose" justifying the examination—or, in more general terms, the possible connection between Hiroshima and humanity.

I was aware of considerable uneasiness at returning to Hiroshima, eight years since my last visit, and thirteen since my original six-month study. The images in the dream reflected conscious anxieties about again approaching survivors, or *hibakusha* ("explosion-affected persons"); about spending my energies going "backward" rather than "forward" in time, while wondering whether *I* had anything more to say about Hiroshima; about the vicissitudes of historical memory—in them, me, and everyone else. How could I not question this further pursuit of a thirty-year-old memory—of what Elie Wiesel has called "a memory of a memory."

Arriving in Hiroshima, I found that there, too, the "don't look back" impulse was strong. The dynamism of the rebuilding process had been clear enough during my two earlier stays, but now the city seemed to have "taken off" into the postmodern future—high-rise, automated buildings everywhere; frantic vehicle and human traffic; a glittering consumerism propagated by the large department-store chains; and a greatly enlarged amusement section, with attractive bars and restaurants and gaudily beckoning nightclubs, strip shows, and sex stores featuring "toys for adults." All this may not be the "real Hiroshima," but when one looks at it together with its business-industrial underpinnings, one can begin to understand how the atomic bomb experience can (and for many in the city has) come to be viewed as an embarrassment, best ignored. As for the survivors themselves, they are, as a group, aging, dying off, becoming an increasingly small minority (90,000 in a city of 500,000) whose special history must begin to fade even where it is not actively swept away.

I felt the strangeness of my meetings with survivors—thirteen years of silence between two intense encounters. It was like stepping out of a time machine—young men projected into balding middle age, teen-aged girls into settled housewives and mothers. Part of that time-machine effect was the dramatic change in economic status that at least some had experienced. One man, who had shown unusual dedication in helping people at the time of the bomb, and whom I had known as a middle-aged laborer, is now an old man in a very comfortable sitting room lined with the golf trophies of his son, an independent businessman in whose house the laborer lives out his retirement. Another, with injuries affecting the use of one hand and extensive keloid scars, whom I had known as a street vendor of postcards and atomic bomb mementos, now proudly demonstrates his small, aesthetically pleasing, and well-stocked bar. Like many *hibakusha* I talked to, they told me of having focused for some time upon everyday existence—being comfortable, earning a living, getting on. While not without resentment toward the Hiroshima majority who had never known their pain, they nonetheless felt their own need to let go of the past—or at least to concentrate sufficiently on the present to try to make up for what they had lost. One woman, also still carrying a keloid scar, but proud of all she had done to reconstitute her life, expressed a general sentiment when she said, "I would like my mind and spirit to be the equal of yours."

None of this is surprising. One could hardly expect people to wish to remain fixed in time for thirty years around an event that signifies only pain in the extreme. The change, over the thirteen-year period of my particular time machine, was exemplified by a survivor who, as a young clerk during my first stay in Hiroshima, spoke disapprovingly of the children that he observed swimming in a nearby river: "Those who went through the bomb would never swim there. I remember passing that spot and seeing dead bodies floating on the water—burned and black dead bodies. Whenever I see that part of the river, I recall that

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scene." Now, however, "My thinking has changed. I have three children myself, and I often go to the Peace Park with them, where we play together with the pigeons." The symbolic shift is from the survivor's indelible image to a state in which pleasure and play become permissible on the very ground of the holocaust.

Yet something more nags at each of them—something having to do with the meaning of their experience and the possibility of connecting it with a world outside (and yet not outside) of that experience. Even those most adamant about leaving the memory behind would always express qualifications. One woman spoke bitterly of her disappointments and missed opportunities for marriage because of her keloid scars, and insisted, "I don't want to touch the past." But a little later she said, sadly and softly, "And yet, having stayed alive for thirty years, I would somehow like to make use of my experience. I would like to leave something behind me, some trace."

We all, of course, have similar desires. The need to leave a trace is part of the universal aspiration toward continuity and connectedness, toward what I think of as symbolic immortality. But for Hiroshima survivors, the trace one seeks to leave behind—the means of achieving what I am calling the Hiroshima connection—becomes mostly the story of one's exposure to nuclear annihilation. That story, or rendition of the human actuality of the atomic bomb experience, is precisely the rare commodity they possess. They and others sense the universal value of that commodity, but for *hibakusha* its potential for human connectedness (even recognition) is inseparable from something close to ultimate pain. The very combination, as a survivor explained to me some time ago, creates an added source of humiliation: "I always say, if anyone looks at me because I received the Nobel Prize, that's okay, but if my only virtue is that I was a thousand meters from the atomic bomb center and I am still alive, I don't want to be famous for that." To the perils of this double-edged historical memory and its double humiliation must be added that of repetition and "performance" in the telling of the story. The human actuality so desperately sought (and avoided) turns out to be as difficult to recreate as it is invaluable. The whole process is maintained by the survivor's profound need to find meaning in his death immersion on the one hand and the world's need for the Hiroshima story on the other—the latter always expressed ambivalently, fearfully, and very often aversively. Has there ever been a historical memory so complex and difficult in its relationships to "leaving a trace"?

There are, of course, certain survivors who give considerable energy and substance to that "trace." For me, one of the most memorable experiences in Hiroshima was a visit to an orphanage headed by a *hibakusha* social worker. His preoccupation with helping abandoned children stemmed directly from an indelible image of a dying child with its dead mother, both almost totally burned, and of his own failure to rescue the child. Next to a small shrine he called "the sacred place of the orphanage," mother and child were represented by an exquisitely simple sculpture consisting of two rounded pieces of stone, next to which was a third, somewhat more elongated stone, representing a dying man to whose plea for water the survivor had not responded. Part of his daily ritual consisted of pouring water over each of the three stones, as if to offer now what he had been unable to offer then. One has the impression that this ritual helped energize his "survivor mission," his "Hiroshima connection" with the needs of the people of that city.

Others sought active connection beyond their city. An elderly poet, whose young son died in the bomb, told me how, thirty years later, "the dead still live in my mind." In one poem he described how "the blood of men and women has soaked into . . . every grain of sand." He sees himself as a witness whose mission is to make it possible for others to "feel close to these [atomic bomb] experiences." He sought to make his poetry available to Hiroshima schoolchildren, as well as for translation into other languages, and one could feel his frustration—the survivor's built upon the writer's—at the limitations he encountered in dissemination and response.

Another man (whom I had previously described as a "zealot-saint") has been conducting, for the full thirty years, an uninterrupted one-man campaign (following the death of a twelve-year-old girl from leukemia) against the bomb and its evil—organizing and leading a children's group devoted to peace and to helping survivors; initiating a campaign that resulted in a monument to children killed by the atomic bomb, now standing in the Peace Park; writing letters to world leaders; and distributing paper cranes (symbolizing peace and long life) to Hiroshima visitors and correspondents. All this he did in his spare time, required as he was to gain his livelihood by working as a janitor in a school. Though undoubtedly a force in the city, his efforts were somewhat scattered and always desperate. Now, he told me, he was busy collecting atomic bomb accounts of the most neglected group of survivors, the Koreans, long

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victims of severe discrimination at the hands of the Japanese. A visit to his tiny apartment told everything: a mountainous clutter of A-bomb memorabilia—newspaper stories, pictures, albums, books, boxes with unspecified content, and, above all, hundreds of thousands of paper cranes. Clearly he would never relent, and one wondered at what point the absolute requirements of his kind of atomic bomb connection would literally crowd him out of his living space, just as it had already excluded everything else from his psychic space.

And then there was the retired professor of ethics who has become an almost legendary figure in Hiroshima, conducting his "sitting protest"—cross-legged, straight-backed, silent—whenever any country is revealed to have made a test explosion of a nuclear weapon. Concerning memory, he commented with the utmost simplicity: "I remember because I can't forget." His Hiroshima connection also begins with and remains grounded in the dead on whose behalf he sees himself sitting. But it must be hard for him to sustain his faith in the forward-looking purpose of his protest, that of initiating what he calls "a chain reaction of spiritual atoms to overcome the chain reaction of material atoms." While neither international politics nor contemporary physics provide much hope for the realization of that purpose, the sitting protest nonetheless disseminates its own human currents.

One Hiroshima journalist made the metaphorical distinction between "masculine" and "feminine" *hibakusha* styles (whatever one's actual sex): the masculine style, that of actively joining in with the economic boom and looking ahead toward renewal; the feminine style, that of remaining preoccupied with the bomb and with helping those in any way wounded by it. However dubious the metaphor, most survivors experienced considerable conflict about where and how to sustain their connection with the world. A truck driver with keloid scars, whose feelings of humiliation and extreme sensitivities had resulted in frequent job changes and considerable personal instability, put it this way: "There are two ways to think about the problem of remembering. One is to appeal to people in some form of peace movement. The other is to be silent and just go on living." But in one breath, he said that, despite indelible images that will never disappear, "I must be a forward-looking man—I can't always go back to the past," and in another, he expressed a considerable resentment at the fact that "people tend to forget."

A professor of sociology was critical of "exaggerations" concerning the bomb, and suggested that the Hiroshima connection ought to emphasize "a brighter perspective . . . that so many people can recover from total destruction, can rebuild from ashes . . . which says something about the human capacity for recovery." Yet, over the course of our talk, a different sense emerged. Not only did he characterize the atomic bomb as "a weapon of massacre," but his own lingering fears undermined the "brighter perspective" he advocated. He is married to another *hibakusha,* and those fears seemed to extend endlessly over the generations: "I have always worried about aftereffects in my children. Up till now there have been none. Our first daughter married and had a baby . . . both her husband's parents are *hibakusha* . . . just a normal baby. Everything is okay, I think. But I do worry a bit."

These conflicts find bodily expression in ways that pose particularly poignant dilemmas for Hiroshima physicians. On the one hand, they have witnessed the most grievous kinds of suffering in their patients, beginning with the grotesque burns and acute radiation effects during the early post-bomb period, and extending to the subsequent increase in incidence of leukemia and more recent increase in many forms of cancer (for which the latency period is greater, so that further increases can be expected). They have observed, also, the death-haunted psychological state, induced by these increases and by possible genetic effects on future generations (though here, studies have so far shown negative results). Many doctors, therefore, support ever more comprehensive government programs of medical and other benefits for *hibakusha.* Yet the same doctors cannot help but become aware of the vicious circle of dependency that results. For instance, one doctor, recently retired from the directorship of a leading medical center and known for his compassion for *hibakusha,* told me: "For some *hibakusha,* especially older ones, the only purpose in life is going early in the morning to a hospital, waiting around for several hours, and spending the whole day in that way, with no other activity or goal." To be sure, this sort of degrading medical immersion can occur under many kinds of conditions, but in relation to the atomic bomb it suggests a pathetic effort to achieve the Hiroshima connection through recognition of bodily impairment, through confirmation as a member of a death-tainted group.

No wonder people in Hiroshima constantly spoke of *"munashi,"* or "emptiness." Used in Hiroshima, the word suggests that nothing has meaning; nothing connects. A professor of English expressed a similar sentiment when he said that, as a result of the bomb, "This is not soil in which

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things take root. Things do not grow well here." He was referring to every aspect of cultural experience, including the capacity to evolve ideas and images that could connect with the outside. It was as if the original post-bomb rumor that swept Hiroshima—the rumor that, for seventy-five years or perhaps forever, no trees, plants, grass, or flowers could grow in Hiroshima—were proving to be metaphorically true for the vegetation of culture.

There is probably no *hibakusha* without a considerable element of *munashi* (nor is it totally absent in the rest of us), even if it is combined with pride in recovery and self-assertion. One woman, who reflected all of these feelings, went on to articulate the bodily taint surrounding the Hiroshima connection in its most bitter extreme: "I have no choice but to accept the fact that I am a *hibakusha.* But when I begin to face the idea of death, at least there I want to be spared from A-bomb disease. . . . The thought of dying of an ordinary disease is a consolation to me."

Another contradiction around the Hiroshima connection is expressed by the angry frustration of many *hibakusha* at the "festival atmosphere" of the annual August 6 commemoration of the bomb, which seems to them to mock their suffering and "insult the dead." A semiretired professor of history suggested an alternative form of commemoration: "On that day, all the doors in the city should be closed. People who visited the city would say, 'I went to Hiroshima on that day. All the stores were shut. No one was to be seen.' Hiroshima should be made into a city of the dead."

But the most intense individual experience of *munashi* that I encountered was in a man I had met thirteen years before as a vibrant and original young writer (not himself a *hibakusha* but, through death and suffering in his family, very close to the experience), and who now appeared before me in despairing, stagnant middle age. He told me that over that thirteen-year period he had written almost nothing, and had spent his time instead "mostly getting drunk." He explained that, until the early sixties, he found the human struggles revolving around disintegration and renewal in Hiroshima important and interesting to write about. But after that, the economic boom and the slogans of "doubling personal income and doubling productivity" were considerably less inspiring, and, in fact, something close to sacrilegious: "When we consider those who died, we should not permit ourselves to eat good food, to take sexual pleasure so freely. We should eat sparsely and be celibate. We should not permit ourselves happiness."

Whatever the contribution of pre-bomb psychological conflicts to his present state, we can say that his death guilt, which had in the past been animating, had provided energy for his writing, had now become static and immobilizing. He went on to speak of the futility in continuing to document the horrors of the bomb because, in his judgment, such efforts were taken advantage of by the United States and the Soviet Union in justifying their own continuing world domination through a nuclear monopoly. And he condemned the inauthenticity of most versions of the Hiroshima connection because they suppressed an unpleasant dimension of the city's experience—the stealing, murder, the criminality and moral degradation of every kind that took place during the months and years after the atomic bomb was dropped. As his parting shot, an ironic expression of *munashi,* he compared the relatively orderly behavior of survivors at the moment of the bomb with the absolute panic three decades later of the Hiroshima people—now turned "clerks and salaried men"—in response to the recent gasoline shortage. He seemed to be saying that Hiroshima's story was more tainted than generally realized, and that neither he nor the city, in any case, had anything sufficiently heroic to convey to the world.

Yet this same man, after his long silence, was preparing to start writing again. He told me he was beginning to organize his thoughts for a story about a man obsessed with the "arrogance"—by implication, hubris—of surviving; and for other stories about what becoming a survivor does to human decency. He was, in other words, still struggling with a form of literary expression of the Hiroshima connection.

For the entire city, in fact, the other side of *munashi* was a sense of a new stage in Hiroshima's relationship to the world. That sense was epitomized by a concerted effort being made by Hiroshima University to establish an Institute for Peace Sciences. I talked at length with the president of the university, who strongly supports the plan and likens the city's situation after the bomb to that of the world after the death of Jesus Christ. He was saying that, with a cataclysmic event, everything depends upon the way it is experienced and the way the story is told. I took the comment as a suggestion less of precise historical analogy than of sensitivity to the issue of collective survivor mission following an ultimate death encounter.

This atmosphere emboldened me to bring up a subject so sensitive that it had, in one way or an-

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other, virtually been suppressed. I mentioned that students of the late Yoshio Nishina, the great Japanese physicist at the time of World War II, had recently published a valuable study of radiation effects as both a memorial to their teacher and an expression of their and his post-World War II commitment to peace. The study mentioned Nishina's horror at what he found upon arriving in Hiroshima, two days after the bomb, as part of an official investigating team. But there was no mention, I said, of the fact that Nishina, at the request of the Japanese military, had himself earlier headed a team of physicists in a serious but unsuccessful effort to produce a Japanese atomic bomb. My Hiroshima academic colleagues readily understood my point—the universal impulse toward weaponry of ultimate destruction. Several of them, in fact, said they welcomed this kind of discussion because it helped Japanese to overcome their preoccupation with "victim consciousness." And they went on to talk about exchanges, already initiated, between Hiroshima and Auschwitz. In a number of other discussions, I heard *hibakusha* make sensitive connections between Hiroshima and such events as the Vietnam War, India's acquisition of nuclear weapons, the dangers of plutonium reactors for nuclear energy, and major international threats to the physical environment.

A distinguished historian, deeply involved in the Hiroshima experience although not himself a *hibakusha*, told me that the problem sometimes requires a "third person" (by which he meant someone who is neither a *hibakusha* nor a non-*hibakusha*), someone like himself, who did not originally experience the bomb, but took on the experience nonetheless. Such a "third person," he implied, could combine detachment and concern. In my terms, that would be a survivor by proxy, a once-removed "witness," which, in a way, I myself have tried to become. In a similar vein, the historian observed: "Just as the *hibakusha* are themselves disappearing, this is the time we must make their full story available to all of humankind."

Is the Hiroshima connection being made? Not adequately. Yet in that city, as in Nagasaki, there exist our only collectivities of survivors of ultimate holocaust. Their "memory of a memory" is our own, bound up with our destiny no less than with theirs. □

FOR VLADIMIR MAYAKOWSKY

Words like express trains,
like galloping coffins,
are still being used like bites of sugar,
like noserags and pallid confections.
In this sickness of the retreating national monastery,
there is a confusion of language with rest after selling,
with chapels,
as they obliterate heads and mug citizens.

Words are not escapes,
words are the thing.
They are being used as a side issue.
All the time they are the circus.
They stand ready for battle,
armed like a tank,
gusting flame.
See how the poet sidles up like a hairdresser?
He cunningly decorates the earth-splitting fires
so they look like the tea-cakes of pages.

by Andrew Glaze

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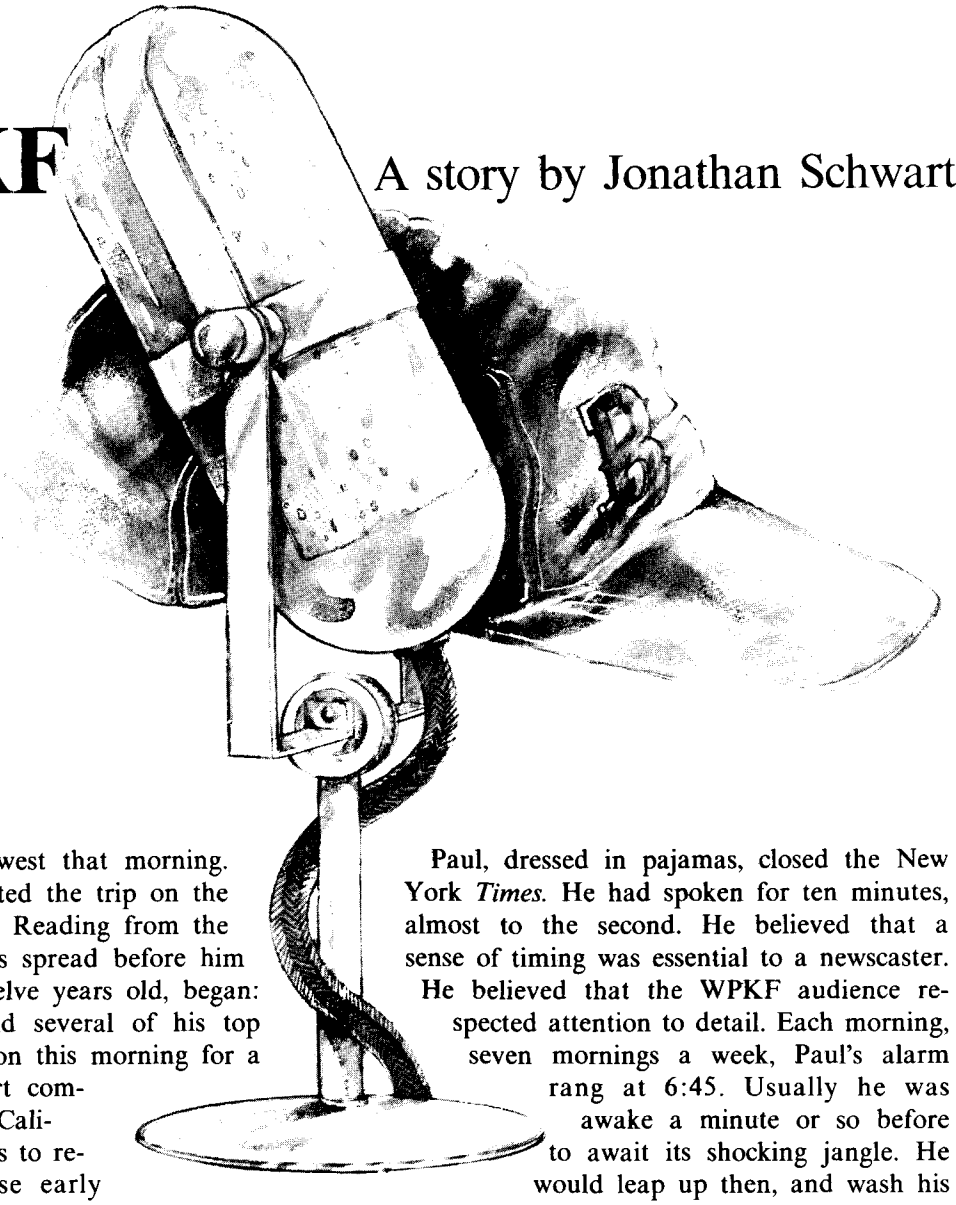
WPKF

A story by Jonathan Schwartz



The President flew west that morning. Paul Kramer reported the trip on the seven o'clock news. Reading from the New York *Times* that was spread before him on a card table, Paul, twelve years old, began: "President Eisenhower and several of his top aides will leave Washington this morning for a five-day stay in the resort community of Palm Springs, California. The President plans to return to the White House early next week."

Paul skipped to local news, reported with a concerned tone that Mayor Wagner had the flu. The baseball scores were delivered with attention to detail: ". . . And in the junior circuit, the Philadelphia A's vanquished the New York Yankees six to one as Bobby Shantz gained his fifth victory of the year against only one setback. In the only other game scheduled, the Cleveland Indians, behind Mike Garcia's neat four-hitter, knocked off the Detroit Tigers three to two before a large throng at Briggs Stadium."

Paul ended with the weather: "Today, Friday, fair and mild. The high today in the low seventies, the high tomorrow near seventy. We can expect some clouds with the possibility of a shower or two tomorrow.

"And that's it. The seven o'clock report; a morning feature presentation of WPKF. This is Paul Kramer. Have a good day."

Paul, dressed in pajamas, closed the New York *Times*. He had spoken for ten minutes, almost to the second. He believed that a sense of timing was essential to a newscaster. He believed that the WPKF audience respected attention to detail. Each morning, seven mornings a week, Paul's alarm rang at 6:45. Usually he was awake a minute or so before to await its shocking jangle. He would leap up then, and wash his face, and brush his teeth with Calox tooth powder (his mother had often told him, "Powder gets the job done a thousand times better"). With a bathrobe over his pajamas he would leave his room and scurry down the hall and unlock the front door and pick up the *Times* and return to his room. He would scan the front page, pinning down the national and local news. International news was filled with unpronounceable names of diplomats and countries ("Ambassador Garzinhastitouf said today . . . ," "Ethiopia suffers famine"), and for this reason Paul rejected international news in its entirety. At precisely seven o'clock, according to the Westclox by the bed, Paul would begin: "Good morning. On WPKF this is Paul Kramer with the news."

The fictional station had been on the air of his own imagination for over two years. Its call letters had been fashioned from his initials and his father's first initial, F, for Franklin. It was, after all,

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Franklin's copy of the *Times* that Paul used as a wire service; and it was Franklin's copy of the *Times* that now, as on every morning, must be folded carefully back to its virgin state and returned to the entrance hall outside the front door of the apartment.

The WPKF broadcast schedule was a flexible one. With the exception of the morning news, rigidly commenced on the button of seven, other programs would take to the air at Paul's discretion. Music would be aired when Paul played the phonograph: "Hi there, Paul Kramer here with music for *you* on a cloudy Tuesday evening. To kick off the proceedings, here's Joni James." Programs of classical music were conducted with more formality: "Good afternoon, this is Paul Kramer. We hear now a performance of Mozart's Symphony Number Twenty-Nine in A Major. The NBC Symphony Orchestra is under the direction of Arturo Toscanini."

And sports, baseball especially, played an important role in the WPKF program schedule. Paul would listen to Mel Allen broadcast a Yankees game, or Red Barber with the Dodgers, or Russ Hodges with the Giants. He would keep a record, pitch by pitch, so that his scorecard at the game's conclusion was unimaginably detailed. He would then, on another day, rebroadcast the game on WPKF, beginning always: "How ya doin' baseball fans. It's a perfect day for baseball, and this is Paul Kramer inviting you to pull up a chair, bring out a Ballantine, and enjoy all the action that I'll be bringing your way." After identifying the teams and reading through the starting lineups, Paul would announce with considerable authority: "The broadcast you are about to hear is intended only for the private use of our listening audience. Any rebroadcast, or any other use of this play-by-play description, without the express consent of Paul Kramer or his father, Franklin Kramer, is prohibited."

At the beginning, Franklin Kramer was disturbed by WPKF.

"He's in there talking to himself," he declared to Paul's mother.

"There's nothing wrong with that," Carol said. "I mean I can't see that it does any harm. He's alone a lot, you know."

"How true." Franklin's compassion was evident. This one child of his was burdened with solitude. His mother had been ill since his birth, and had drifted in and out of the Rockefeller Institute for experimental medication. As well, on several occasions she had submitted herself for months to a hospital in Durham, North Carolina, where she lived on a diet composed entirely of rice. At home, surrounded by capsules and pills, she remained in bed with *Gourmet*, a magazine that was filled with photographs of glorious meals forbidden to her. She read of her illness in medical journals, searching for clues, weepy and determined, her medication altering her moods: euphoric highs and embittered lows that were charged with accusation and despair. Fatigue surrounded her, accompanying her sedentary life like a heartache. She would slip to sleep, and awaken at a desperate hour in the night. Overwhelmed by hunger, she would choke on cold rice in a dark kitchen. On the way to her room she would open her son's door, her eyes adjusted to the dark, and stand by his bed in the studio of WPKF. Her stranger of a child, restricted in his home, his energy suppressed by his mother's fragile presence—"Don't slam the door, you'll wake your mother"; "Keep your voice down, your mother isn't feeling well." She sat by his sleep and whispered, "I love you, Paul."

Franklin had watched his son take to reclusive activities and shield himself whenever he could from the confusing world outside his bedroom. His behavior at school was troubling and inflammatory, and his homework was sacrificed frequently to WPKF.

"Why the letters WPKF?" his father had asked on one of the many walks the two of them took together after dinner. "I understand the WPK, but what's the F?"

"It's for Franklin. I wanted you to be a part of the management of the station."

"I'm delighted. I accept the job." Franklin understood that what his son was asking for with the F was his father's authorization for the whole project, a kind of parental FCC. Wishing to know if Paul grasped this truth, Franklin asked, "How much of a part do I play? I'm only one of four letters."

Paul thought about this for a moment. Then he replied, "A big part, but not a decision-making part. I got two letters and the fourth is neutral." He said this very warmly. There was in his tone the suggestion that this flagrant construction of his mind, this WPKF, New York, was grasped by its conceiver as the temporary necessity it was.

That morning Paul's mother was awake early. The family sat at the breakfast table.

Jonathan Schwartz is a New York disc jockey and the author of a collection of short stories, *Almost Home*.

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"We have an English test today," Paul revealed.

"Vocabulary, or what?" Carol asked.

"*David Copperfield.* I'm way ahead, so it's okay."

"Will it be an essay or facts?" Franklin inquired. English was Paul's only strength. The road to college would be rocky indeed.

"Don't know. I like essays. They're fun. Everything else at school is facts. Facts, facts." Paul laughed. "I got a lot of facts but I don't *know* anything. You know?"

"But you need facts, don't you?" Carol asked. She had a cup of black coffee before her.

"Two X equals four, X equals two. How important is that for a radio announcer to know?"

"It might turn out that you won't become a radio announcer," Franklin suggested, aware of the possibility of irritating his son.

"Oh, no?" Paul replied dryly. And then, with a glance at his mother, acknowledging his own use of a pet phrase of hers, he told his father, "We shall see what we shall see."

It was a loving mimic, to be sure. Carol was comfortable with it, even flattered. Any parroting of her own theater by her son made her feel observed by him. Foolishly, it seemed, she needed to know that Paul was conscious of her, not simply of her darkened bedroom, her silk nightgown, her steaming rice. He could get away with almost anything by simply nodding hello.

In a while Paul left for school: a crosstown bus, a subway ride to Van Cortlandt Park, and a climb up the hill to chapel. "Faith of our Fathers, Holy Faith / We will be true to you till death. Amen." Paul imagined the assembly in song: "Ask the man for Ballantine. What kind? *Ballantine.* Amen."

Franklin sat with his wife in her bedroom. He had long ago moved into the study at the other end of the apartment, Carol's restless nights having regularly awakened him. She had insisted that he sleep away from her so that he might have peaceful rest. She had insisted, too, lovingly and with candor, upon a sexual life for Franklin in whatever corners of the city would reward him. Her own appetites, voracious at the start of their marriage, had been diminished and finally extinguished by sickness. She wept by herself, possessed by her own futility. She inflicted marital abstention on her greatest and closest friend and was staggered constantly by an overriding guilt. "See other women," she told Franklin. "This is no life. Please. This is no life."

Franklin told her no. No.

His profession was the theater. Franklin Kramer was a playwright and an actor. He frequently traveled on the road with second companies. He was a thin, dark-complexioned man who inhabited his body with grace and dignity. Through a long and somewhat unnoteworthy career on the stage, he was often cast as a lawyer or a doctor or a distinguished scholar. He seemed to be compassionately disposed toward all of his fellow actors and their multiplicity of characters. One got the feeling that there was no rage to be found in Franklin Kramer's marketplace. Even in the most histrionic of court appearances, Franklin suggested with a lift of his head or a gesture with his hand that there was humaneness to be found in this theater, on this stage, even in the vilest of the population. Villainy was softened by the wisdom Franklin Kramer projected on all he addressed. Perhaps he was in touch with God. Though he himself was an agnostic Jew, a spiritual ambience surrounded his performances. He commanded a paternal respect, and the younger women on his stages were beguiled. For years a moral and faithful husband, he took at last his first adulterous pleasure with a sad-faced girl named Wendy, his daughter in a play about infidelity. They merged silently in the Bradford Hotel in Boston, Massachusetts. Afterwards, Wendy held him and whispered, "My bunny."

Franklin Kramer the playwright concerned himself with frivolous notions about entangled men and women. The people of his pages played Parcheesi, and giggled, and smoked cigarettes. Mirth. That was the word. Mirthful and urbane, Franklin's couples posed slyly at social intercourse and toyed with tapioca sex. They were charmingly devious, with names like Robin and Wilfred. Two of Franklin's plays, both concocted in the same year, drew praise and audiences. Franklin appeared in one, as the gentle neighbor of the entangled protagonists, and played it on the road, and later in revival to a less enthusiastic response. His two plays enabled him to save money, although these savings were depleted constantly by Carol's medical bills. But their lives were perpetuated through the years in theaters around the country, and Franklin Kramer lived on his modest royalties and acting jobs.

"It's such a lovely spring morning," Carol said. She was sitting in bed, wearing a blue bathrobe over her nightgown. She had washed her face and freed her hair from the bun that had contained it through the night. It was light brown, and fell to her shoulders. Franklin observed that his wife had applied lipstick. Her face was oval, her eyes hazel and filled with life; their messages of expectation

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and defiance had been successfully transmitted to her son's. Paul's eyes were darker, more intense. They suggested the secrets of another language, perhaps a foreign language, of which his mother spoke only a few confused words. These were secrets of the heart, a labyrinth of longing—lightning flashes of desire, evident to a devoted recipient. Franklin Kramer caught glimpses of these secrets. His son's eyes placed him in touch with the woman he had married: with the streak of the wild; impulsive trips to the moon. A feminine, open woman, unprofessionally naïve, vulnerable to the flow of human conduct, stung by gestures, imagined implications, and the false shine of deceitful smiles. She moved ahead nonetheless, skipping recklessly across minefields, trusting the outcome, spectacularly affirmative, Franklin Kramer's find, a bit of the Scottish, a bit of the Irish, and much of Protestant America. He had deflowered Carol in Glen Ridge, New Jersey, in the bedroom in which she'd grown up. The only child of two schoolteachers had permitted an actor fifteen years older than herself to come to her home with chrysanthemums only three quarters of an hour after her parents left for Vermont on a hot July afternoon. She had bestowed on this same actor the therapies of wine, and had embraced him, and had led him by the hand to her room, where the power in the air changed hands and Franklin Kramer, without restraint, became the third teacher of the house.

"I was thinking of doing a little shopping today," said Carol. "I feel okay. I feel up to it."

"Would you like to eat at Longchamps tonight? You could have liver," Franklin suggested.

Once a week, Carol was allowed specialties: liver, skinless chicken, a baked potato.

"Maybe I'll let Emma off and make something for you and Paul. How about lamb?"

Emma, the cook, was a sullen, whining woman who slept in a small room by the kitchen. Carol and Franklin had talked of replacing her.

"Why don't we order a leg of lamb and then wait and see how you feel?" Franklin said.

Carol nodded. She smiled at her husband and took his hand. "How's it coming in the study?" she asked.

"Slowly," Franklin told her. He was writing a play, his first in years. "Sometimes I feel like Michael Arlen," he had laughed on more than one occasion. "A passé dandy, a one-shot playwright. It seems I'm stenciling the same pages over and over."

"If a play of yours opened, do you think Paul would read the review on his radio station?" Carol asked, somewhat seriously.

"Possibly," Franklin replied, "but I have a feeling his station will be off the air by the time I get something on the boards."

He stood.

"Nine-thirty," he pointed out. "I've got some calls."

"My dear Franklin," Carol said softly.

Franklin, at the door, embraced his wife with his eyes. They touched each other often in this way. He would hold her gently from afar.

Franklin Kramer made dinner. He had given Emma the day off and had cautioned his wife about fatigue; she had visited the shops in the afternoon and had returned with a light feeling in her body. She had always described it as "a floating sensation; as if I'm walking in the air by the ceiling, and rising higher, like a helium balloon."

"I want total rest from you," Franklin had told her.

Broiled chicken, and rice to accompany Carol's, and sliced tomatoes, and Schrafft's chocolate ice cream. Carol sat with them for a while, and went back to bed. Franklin could get a good meal on the table, and Paul could broil meat, defrost frozen string beans, bake a potato, tear up a head of lettuce into small pieces in a glass salad bowl and pour bottled dressing, usually in abundance, onto the lettuce. They both enjoyed preparing food. It was partly due to Carol's passion, and her love of the spirits of the kitchen. She was an instinctive and brilliant cook, and though she could eat nothing that she made, she would read recipes aloud from *Gourmet* magazine; before entering the kitchen she would write them out in longhand, adding a little, subtracting a little. Casseroles were her favorites: moussaka, beef bourguignon, sweetbreads chausseur, and a bouillabaisse. In the process of preparation she permitted herself not even one taste along the way. "I'm like a blind man playing the piano," she said.

"Would you like to know my favorite things to eat in the world?" Carol asked her family as they sat around her bed after dinner. Most definitely they would like to know. "Make a list," Paul suggested.

On a yellow legal pad, and with a ball-point pen, Carol made a list:

artichoke
Camembert
draft beer
lobster
corn on the cob

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"We stopped to picnic and all of a sudden we got this terrific feeling that we'd really come home again."

Ray and Marlin Burton on the Burtons' fourth visit to Bermuda.

"We found this great little inn that's about 350 years old and in mint condition. No one has changed a thing. It's a living antique and they served the most terrific Bermudian food."

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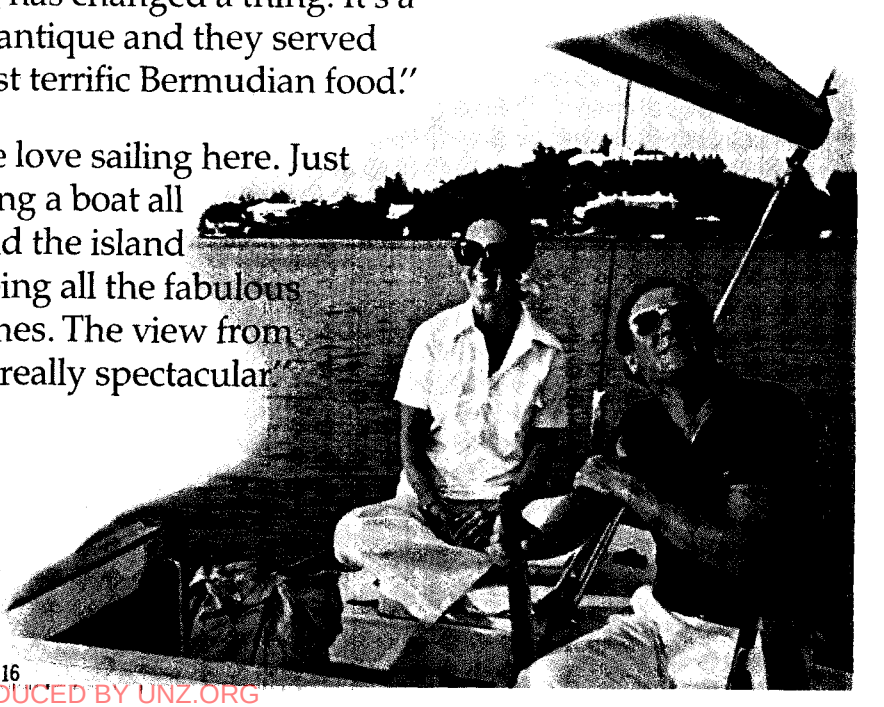

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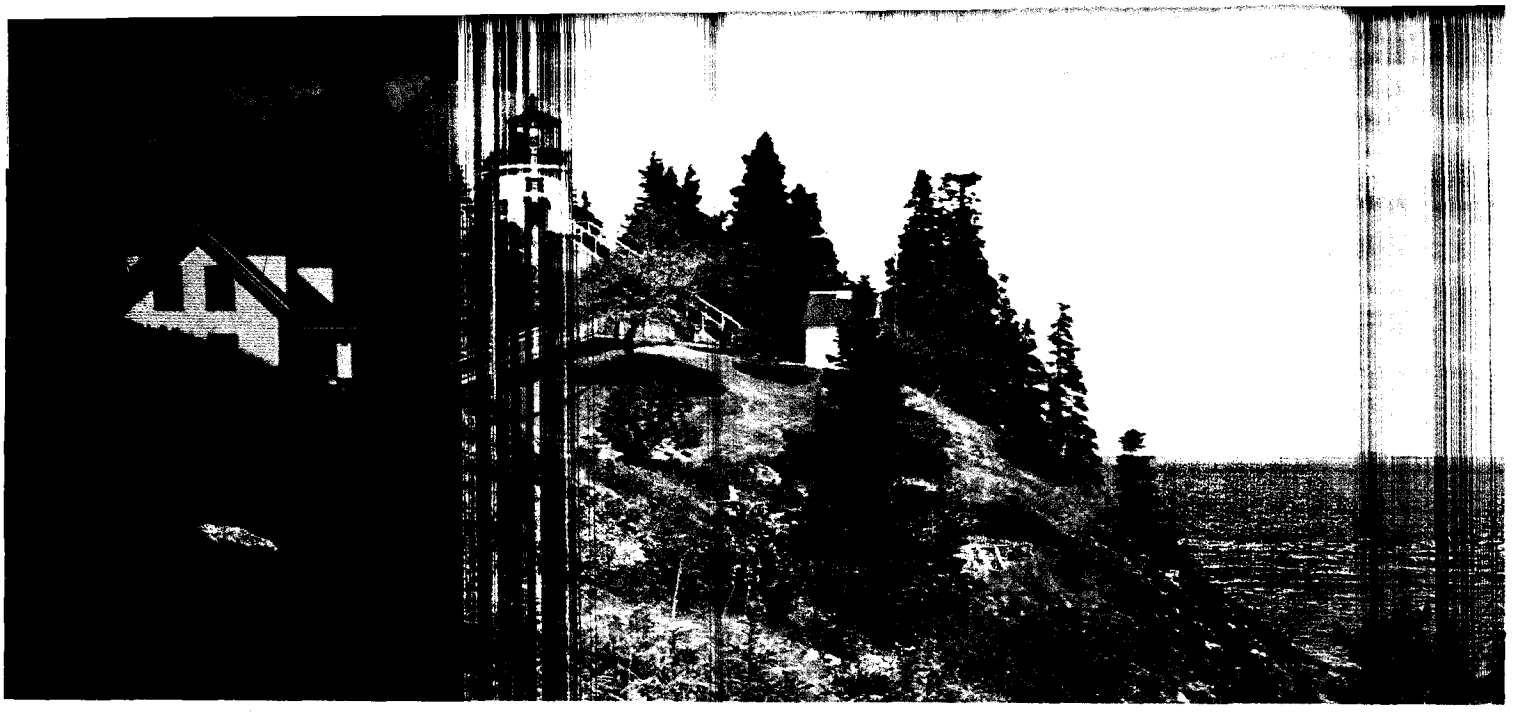

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avocado
caviar (tied with artichoke)

"That's it," Carol said with pleasure. She held the list up. Paul took it from her, and with his father, he looked it over.

"Asparagus shouldn't be on there. It's too stringy," Paul declared firmly.

"I bet you change your mind on that," Carol told him.

"Never," Paul replied.

"You shouldn't be so positive about things," his mother advised. "Leave room for change."

"Not on asparagus."

"We shall see what we shall see."

"Four of your favorite things are really one big dinner," Franklin observed. "Lobster, corn on the cob, clams, and beer."

"I guess that would be my favorite combination." Carol recalled such a meal with Franklin in the first year of their marriage. In Truro, early in a sultry August. They had rented a house and hired a cook. The fog rolled over the Cape at five. They lay together in a bedroom above the sea, resting gin-and-tonics on their naked bellies. Later, at twilight, at a wooden table in a garden, they were served with care by their silent chef from Bangor, Maine. Mozart chamber music from an old Capehart by a window helped them along. The night turned clear and deep and glittered with stars, and lit their garden with the last full moon before the harvest. A breeze played with the candlelight. Dahlias and cosmos daisies surrounded their table.

"How about a walk and a Good Humor?" Paul asked his father. It was their custom after dinner, at least twice a week, to go out for a stroll, a neighborhood stroll, with the prize a popsicle.

"I'm going to nap a little," Carol told them.

"You need anything?" Franklin asked his wife. "Magazines? Books? The *World Telegram*?"

"Maybe *Vogue,* if the new one's out."

Franklin leaned down to kiss Carol. "Truro?" he whispered.

"Truro," she responded as softly.

They both had orange popsicles which shed their sherbet cocoons, revealing vanilla ice cream.

"It's like the surprise in the bottom of the bowl I had when I was a kid," said Paul. "There was a clown's face at the bottom, and gradually, as you finished your cereal, the clown would come into view. I always knew he was there, but it was always a surprise to find him and kind of discover him a little piece at a time."

Through the window of a bar they could see the blinking images of a televised ball game. They stood for a while, finishing their Good Humors and gazing into the dark saloon.

"That's Hank Bauer batting," Paul pointed out. "I hate Hank Bauer."

"Why do you hate Hank Bauer?" Franklin asked idly.

"Ever see his face? You'd hate that face."

Bauer singled.

"Let's go," Paul said. "Bauer's always getting on."

In a while Paul asked his father: "Who's your favorite player?"

"I'd have to think," Franklin answered. His relationship with baseball was remote, and almost entirely manufactured for his son. Paul, in his Dodgers cap, put Franklin in mind of Carl Furillo; somewhere along the line Franklin, if only subliminally, had made the connection. Furillo's name was the name he chose.

"Do you think the Dodgers will win all the marbles?" Paul asked.

"Yes," Franklin declared. "Certainly."

"Do you think they'll ever win the World Series?"

"Isn't the World Series all the marbles?"

"To me that's just the pennant."

"I think they'll win the World Series."

"When?"

"This year."

"Why?"

"Why do I think that? I just do."

"You wouldn't make a very good interview guest," Paul remarked.

"Why not?" asked his father.

"Your answers are too short. You gotta really talk if you're going to be a guest."

"Do you ever do any interviews on your station?"

"Sometimes in Sports Extra after a game I'll interview one of the players. Kind of like pretend, you know?"

Paul and Franklin continued on without talking. They were now only a few blocks from home.

"Do you know what I'd like?" said Paul, at last. "I'd like to interview you. Just for practice."

"I'd be delighted," Franklin replied.

"When we get home let's just practice, okay?"

"Tonight?" Franklin had looked forward to reading in his study.

"Not for long. Okay?"

"If it's not for long."

"I've never interviewed anyone, you know, real."

Franklin wondered how deeply his son had hid-

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den away the consideration of fantasy. At what point would the dam spring a leak and the secret begin to dribble out, and pour through Paul, flooding the transmitter of WPKF, condemning it forever to silence?

They sat opposite each other at the card table in Paul's room.

"All right, are you ready?" Paul asked. "This is just practice."

"I'm ready," Franklin said.

"Good evening," Paul began. "This is WPKF, and I'm Paul Kramer. Tonight our guest is Franklin Kramer, the actor and playwright. How are you tonight, Mr. Kramer?"

"I'm fine, thank you," Franklin replied. He was amused to find himself slightly nervous.

"I'd like to ask you, first of all, are you planning to write a new play?"

"As a matter of fact, I'm working on one now, my first in a long while. It's called *The Shade of the Apple Tree.* Is that a long enough answer?" Franklin was aware that he might disrupt the interview by speaking out of the character of a guest.

Paul ignored his father's aside. "When will it be produced?" he asked, his voice assuming a persuasive radio flow.

"I hope sometime next season. Perhaps a year from now." Franklin felt relieved that Paul had let it pass.

"Well now, tell me," Paul continued, "what are your upcoming plans?"

"You mean professionally? I plan to continue work on *The Shade of the Apple Tree,* and to look after my family, my son, Paul, and my wife, Carol, which is all, of course, on the personal side. There's a possibility of a tour in a play called *The Man Who Came To Dinner* for sometime this summer."

"I see," said Paul. "And your family? What are their summer plans?"

"My wife, Carol, will remain in New York. If I should do the play in July and August she'd have a part-time nurse to make sure that things were in order around the apartment. My son, Paul, will be returning to Camp Robinson Crusoe for his second summer. Last summer was somewhat difficult for him, but I think that now that he's a bit older, he'll enjoy camp life more."

"I don't think so," Paul said, most seriously.

"Why not?" Franklin asked the interviewer.

"Because everything is so competitive at that camp. And there's a schedule for every hour. And I hate the kids."

"Why do you hate the kids?"

"Because they're morons. And they kick you and they steal your Dodgers hat, and things like that."

"Maybe there'll be some new kids this year."

"There's never any new kids."

"You were a new kid."

"I was the only one. Maybe there were about three."

"But you won't be new anymore."

"There's something about being new. Once you're new, you're always new."

They fell to silence. Franklin thought that he would let Paul struggle with the issue on his own.

At that moment, from the hallway outside Paul's closed door, there came an unusual sound. Both Paul and Franklin picked it up at once, but at first neither could make any sense of it. Paul had the eerie feeling that a large dog had stationed itself in the hallway and was wagging its tail against the wall, so that a thumping sound called attention to its presence.

They sat motionless for perhaps a half a minute. Then, in a quiet voice with an almost electronic texture, similar to a radio transmission, Franklin Kramer said to his son: "Your mother's dying."

Franklin's lips had formed the words; Paul had seen them gathering into a declarative order. He read his father's lips, but the sound of the words failed to reach his ears. Paul heard nothing but the thumping of the dog's tail in the hallway. He was unaware of his father's jolting departure from the room. It struck Paul that a game had been interrupted by a roll call; that certain players were absent and their names were being repeated on the radio. He listened for the names.

On the floor in the hallway, a few feet from Paul's door, Carol, on her knees, struggled to stand. Franklin surrounded her with his arms. She was vomiting blood in a steady stream. Her mouth was filled with white foam. She was choking on her excretion. Her silk nightgown was soaked through with blood. Her arms and ankles and feet were painted a black-red. Her hair was tangled over her face and covered with blood. Now she struggled to remain on her knees. Franklin, with his mouth to her ear, repeated over and over, "Carol easy love easy love Carol love love." Bloody foam splattered on him and clung to his face. Carol's knees gave way and she slipped to her side. Her nostrils spewed blood. She attempted to speak but gagged on a gush of foam. "Carol easy easy love Carol easy easy." Franklin kept speaking into her ear over and over. He held her tightly to him. He was bathed in her blood.

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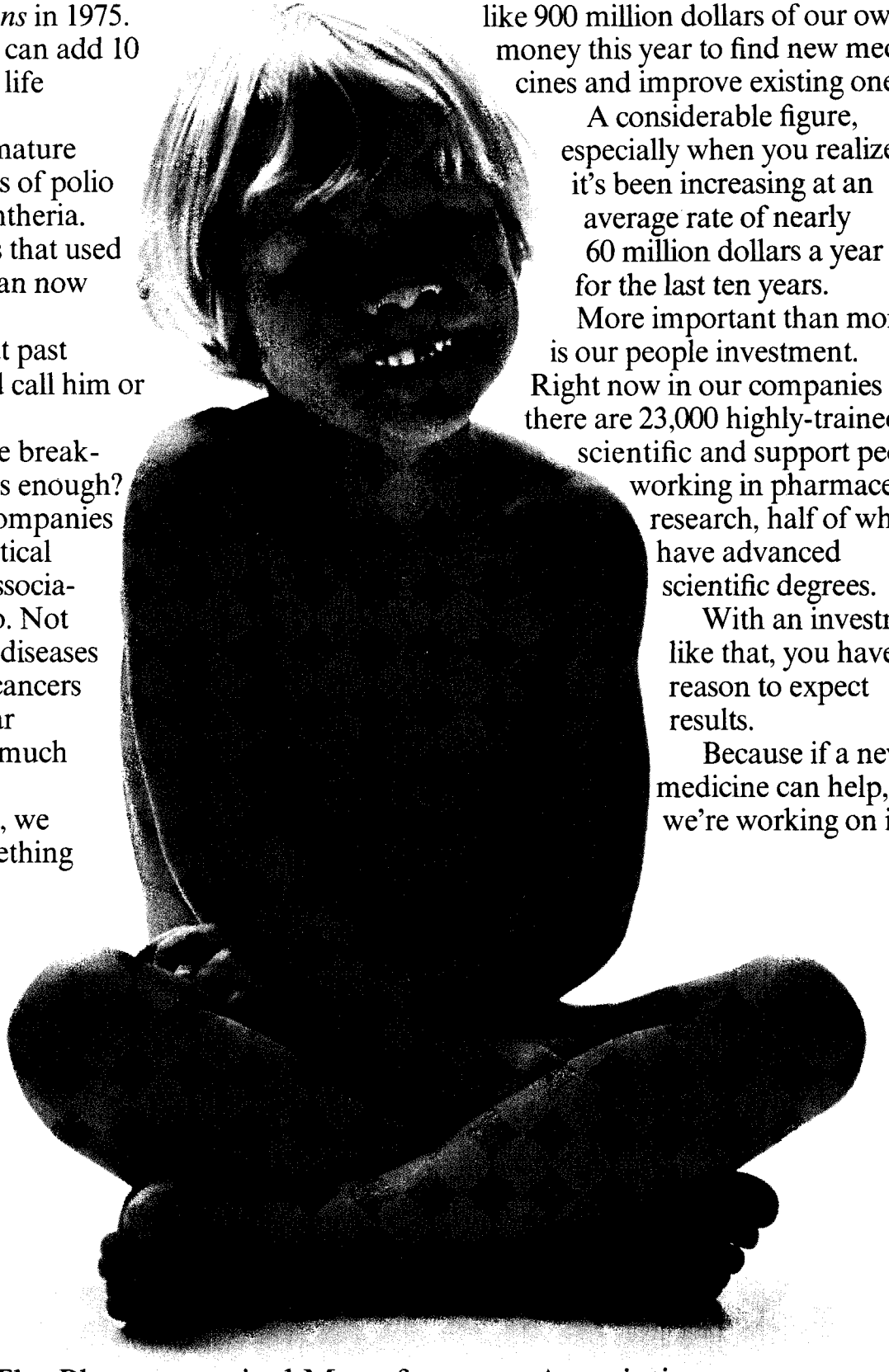

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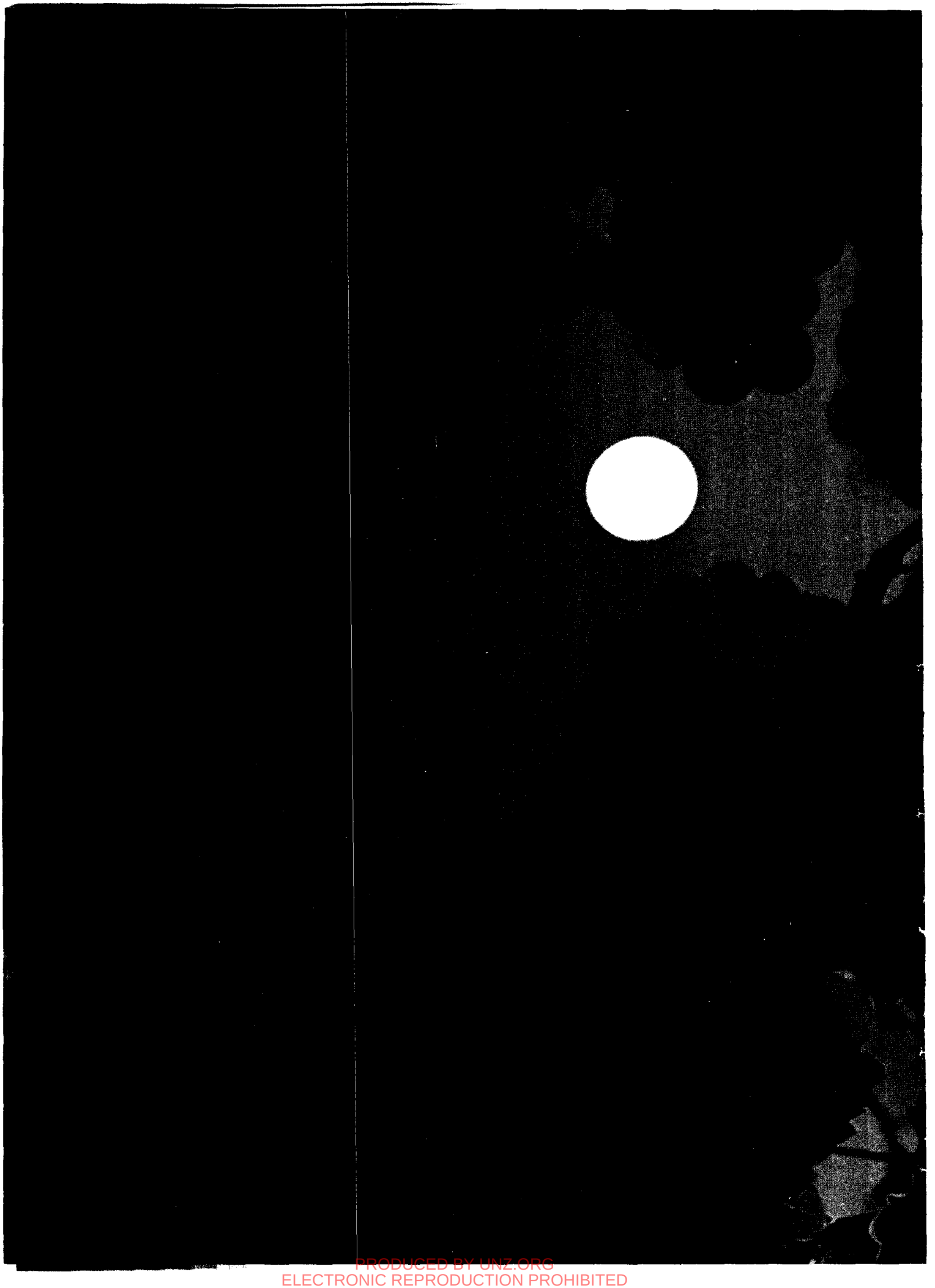

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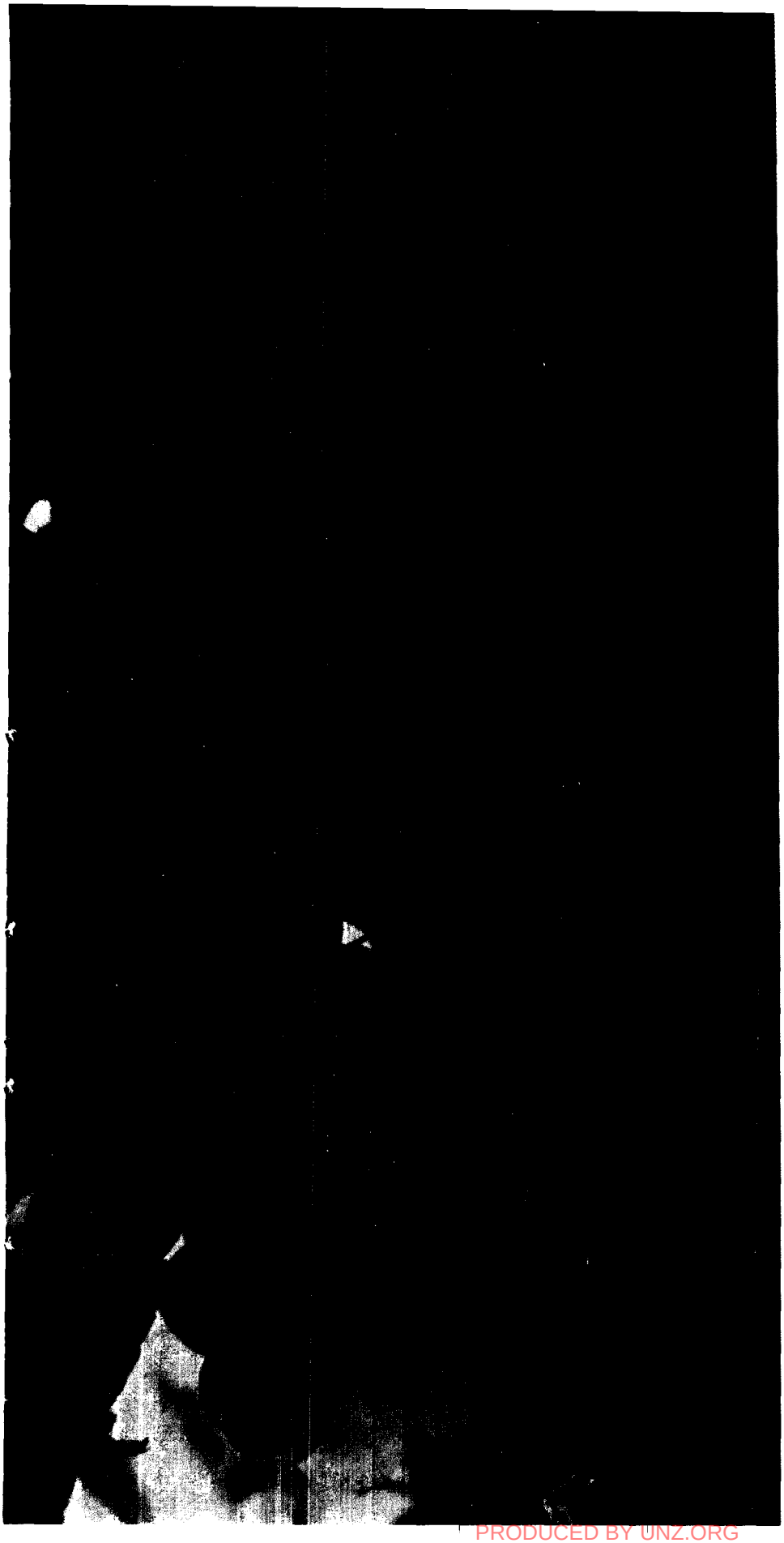

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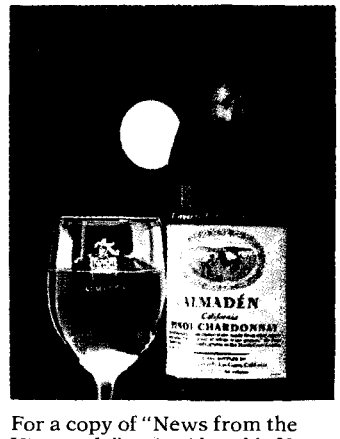

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Paul came to the door. He stood on the threshold of his room. Was someone calling his name? Was he wanted on the phone? Was he missing a program? Oh no. Oh no. Oh no.

"Paul, get Morris up here. Get Morris up here and after that I want you to go in your room and close the door and stay there until I come in. Get Morris now." Everything that Franklin had said had been spoken quietly, as if someone were asleep nearby. At once Paul went down the hall. He rang the elevator bell. A short man named Morris ascended. He faced Paul. Paul said: "Come."

Morris ran down the hall.

"Get Dr. Spiro and an ambulance," Franklin told him.

Morris said: "Jesus."

Morris used the phone by Carol's bed. Paul stood in his mother's doorway.

"I want you to go to your room and stay there until I come in," Franklin told his son again. Paul did as his father asked. He shut the door to his room and lay down on his bed.

Morris ran through the hall to the elevator. Franklin lay next to Carol on the floor, his chest pressed to her back. Her head rested on his arm. Franklin repeated over and over and over: "Easy love easy love Carol love." He whispered to her, his mouth pressed directly to her ear. And then softly, and clearly, and with her eyes closed, so that she appeared to be speaking from within sleep, Carol said to her husband: "Thank God for you both."

"Easy easy love," Franklin said to her.

Paul lay on his bed in his clothes, his face buried in the pillow. He was nowhere near tears, although he attempted to induce them by going over in his mind the events of moments earlier. And then sleep surrounded him and disengaged him from his mother and father. He slept dreamlessly with the lights on.

He was awakened in the middle of the night by a knock on his door. He swung quickly into consciousness. He checked the clock. It was four-thirty. He wondered why his mother was knocking, why she didn't simply come in, simply open the door and walk in. Paul felt that she needed a glass of water, that the faucet in her sink had run dry, and that he would be able to provide her with assistance.

The door opened slowly. Paul faced his father. Franklin's face was white and his eyes were black. Paul assumed that he was wearing makeup, that he had just come off the stage, that he had flown in from another city to be with his family on a special occasion.

"Your mother died at midnight," Franklin said from the doorway. "She had a stroke and she died. She's gone." At first he spoke softly, his eyes focused on Paul. But then, with a bit more strength in his voice, he continued. "She was the bravest woman I've ever known. The bravest human being. The most courageous." Franklin's eyes filled with tears. "She had a will to live that I've never seen the likes of. She was determined to go on with her life."

Paul had never seen his father cry. Now he watched, amazed, as tears streaked his father's face. Why was his father crying? This gentle and composed man standing in the doorway, why was he crying so late at night with the lights on?

"Why are you crying?" Paul asked.

"I'm lost," Franklin answered.

They faced each other in silence, Franklin remaining at the door.

"Carol is gone," Franklin said, finally, more to himself than to his son.

"Is she dead?" Paul asked. He was sitting on the bed, his legs dangling over the side.

"She's gone, Paul. She loved you. You don't know how much she loved you." Franklin moved into the room. He sat down at the card table, his arms at his sides. His gray cashmere sweater and blue slacks were caked with blood.

"We're alone," said Paul. He hadn't formed the words in his mind, or thought out their meaning. They just came from him, and with them the first momentous perception of the truth.

"That's right," replied Franklin. "That's true."

Again there was silence, a silence so heavy in the deepest hour of the night that Franklin's tears, at first quietly and even peacefully discharged, now flowed steadily, and became sobbing. Franklin closed his eyes and wept. Paul, on the bed, extended his right arm, his fingers reaching for his father. Franklin covered his face with his hands.

The alarm rang at 6:45. Paul got up and put a bathrobe on over his clothes. The lights were off, his father gone. A dim early morning sunshine filtered through the blinds. Paul went to the bathroom. He washed his hands and brushed his teeth (powder gets the job done a thousand times better).

He went down the hall in something of a hurry, for the time was approaching seven. Paul saw that the door to his father's study was closed.

"Good morning. On WPKF this is Paul Kramer with the news."

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He was right on time.

"President and Mrs. Eisenhower arrived in the desert resort community of Palm Springs, California, this afternoon for a weekend of rest and golf. They will remain until midweek and plan to return to Washington by Thursday morning.

"In other news, Mayor Robert F. Wagner is reported improved today after a severe case of the flu. The Mayor has been confined to bed since Tuesday.

"In major league baseball, in local activity, the Yankees beat the A's nine to five, the Dodgers overcame the Phillies four to two, and the Giants lost to the Braves eight to one."

It was here that Paul stopped for a moment to fold the paper together, and close it, and lay it gently on the floor. Then, resting his arms on the card table, he looked straight ahead of him for perhaps half a minute before beginning again.

"I have an announcement to make," he declared extemporaneously. "There is a news story that is not in print this morning that must be reported by WPKF. My mother, Carol Kramer, died last night. She had a stroke and she died. She died at midnight. She was forty-one."

Again, silence. And then, at last:

"I wish you a good day. The sun has risen. This has been the seven o'clock news. Tune in tomorrow morning at seven o'clock for more news from the studios of WPKF, in New York. This is Paul Kramer speaking." □

A MAN AND A WOMAN

Between a man and a woman
The anger is greater, for each man would like to sleep
In the arms of each woman who would like to sleep
In the arms of each man, if she trusted him not to be
Schizophrenic, if he trusted her not to be
A hypochondriac, if she trusted him not to leave her
Too soon, if he trusted her not to hold him
Too long, and often women stare at the word men
As it lives in the word women, as if each woman
Carries a man inside her and a woe, and has
Crying fits that last for days, not like the crying
Of a man, which lasts a few seconds, and rips the throat
Like a claw—but because the pain differs
Much as the shape of the body, the woman takes
The suffering of the man for selfishness, the man
The woman's pain for helplessness, the woman's lack of it
For hardness, the man's tenderness for deception,
The woman's lack of acceptance, an act of contempt
Which is really fear, the man's fear for fickleness,
Yet cars come off the bridge in rivers of light
Each holding a man and a woman.

by Alan Feldman

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LIFE & LETTERS

WE DIGEST POEMS

by Richard Lipez

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So, enjoy! Then fill out the coupon below.

TO HIS LOVE
William Shakespeare

Shall I compare thee to a summer's day?
You're as cute as a bug in a rug in May.
You'll LAST LONGER too, which is another reason
I think you're even neater than my favorite season.
And even if you don't last till the last cows come home,
Everybody can read about you in this beautiful poem.

THE TIGER
William Blake

Tiger, tiger, burning bright
In the forests of the night,
Won't you give me just a clue,
Who the heck invented you?

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You're quite a beast—some pussy cat!
Tough-animal-wise you're where it's at.
Whoever made you pounce and growl
Also, perhaps, designed the owl,

Who WISE-animal-wise supreme does reign;
You've got brawn, but the owl's got a brain.
You two were made the opposite;
Makes you wonder, doesn't it?

THE WORLD IS TOO MUCH WITH US
William Wordsworth

The world is too much with us; late and soon,
Getting and spending, we lay waste our powers:
Personally, I prefer the countryside to the city.

RING OUT, WILD BELLS
Alfred, Lord Tennyson

Ring out, wild bells, to the wild sky,
Happy New Year! Here's mud in your eye!
Ring out the old, ring in the new,
Send last year downstream in a leaky canoe!
Ring in what's healthy and wealthy and free,
Next year will be better—hopefully!

CONCORD HYMN
Ralph Waldo Emerson

By the rude bridge that arched the flood,
The farmers stood knee-deep in mud,
And fired a shot that was darned loud shootin';
It woke up people clear down in Newton.

STOPPING BY WOODS ON A SNOWY EVENING
Robert Frost

Whose woods these are I think I know;
But he won't care if I look at his snow.
My little horse our stop annoys;
He shakes his bells—what a pretty noise!
What a beautiful spot! I'd love to stay,
But I'd better get home and hit the hay.

MY LIFE CLOSED TWICE
Emily Dickinson

My life closed twice before its
close; And
It might happen again, but, Gosh
who knows!
I was, oh, so sad
When they left the scene;
'Twas both heavenly and hellish
(if you know what I mean).

Advertisement

November report on

Atlantic Monthly Press books

Ralph Gleason died suddenly last summer, after completing the manuscript of **CELEBRATING THE DUKE & LOUIS, BESSIE, BILLIE, BIRD, CARMEN, MILES, DIZZY & OTHER HEROES.**

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—Studs Terkel

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—Frank Sinatra

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by Ralph J. Gleason
Foreword by Studs Terkel

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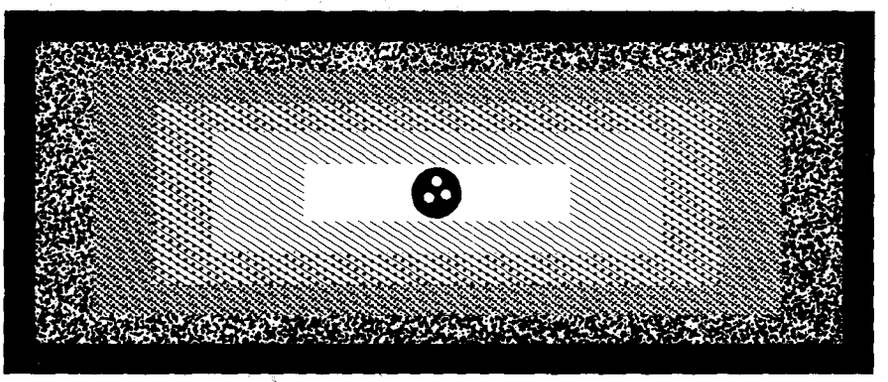

QUARKS

by Fred Hapgood

Over the last twenty years, particle physics has been full of a sense of progress but unable to convey much conviction of this beyond the circle of those fluent in its own tongue. Indeed, what has been best communicated is an incomprehensibility more thoroughgoing than that of any other science—perhaps of any other human activity.

But this might be changing. If interpretations of "events" (particle physicists often use this word instead of "results," which they apparently feel is a touch overweening) now taking place in super-cyclotrons hold up it will be possible to have public television specials on a subject that has not been so treated since the search for fundamentality went beyond the neat mini-solar-system model of proton, neutron, and electron.

A new level of matter is coming into focus. It is composed of subparticles, named quarks, which are bound together in a baglike state. A proton is made of a bag of three quarks, for instance, and things widen out from there; all else—mountains, brains, cosmic rays—are various organizations of these bound quarks.

The scheme seems simple and no doubt has already been registered as a trademark by someone, whether a space-age technologist or a fashion designer ("The Quark by Quant; Back to Fundamentals") we shall have to see.

What fascinates me about quarks is the possibility that they might signal the end of our search for the ultimate stuff of nature. This is not because quarks *themselves are clearly* "it." Theoretically, one could ask what makes quarks behave the way they do, and then ask the same question of whatever scheme of forces and particles emerges as an answer. But there is at present a respectable body of thought (by no means a consensus) which considers that quarks are so strongly bound together that it will be impossible to break them apart. If we are unable to get inside quarks, theories about their structure and constituents can never be confirmed. And if *that* is so, our quest for fundamentality might be ended; not because we were unable or unwilling to travel farther down the road, but because the road itself came to an end.

This has happened before.

In the twenties, Heisenberg showed that we can never know both the position and the speed of a particle below a certain size, and therefore we are forever prevented from tracing its career along a single chain of cause and effect.

In the thirties, Gödel proved that no logical system can ever be proved self-consistent, thus putting to rest the hope that absolute certainty is possible. Or again, we can never see more than 20 billion light years in any direction. The farther from us any body in the universe is, the faster it goes. After 20 billion years, it reaches the speed of light, and then—we can see no more. Perhaps there is something beyond, perhaps not. But if there is, we shall know it only through the most indirect and second-hand means.

If yet another of these ambitions is about to be discarded, that fact deserves attention. The urge to disassemble nature into its basic parts (and the faith that there are basic parts) is one of the more venerable in our history. To those who are interested in drawing these kinds of lines, I offer this one as the surest test of difference between this

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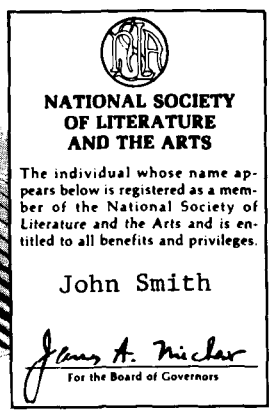

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species and any other. We might share language, the use of tools, intraspecific war, tears, laughter, and the orgasm with other animals, but no one has yet reported witnessing a baboon make any effort to reduce a question to its fundamental issue.

Striving toward fundamentality, however, is everywhere in our history. It surfaces first in our records with the conclusion of Thales that nature is basically blended out of different proportions of earth, air, fire, and water. Most boundaries are an illusion, he taught. What is real is fluidity, flexibility; four continua which shift proportions among each other as they flow through time. The opposing theme was struck by Democritus, Lucretius, the Epicureans. Were nature infinitely divisible, they pointed out, which is, after all, the essential nature of a fluid, then we should all sink through it. Since matter is rigid, there must be, at some point, fundamental objects which can be neither subdivided nor compressed.

The two sides of the argument thus defined, we sat down and discussed it for the next two thousand years. One side held that the first reality of matter was a continuous medium, a spirit, a *pneuma*, some kind of integrative force which was diffusely interconnected and lacked boundary. The other believed that fundamentality was to be found in discrete units which clustered and fell apart, and from which all natural variety is aggregated. Lucretius speculated that thought itself, so strikingly fluid and evanescent, must be composed of atoms that were uniquely smooth and light. (No doubt this was more true of the atoms in Lucretius' brain than of most.)

The nineteenth century appeared to have settled the argument in favor of atoms; then, in 1890, Rutherford shot a charged beam right through these impenetrable and indivisible little marbles, as they were pictured. For the next eighty years, the Epicureans' debating point came true. We sank in further with each generation of graduate students. Each new step inward was marked with a name change: atomic physics, nuclear physics, particle physics. Originally, particle physicists explicitly called what they looked at "elementary" particles, but recently, as the numbers of these reached into the hundreds (could so many be truly fundamental?), that claim dropped from use.

Now, over the last year, experimenters at Fermilab, Brookhaven National Laboratory, and the Stanford Linear Accelerator have been finding evidence that much of this welter can be bundled into quarks.

The picture that emerges is of two symmetrical families of fundamentalities. One is the leptons, which are light particles with great penetrating power. These include the electron, with which most people are familiar; the muon, about which I shall have nothing further to say; and two kinds of neutrinos. (The neutrino is probably as close as we can come to Lucretius' mental atom. One kind is massless, chargeless, and exists only at the speed of light. Billions upon billions could pass through the sun before one was trapped. It was invented by Wolfgang Pauli in the thirties. He was baffled by the disappearance of energy and momentum in radioactive decay. So Pauli, after much soul-searching, postulated a virtually undetectable particle to carry away these missing qualities. Fifteen years later, an enormously elaborate experiment found it emerging from an atomic bomb factory in Georgia.)

The second family is the quarks, also four. These combine to make the protons and neutrons which make up the nucleus.

This picture, added to the well-established scheme of four fundamental forces (electromagnetism; gravity; the "strong" interaction, which holds protons together in the nucleus; and the "weak," which allows radioactive decay), culminates in an overall design that is subtly interrelated and has substantial aesthetic appeal. One imagines that Thales, whatever difficulties he might have with details, would be pleased to find that nature, even at these levels of such intricacy, still seems to have a fondness for spelling matters out four at a time.

If elegance alone were what we were after, this scheme would do as well as any. As pointed out earlier, it might *have* to do. But if we are not forced by nature to lay down our picks and shovels and drills, we certainly won't do it from choice. If it is in fact possible to unzip a bag of quarks, roll them out on the floor, and trace their marbling and growth rings, or whatever resolvable features they have, then we shall do so.

Why do we bother? The single textbook answer is that we have to understand the laws of nature. This explanation has had great success; one grasps it intuitively. It is easy to imagine a celestial judge convicting us of some transgression or other and rumbling out, "Ignorance of the law is no excuse!"

And yet, a reading of the history of science suggests a more ambiguous emphasis. In some degree we appear to be looking for laws not *of* nature but *for* nature. It is as though we are possessed by the fear that nature could suddenly become something else, and we have set out to quiet that anxiety by proving, logically, that nature has no free will, that it can only be what it is, that it can never have any choice in the matter.

The search for fundamentality is the hope that, at last, all the possibilities of chaos can be exorcised from the natural order; that, while no doubt a lot of detail work will still need to be done, we will have found that the universe is basically good, or at least law-abiding.

What will we see when nothing in nature occludes our vision with mystery? The face of God? Titanic boredom? Our own face, peering back from the other side of the universe? Nothing at all? The answer is not built in, just the drive to get to that point, and the intuition that when we do so, our relation to the universe will at last be a settled matter.

What will it mean if quarks are so indissolubly bound that they block and deny this drive? Considering the inundation of frustration sweeping over us now, no doubt the sensible answer is very little, though it might be mentioned that Einstein never ceased to feel the pain Heisenberg's uncertainty principle brought him. I think we have come far enough to recognize that the belief that we can get to a point and say, "Past here there are no further questions," has a parallel with the conviction shared by all talented young hotshots that somewhere up ahead of them there is a line, and once that line is found and crossed, things will be different. We will have won the right to respect ourselves once and for all.

With age we learn that the right to self-respect rots as fast as fish, and new justifications for that respect must be found daily. If fundamentality means anything positive and true, it must be as a name for what draws us forward: more specifically, as that from which we expect the most—the most clarity, the greatest depth of understanding, the widest sense of revelation. In this sense it is not a goal but an honor, and it is hard to believe that it will ever lack candidates.

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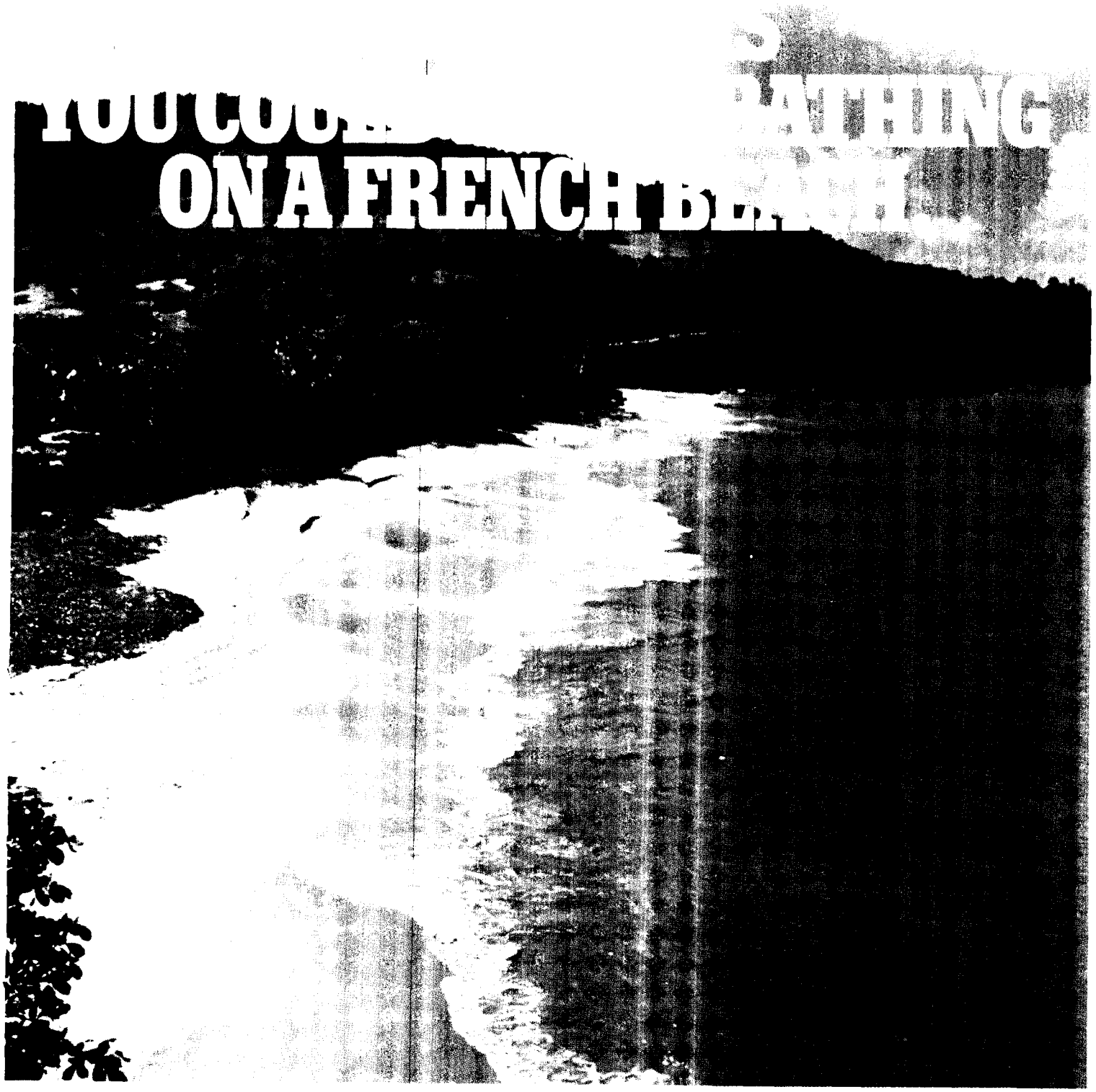

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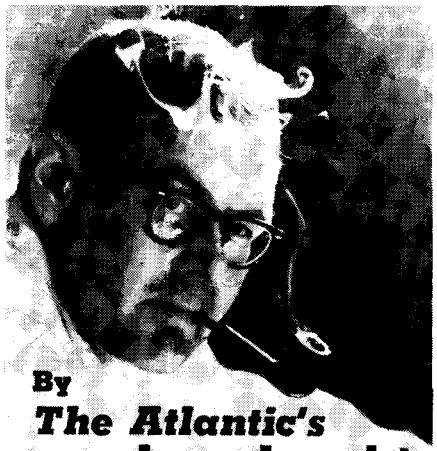

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PAPERBACK WRITER

by Fanny Howe

When I was just emerging from adolescence—biologically, anyway—I wrote a novel about rich people and Hollywood. I didn't know anything about either subject, but imagined myself as a threat to Francoise Sagan, whose early and easy successes were then legendary. My characters were world-weary to the point of complete extinction. I sent the manuscript off to a slick agent in New York. He wrote back at once, summing up my abilities: I could be a great paperback writer!

The genre he recommended was called Sweet Nurse. One of those drugstore fantasies about virginal women with a decent career. Certainly no sex or violence—just chastity and illness. Something childish in my tone, no doubt, put him on the track. He sent me a wad of Nurse books. I must peruse them, he said, in search of a formula, and send him the results. There would be money, he assured me. I was then working as a bookkeeper in a charcoal factory, and although my pride was openly injured by the man's advice, I was desperate for money. Neither the life nor the art was perfect.

So I found the formula: fifteen chapters, fifteen pages per chapter, each of which is divided into two sections—one dealing with the main (or title) plot, the other with a subplot. Luckily for me, a friend of mine happened to be in the hospital then, and I rushed off with pad and pen to take notes.

Complete submersion followed. Six weeks of ardent, back-breaking labor. One draft only. *West Coast Nurse* was the name of the book; Della Field was the pseudonym of the author; fifteen hundred smackers were the rewards for the labor. I called it a very practical joke—trying to make light of my triumph. (There's a kind of pornographic pleasure in this type of work.)

In any case, the pleasure I felt in having written and published anything—no matter how slight—spurred me on in my own work. I went on writing—quality fiction, I guessed, since it drew close to the reality of my own experience—but continued to fail where I wanted most to succeed. For a long time no hardback publisher would touch me. I sent out legions of poems and stories, another couple of novels, to no avail. Flat broke, I got a job as a reader of paperback manuscripts with the same people who published *West Coast Nurse*. When I wasn't scribbling at home in the Bowery, I was reading shlock fiction.

One day my editor-boss said, "We need a book called *Vietnam Nurse*. Do you think you can do it?"

An extravagant gesture from Fate. How could I say no, when the wolves were howling at my door, over the slumbering figures of winos, and I was being rejected weekly. I turned into Della Field and got down to work. It wasn't easy, but it wasn't boring, either. I had to read a number of books about the Vietnamese landscape, architecture, customs, and dress; after that I talked to some Navy nurses about their duties and experiences. (At that time, the only one who had actually been in Saigon had been blown off a barstool in a hotel lounge; I couldn't talk to her.) They told me in arresting detail what their job was like, and later even asked me to one of their dances.

Again I took six weeks for the job, and managed to sneak in a subplot involving a Vietcong hero and his wife, who are by far the most sympathetic figures in the book. *Vietnam Nurse* sold mountains of copies, but I never saw royalties against my original advance. I don't even know, to this day, how my contract read. I was a novice in such matters, and the quick exchange of labor for lucre was quite satisfactory.

Not long afterwards, I managed to get two of my real books—fiction and poetry—into hardback, earning less for them than for either of my paperbacks. Consequently, I retreated for another six-week period, unbeknown to anyone, and wrote another Nurse book, which should have been called *Terminal Nurse* or *Wet Nurse*. Patients were dropping like flies throughout its pages, the Nurse was crazy, and the Doctor maimed. Perhaps, in some telepathic way, I understood that the collective unconscious of America was turning gloomy. But the book was rejected. Nurses were no longer popular. The new genre was Gothic.

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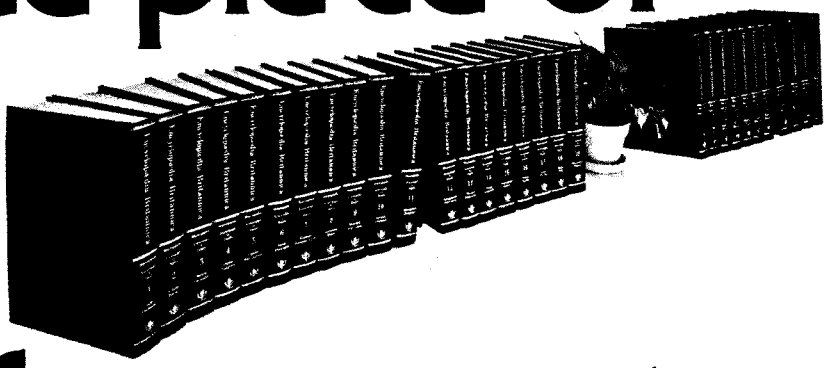

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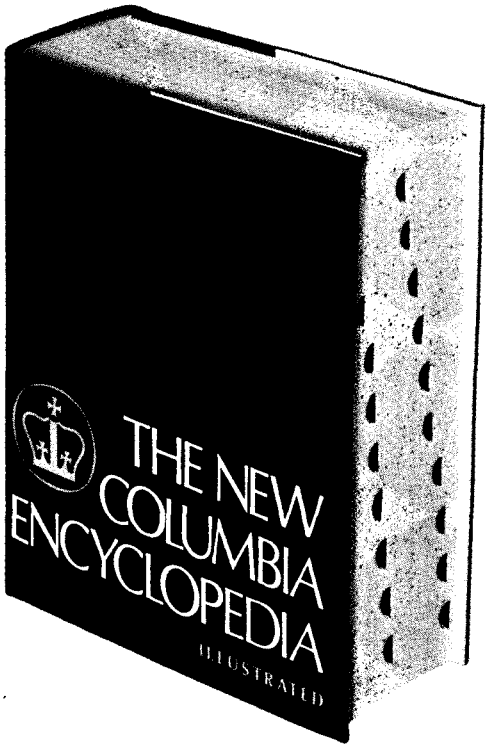

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I was scared, but nothing works like necessity. I read a couple of Gothics and whipped out a quickie, called *Legacy of Lanshore*. It took a while, but I finally sold it, on the publisher's condition that I use my own name, not Della Field. Three thousand dollars for three weeks' work, and the book was a flop.

Recently, flipping back through all three of the books, I was surprised by a certain similarity between the genres, as if the Nurse had removed her uniform, put on street clothes, and walked down a long hospital corridor which slowly transformed itself into a haunted house. The woman was the same; only the surroundings had changed. Not passive, not weak, not dependent, this woman was fundamentally innocent. From the first to the last page of the book, she remained astonished by discrepancies between her vision of the good earth and the good earth's nasty produce. The only thing that saved her from a catatonic episode was the love of a man—love that erased all memory of pain:

> All her fears and sorrows fell away from her in his arms, and she felt him caressing her hair as if his touch were some magic gesture that would soothe all pain.
>
> —*Vietnam Nurse*

> I held him against me, feeling his warmth as my own, holding him as he held me, closely. It seemed like a long time, and still too short, that we kissed each other out of the rain and thunder. It was like love before death. When we drew apart, I was afraid again.
>
> —*Legacy of Lanshore*

Obviously this is not the stuff of which classics are made. Accordingly, these books of mine have vanished, most likely hauled away in Hefty garbage bags long ago. I like to think it was honest labor, in that the job was defined, as was its reward.

Ironically, I have ended up putting all my fiction into original paperback. I like my books to sell at a price most anyone can afford, and I like to set my own mental deadline for a book's completion; as short a period of time as is possible. It is never out of the question that I might have to slap out another piece of pulp. But I hear that the Gothic as a genre is dying now, and probably with it that chaste creature the ghost of adolescence, who has been floating around drugstores for decades. What comes next is anyone's guess, but you can bet it won't be innocence.

BOOKS·BOOKS·BOOKS

Mrs. Wharton, May I Present Mr. O'Hara?

Two American novelists—Edith Wharton and John O'Hara—are the subjects of biographies this fall. An odd couple. You wouldn't sit them next to each other at dinner. O'Hara would get drunk and you could hardly blame him, given the nasty nasal condescensions he'd be receiving from Mrs. Wharton—and you could hardly blame her, either, since he probably would have had a couple before he arrived and he'd be telling her how good he was.

On the other hand, they'd have a lot in common. Both were, in their different ways, "novelists of manners." Both enjoyed a moment when they were (though the terms are admittedly ambiguous) the most popular serious novelists around. Both were enormously productive; a book a year was the natural pace. Both knew that money always matters. Both were snobs. Both were passionate observers of the mayhem contained in civilized social life.

Edith Wharton

R. W. B. Lewis' biography, **Edith Wharton** (Harper & Row, $15.00), has already received much praise. Some of that good feeling, I think, is a matter of a reader's discovery of a remarkable figure, more than a remarkable book—as if the messenger were being kissed for bringing good news.

This book's faults are easily named: it's timid in imagining the tempestuous emotions that went on behind the decorous front that Mrs. Wharton maintained, and about connecting her work with her life. Its virtue lies in its measured, leisurely, unobtrusive recording of the details of an extraordinary life. Lewis has benefited from having first access to the Wharton papers at Yale.

Edith Wharton's existence combined privilege and constriction in a way that is scarcely imaginable now. Her favorite image for her situation was imprisonment, but she had a nicely appointed cell.

She was born, in 1862, Edith Jones, daughter of a family of New York's "400." On reaching her majority, she began receiving an annual income of $9000 (worth, in the late nineteenth century, roughly ten times that amount in current dollars), and shortly she came into a fortune worth at least a half-million dollars in today's terms. She was happily distant from her scruffy countrymen. Forced once to spend the night in an inn in Petersham, Massachusetts, she remarked: "Such dreariness, such whining callow women, such utter absence of the amenities, such crass food, crass manners, crass landscape!! . . . What a horror it is for a whole nation to be developing without a sense of beauty, and eating bananas for breakfast."

If the privilege was extraordinary, so was the constriction. It was possible for a young, aristocratic woman in 1885 to enter into marriage literally not knowing "where babies come from." Edith Wharton, aged twenty-three, did so. By the time of her marriage she had already suffered in "love"—a broken engagement, with a man who was upset

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by her precocity, a brief summer's flirtation. She took the next man who came along, Teddy Wharton. Henry James later said of this match that it was "an almost—or rather an utterly—inconceivable thing." Teddy was genial, an outdoorsman, wholly uninterested in art; he put together a good wine cellar, managed her money, was an eternal boy. In Lewis' nice phrase, "Edith called him 'Old Man,' but rather with the air of one who addresses a big man as 'Tiny.' "

Edith Wharton's first experiences with sex were hideous enough to discourage her from further such activities. The Whartons endured a bizarre, chaste marriage. Their life was filled with social activity, shifting scene from New York to Newport, to Boston, to Paris, to Rome, and after a few years, to interludes at the splendid 130-acre estate they created in Lenox, Massachusetts. Teddy became well known for his affability, until middle age, when his good humor turned into manic behavior and acute depressions. Edith experienced mental illness earlier. She was afflicted with severe depressions in the early years of her marriage and finally, at thirty-two, suffered a breakdown that led to hospitalization for a "rest cure" for a period of several months.

Before her collapse she had published a few stories; afterwards she found ambition and a voice. (One would like to know more about those critical months.) Within seven years she published a book of stories, her 600-page first novel, *The Valley of Decision*, and the book that was to secure her popularity and her critical reputation, *The House of Mirth*. In the light of what she had endured, the poise and accomplishment of that novel is all the more remarkable—its mingling of sharp satire of New York and Newport society with a tragic sense of that society's power over the novel's heroine.

The set piece of Lewis' biography is his account of Edith Wharton's long-delayed "sensual awakening": her liaison, at forty-five, with Morton Fullerton, an American journalist working in Paris. It was a grand passion which, she later wrote, reduced her carefully contrived, austere personality to a "pinch of ashes." It also had a melancholy, comic side to it, which Lewis seems not to notice. Fullerton was a worldly but a dim man, with a quirky appetite for older and larger women; a bit of a rake, veteran of numerous hetero- and homosexual affairs . . . the thought of

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the stately Mrs. Wharton waiting anxiously for his morning note on her tea tray is almost more than one can bear. Henry James, her sympathetic confidant, who deplored her "incoherent life" behind her back, seems to have enjoyed the affair immensely.

The relationship ended amicably after three years. Its influence on Edith Wharton's life is uncertain. Passion assumed more of a place in her work, but then passion became more printable. *Ethan Frome* no doubt draws some of its poignant scenes of futureless love from her experience. Late in life she wrote a fragment of a pornographic story, published in the Lewis biography for the first time—an "explicit," though highly romantic, account of lovemaking between a father and daughter. The question of what Oedipal impulses Edith Wharton might have had goes largely unexplored in this book. It's a strange, perhaps an irrelevant, fact that Fullerton himself had been involved in a quasi-incestuous affair. When he met Mrs. Wharton he was engaged to a cousin—the two had been raised as brother and sister. Whatever else it did, her affair with Fullerton doubtless gave her courage to divorce Teddy, an act that came too late to be merciful.

Edith Wharton lived the last twenty years or so of her life in France. Her literary relationships, Lewis notes, stretched from Longfellow (who took an interest in poems she wrote as a girl; indeed got one of them published in *The Atlantic*) to Alberto Moravia. F. Scott Fitzgerald came to call, drunk and ill-behaved. She remained popular until her death, and even without her own fortune she would have been a rich woman on the strength of her royalty account alone. She left behind at least four enduring novels, and it's hard to think that she won't soon be read again with much more attention than she has received recently.

She maintained a busy social schedule until the end, but her last years must have been lonely. In a picture taken shortly before her death in 1937, she has much the same look in her eye that she had as a young girl—a sad, quizzical look, as if she still wondered how things would turn out.

Matthew J. Bruccoli's biography of John O'Hara, **THE O'HARA CONCERN** (Random House, $15.00), is a far less elegant book than the Wharton biography. Bruccoli speaks with some authority (he has had the cooperation of O'Hara's widow and his publisher) and he has assembled an attractive and revealing set of anecdotes. But the book lacks shape.

In a way, Bruccoli is working under awkward circumstances. O'Hara died in 1970, but Bruccoli never knew him, and many of O'Hara's closest friends are now dead too. He left behind only a meager supply of notes, diaries, letters. Surely he is still remembered in his old haunts—"21," The Nassau Club—and I can't help feeling that his biographer ought to have done more legwork, trying to assemble what firsthand memories remain. As it is, he has relied heavily on documents, and so events that happen to have a piece of paper attached to them assume an unnatural importance. Perhaps because of Bruccoli's method, his portrait of O'Hara's youth is in many ways the liveliest part of the book.

"Poor John," his father said as he lay dying—a cryptic remark at the time, but later John came to think that his father was apologizing for the financial mess that his eldest son was about to inherit. Bruccoli pays a lot of attention to the family's situation, as a way of documenting his claim that O'Hara's attitude toward the rich was more complex than is generally assumed. He doesn't go much beyond that assertion, but the facts are interesting and suggestive. O'Hara endured the informative sorrow of going from rich kid to poor kid at the age of twenty. His father had been the most eminent doctor in Pottsville, Pennsylvania, and a rich man by most standards—$25,000 a year in the 1920s, a house on the most fashionable street in town, a farm outside of town, five cars in the garage, ponies, private schools, and dancing classes for the children. But he died without a will, without much cash, with a lot of worthless investments, and with money owed to him that couldn't be collected. Overnight the family was on its uppers.

John O'Hara

These events can't be blamed for what came by legend to be thought of as O'Hara's great tragedy—his failure to get a college (specifically, a Yale) education. Bruccoli points out that O'Hara was a wretched and rebellious student, thrown out of a couple of schools, and by the time of his father's death, he had already gone to work by choice. At that, Bruccoli speculates that he could have gone to Yale on scholarship—but that he never would have gone unless he could go first class.

O'Hara didn't do much better as a reporter than as a student. His drinking problem began early, for one thing, and he lost several jobs. But he also began selling light sketches to *The New Yorker*; in 1934 he settled down to write (in eight months) *Appointment in Samarra*, after which he could always go first class. He went on to publish twenty-nine books before his death.

The mature O'Hara emerges in this biography as a man so vainglorious, so patently self-doubting, that his boasting is wholly forgivable. At least from a distance. In person, he must have been a trial—touchy, inanely proud, and often fighting drunk. We see various sides of him in Bruccoli's portrait, but never get a fully rendered dramatic moment. He must have been more boorish than Bruccoli allows, but also (to get away with what he did) more charming. Recognition meant everything to him, and he lobbied shamelessly for it—for club memberships, for honorary degrees, and for the Nobel Prize. The smallest honor could move him greatly. He was a terrible public speaker, but accepted an invitation to Yale, and cared enough about it to rehearse his gestures; it was a flop. Told he had been chosen for an Award of Merit by the American Academy of Arts and Letters, he burst into

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Birchbark canoes and 5-cylinder diesels, I love you... especially in print.

By Gene Novak
President and Creative Director
Rumrill-Hoyt, Inc.

I was leafing through a magazine the other night when my eye was stopped by a five-cylinder engine. Five? I always thought cylinders had to come in pairs—two, four, six, eight—like hands, feet, hooves. Five minutes and some 1,000 words later I felt that the Mercedes-Benz diesel advertisement might well rekindle my love affair with the automobile. I turned the page slowly, almost reluctantly. Soon I was deep in the late 17th Century while two Ojibway Indians built a birchbark canoe, with nothing but a crooked knife and a pointed piece of bone, and glided off into the endless waterways of the northeast wilderness. "Magazine," I said, "that was fun—thank you." In bed that night I had two coupons and a torn out ad next to my briefcase, a feeling of warmth toward my fellow strivers, and a thimble of Courvoisier on my night table.

Before I dropped off I wondered if various media find various receptors in the limbic area of the mind to attach to. Electrons attach here, newspapers there, magazines somewhere else. Lower, higher? Perhaps they all find the same receptors but some sink deeper? Maybe electrons bounce off while print words and pictures sort of deep etch? The electronic impact may be purposely transient—otherwise how can the receptor site hold those end-to-end exhortations? They'd pile up like too many layers of paint and begin to chip off...

Earlier that same evening I had jotted down some of the exhortations that preceded a network special for which I was waiting:

8:28.30	gas/indigestion
8:29.00	arthritis
8:29.30	denture cleaner
8:30.00	station ident/promo
8:30.10	vitamins/iron
8:30.40	(local) retail sale
8:31.10	(local) movie promo

They sure piled up and sure chipped off.

*****

I grew up in radio and watched and used TV as it grew from nothing to a major selling force. But even as a writer-producer I was a wordworm—a print-wordworm. A picture man—a four-color-process man. I think I save more magazines than I throw out. Ask my wife. If you build any more shelves, I'm leaving.

In advertising I've always sensed that people planning serious and thoughtful purchases wanted all the information they could get. Choosing between two cans on a supermarket shelf is sometimes a decision that can be influenced by a cute 30-second commercial seen the night before. But, choosing between brands and types of cars, sofas, dishwashers, clothing, garden tractors, travel packages and such—non-impulse purchases if you will—these, I felt, called for lots of facts and thought.

Food, too. Biggest annual family outlay. Packages are starting to give us some nutritional data but how much easier to study them at home in ads where it's convenient instead of standing at the market shelf...C'mon Mom, Let's go!...Are the thriving store magazines telling us something? Along with the ads, the editors are telling us how to eat better and cheaper.

Maybe that's why I think of magazines as the Idea Medium. Essentially, people go to TV for the entertainment of comedy or drama or sports. They go to radio for the consistency of music or news or both. They go to newspapers for a full report of today's world.

But, dammit, I think they go to magazines for Ideas. Consumer. Product. Idea. Fuse. Match. Dynamite. How to make—how to do—how to take care of—how to manage—how to save—how to be happy, handsome, healthy, wealthy and wise. And, after all, my business *is* ideas. Advertising and magazines. A communication marriage made in heaven!

Special interest magazines, I love you, too. Antiques, backpacking, filmmaking, fishing, flying, gardening, cookery, photography, sailing...name your interest and you've got a magazine. With depth. With ideas. With point of view. With instruction. With education. A medium that just doesn't pique my curiosity—but satisfies it.

Thank you, Johann Gutenberg. Your invention sure was a zinger.

Magazine Publishers Association, Inc., 575 Lexington Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

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tears, and he cried again at the ceremony.

After a messy early marriage, he was happily married twice (his second wife, Belle, died of heart disease), though you had to like a nurse's role to be his wife. He drank hard for twenty-five years but quit abruptly when he suffered a bleeding ulcer. In his last, most productive years, he worked as compulsively as he had drunk. When he died at Linebrook, his Princeton estate, there were five cars in the garage, just as there once had been at his father's house.

O'Hara was famously a literary craftsman, and he loved to talk about technique. His theories are recorded in this book, often repetitively. We must hear literally a half-dozen times that O'Hara learned the uses of large blocks of type from Hemingway, and there are several references to O'Hara's dictum that you can't create character without creating believable dialogue. He seems not to have had a vocabulary for discussing the substance, the emotions, of his stories and novels. Or more likely, he chose not to speak of them. Always a man of feeling, and often a sentimental man, he perhaps figured he'd get teary if he didn't talk nuts and bolts.

Bruccoli is all too comfortable with O'Hara's terms, and shy about inventing ones of his own. And he's so anxious to defend his subject against his academic critics that he neglects to make critical distinctions.

O'Hara's belief in the power of class and circumstance could lead him both to heights and to depths. Too many moments in his work simply invite a rueful, sentimental shrug at the helplessness of us all. But not infrequently he could dramatize true tension between individual impulses and the social situation that governs them; he could show people behaving badly and well within the narrow limits of their possibilities. And always he had a delicate ("almost feminine," as they used to say) sense of the importance of gesture—a touch, an emphasized word, a careless presumption. He could see that invisible blood that flows in conversation. At his best, he belonged to that minority tradition of American writers, so diverse in talent and temperament, that includes Howells, Fitzgerald, Sinclair Lewis, John Marquand, Mrs. Wharton herself. It's an honorable tradition, which could use some updating.

—Richard Todd

SHORT REVIEWS

AGAINST OUR WILL:
Men, Women and Rape
by Susan Brownmiller
Simon and Schuster, $10.95

Rape, according to Susan Brownmiller, is "a conscious process of intimidation by which *all men* keep *all women* in a state of fear." If you can buy that, you will find a lot to agree with in *Against Our Will.* However, if you resist the political definition of rape, you may feel that there is something wrong with the book, with its assumption and with its sense of balance.

Susan Brownmiller has assiduously researched the history, literature, and law of rape. She has become a scholar of sexual abuse, and she writes about it with energy, style, and unflagging indignation. This is an intelligent book and an ambitious one, so it is discouraging to think that its audience is likely to fall out along ideological lines. The author offers some interesting and provocative arguments which are well worth our attention. But in the end, the dogma and the relentless documentation combine to produce a kind of feminist pornography that overwhelms the book's more thoughtful passages. Persuasion is abandoned here in favor of force.

—Amanda Heller

JR
by William Gaddis
Knopf, $15.00/$5.95

JR is William Gaddis' first novel since *The Recognitions,* a critical success and underground classic, appeared twenty years ago. The publishers seem to be soliciting a broader audience this time around, hyping *JR* as a raunchy satire of big business. The come-on is misleading, however, for business provides the book with its dullest moments (does anyone hold Wall Street sacred these days?).

In a truer sense, *JR* is about the texture of modern living. Gaddis does not simply describe anomie; he adopts it as a prose style. In this epic of money and moneymaking, success and failure, Gaddis has rejected all narrative conventions. In their place, he wires his characters for sound and sends his story out on a continuous wave of noise—truncated dialogue, distracted monologues, the racket of TV sets, radios, telephones—from which chaos action, of a sort, eventually emerges.

Characters emerge as well, and though many of them merely serve the larger notions of the book, others are full and poignant enough to transcend the self-consciousness of the project and temper the calculation of Gaddis' style. These characters are, for the most part, failed artists, writers, composers. Their work is stalled, unappreciated. They hold jobs that depress them. Their marriages dissolve. They're drowning in the tide of noise and moneymaking that is the element the other characters thrive in. They can't make art for all the distraction, but they can't stop trying, either. It's hard to suppress the suspicion that these characters and their desperation and the way they express it come from the author's heart.

JR is one of that specialized type, a novelist's novel. It will be read with great curiosity by people deeply interested in the direction of modern writing. The more casual reader, though, the reader who would rather read a novel than a concept, is likely to be bored. The book is illustrated by Edward Gorey.

—A.H.

A PRESIDENTIAL NATION
by Joseph A. Califano, Jr.
Norton, $9.95

A realist and a lawyer, Mr. Califano swiftly disposes of any lingering doubt that the power of the American presidency will persist and, in fact, enlarge in the years to come. Then, speaking as a man who ran domestic affairs in the LBJ White House and struggled with the admittedly thwarted job of converting Great Society rhetoric into practical results, he surveys the long reach of that power into the very gizzard of America and suggests some approaches to making the man in the Oval Office and the thousands who do his bidding more accountable to the people. Among his proposals: a six-year presidential term, with a second term permitted to the President who can win one; four years instead of two for representatives in the Congress.

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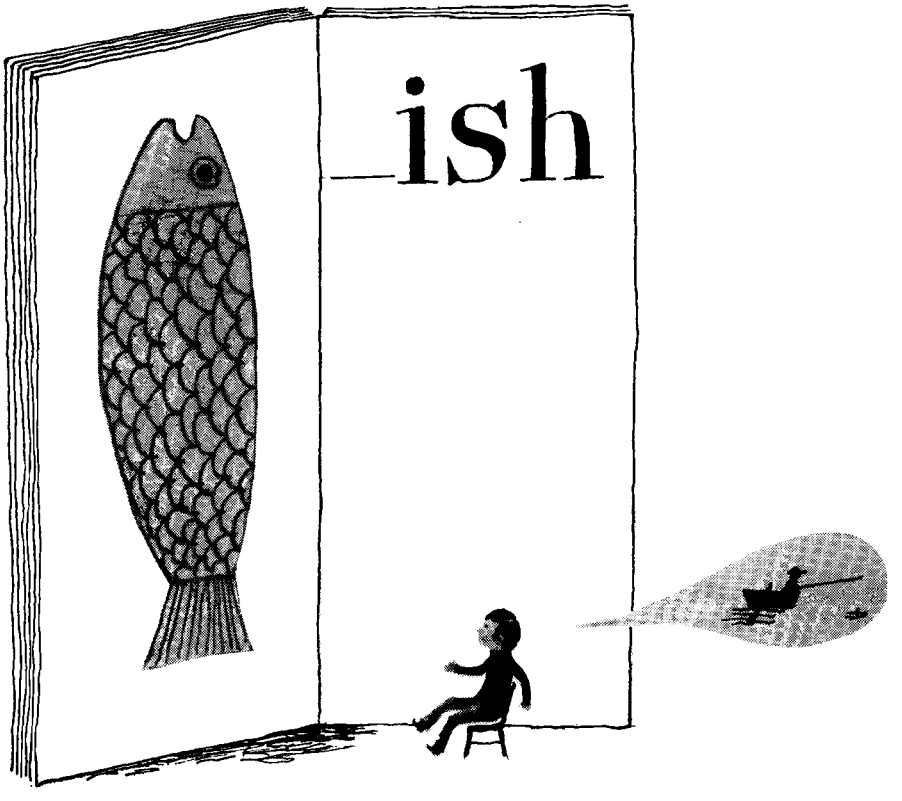

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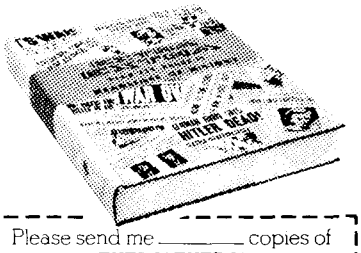

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Congress to analyze and publish in advance of any major new legislative program an analysis of that legislation's likely impact on the powers of the presidency. It sounds, frankly, like an idea conceived by the late Rube Goldberg at the request of the wastepaper industry. But a man who knows so much about the workings of the White House and of government-at-large is entitled to at least one proposal that boggles the mind, especially if he has written a book that deserves a place with such relevant works as Richard Neustadt's *Presidential Power,* Clinton Rossiter's *The American Presidency,* and Arthur M. Schlesinger, Jr.'s *The Imperial Presidency.*

—Robert Manning

V. R. Lang, Poems and Plays
with a memoir by Alison Lurie
Random House, $10.00

From 1950 until her premature death in 1956, Bunny Lang shepherded the Poets' Theatre in Cambridge, Massachusetts, which produced verse plays by Richard Wilbur, Kenneth Koch, John Ashbery, Frank O'Hara, James Merrill, W. S. Merwin, Lyon Phelps, Archibald MacLeish, Mary Manning, and most especially Bunny herself. The Theatre also engaged the passing devotion of scenarists such as Edward Gorey and David Omar White, amateur actors of all kinds, including this reviewer, and stagehands as illustrious as the poet John Wieners. The plays were usually performed in borrowed halls, but in its heyday the Theatre boasted a professional director, Edward Dodge Thommen, and its own upstairs "auditorium," accommodating forty-nine spectators and a sink, just off Harvard Square, with dressing rooms and a toilet in an antiques shop next door.

Two of V. R. Lang's plays make up half this book; also included are forty-eight of her lyrics. Though her work has always seemed to me, well, uneven, it did strike her own note, attempted things worth trying, and set a tone for others, those members of the New York School who wrote better than Bunny Lang, or lived longer. The memoir was first published privately, soon after Bunny's death. It's a gem, the finest piece of Alison Lurie's prose I have read. (The knee-jerk irony which sometimes enervates her novels is entirely under control here.) Her portrait of Bunny Lang, perhaps because it overflowed spontaneously from powerful feelings, is gaudy, funny, perplexing. Lurie's Bunny is as opulent a personality, and as disappointing an artist, as V. R. Lang was in life.

—Peter Davison

William Carlos Williams
by Reed Whittemore
Houghton Mifflin, $10.95

Dr. Williams had a cussed personality, with all the innocence and all the belligerence of the American self-taught artist who hates the past because it is there. He balanced an enduring but uneasy friendship with Ezra Pound against a lifelong enmity for T. S. Eliot, whom he regarded as the archfiend of "academicism." But in truth, Williams suffered undeserved neglect by whatever establishments there be and lived his life out in little magazines.

A famously busy pediatrician in Rutherford, New Jersey, Williams took as his poetry's principal figure the Passaic River, and for his prose, the people of the towns it waters and drains. He was torn by conflicts among his devouring mother, his devoted wife, and lusts that would not leave him alone. His vitality loomed as large as his confusions, though. The miracle of his career is the achievement of a pure and pellucid poetry and an autobiographical prose with highly attuned observant powers. He rode out the riptides of his imagination.

His was a curious mind, divided as it was between the imperatives of Pound's dictum, "make it new," and the demands of clinical compassion which he expressed more completely in his novels and in the wavering curve of his great long poem, "Patterson," than in the short lyrics that gradually emerged out of his romantic, Keats-ridden early work.

Reed Whittemore gives us a breezy, bumpy version of the life in a clustered, repetitive prose which strikes an attitude of faint condescension. Did the struggle between poetry and medical practice in the doctor-poet's life really pale to insignificance before such weighty questions as "Modernism, Yes or No"? Whittemore, himself a good poet and a respected editor, deals effectively with Williams' literary admirations and antipathies. He gives short shrift to Williams' checkered publishing history. His book is a bundle of sketches rather than a finished portrait, from which the reader will not gain much sense of a poet's journey unfolding. Sadly, biographer and subject were evidently not born to make a good life together.

—P.D.

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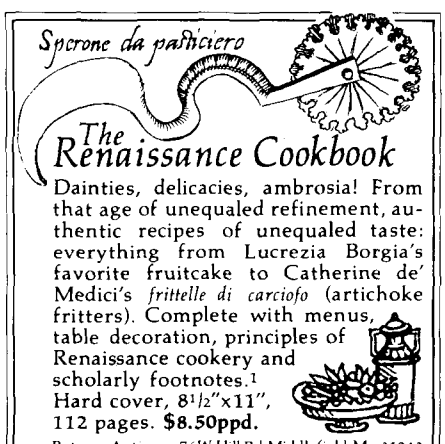

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[1]By the way, the Italian Catherine, mother of 3 French Kings, was also the mother of French Cooking.

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HOPE AND FEAR IN WASHINGTON (THE EARLY SEVENTIES): The Story of the Washington Press Corps by Barney Collier; photographs by Maggi Castelloe
Dial, $8.95

This is a strange mélange of characterizations of, quotes from, and aspersions on members of the Washington press corps. Its premise is that since journalism's pen proved mightier than Nixon's sword, the victorious newsmen and -women are themselves due for cold-blooded scrutiny.

But Collier has a story of his own, and if you want to hear what he got out of Scotty Reston, Art Buchwald, Evans and Novak, Eric Sevareid, Sally Quinn, and Dan Rather, you've got to hear Barney's blues too. Now a freelancer, he was once if not one of them, one of their kind: Barnard Law Collier was his by-line then; he was a *Time* and *Herald-Tribune* man, and later, the New York *Times* bureau chief in Buenos Aires. There, he tells us, he refined a gift for expense-account embezzlement. At times it seems as if his purpose here is to settle scores with the world of establishment journalism he has left behind.

Collier is interested in his subjects' breakfast and lunch (especially lunch and especially the question of the check) habits, more so than in what they have to say about larger issues.

He is arbitrarily selective with what Washington correspondents have to say, and quick with insinuations when they choose to shut up. Pages are devoted to whether Rowland Evans told Collier he could see Evans' tax returns. Meg Greenfield of the Washington *Post* doesn't feel like telling Collier her salary; she must be one unhappy woman, thinks Collier. Sander Vanocur is condescendingly depicted as one of Camelot's pathetic walking wounded, a pal of the Kennedys with no place to call work. Whatever the pathos of Vanocur's situation, Collier and the editors of [*MORE*], a journalism review, obscured it when they ran the Vanocur chapters earlier this year, minus any acknowledgment of the fact (generally known in press circles, and mentioned in passing later in the book) that Edith Vanocur was then dying of cancer. Stewart Alsop dies in the course of the book, as do Collier's and his new wife, Maggi Castelloe's, pet ducks. Alsop was quotable; the ducks were not.

Give Collier credit at least for letting his subjects speak, even when he is setting them up for the overkill. He quotes Sally Quinn at the end of an interview: "I get terrible vibes from you, and I don't know why."

—*Michael Janeway*

BETWEEN FACT AND FICTION: The Problem of Journalism by Edward Jay Epstein
Vintage Original, $3.95

Edward Jay Epstein is a press critic who works against the grain. His forte is tracking the widely publicized half-truth or myth down to its essential, usually unsensational root facts. In recent years he is probably best known for his debunking of the then popular (and published) proposition that the Black Panthers were the victims of a systematic, nationwide, police search-and-destroy campaign. The numbers got worked up to 28-going-on-30 on their way from "sources close to the Panthers" to the newsroom, and there was talk of "genocide" in the land. In a report for *The New Yorker*, Epstein winnowed the list of those who were actually killed by the police to ten, and left open some questions about those ten.

In another essay, reprinted here from the journal in which it previously appeared, Epstein challenges the conceit that a courageous free press uncovered Watergate. (Nonsense, argues Epstein; most of the uncovering was done by Feds who, for various tactical reasons, chose to leak what they were uncovering to Woodward, Bernstein, and others at the ready.) He gives the New York *Times* poor marks for what he calls its simplistic overinterpretation of what the Pentagon Papers actually said (the *Times* found—or fabricated—more "duplicity" than was actually there, he argues). And he has a gory time unearthing what macabre fantasies William Manchester set out to write about in *The Death of a President*, before Kennedy's heirs and friends became concerned that Manchester's anti-Johnson obsession was going to cause something more like revulsion than resurrection.

One wishes for more of a touch of wit amidst the acerb here, and for a more sophisticated sense of press-government love-hate relations, in unearthing Watergate as in attempting to survey the terrain of battle in Vietnam. Woodward and Bernstein don't

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deny that they got their Watergate stories as gumshoes, trading black market pieces of an unfinished puzzle with disaffected government sources. Edward Epstein, like Reston and other peers of the press, got to comment on the consequent mess, put it all in perspective, worry about Truth and Justice, and so on.

Epstein is a shrewd and thorough critic, but he overdoes strong arguments about journalism's flaws. The press is not sufficiently orderly or finely tuned for his taste. The best of our critics of the trade know before they start that this is true of their subject as of life, and that there is no point (or merely pedantic point) in achieving the role of scold. The late A. J. Liebling and *The New Yorker* knew what they were doing when they called Liebling's column, fatalistically, "The Wayward Press."

—*M.J.*

THE FIRST CASUALTY
by Phillip Knightley
Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $12.95

The war correspondent appears in many guises here, rarely complimentary (the author is possessed of much wisdom of hindsight). A persistent and, in the end, rather unlikely argument throughout this otherwise fascinating collection of anecdotes, accounts of battle dispatches, and remembrances is that the only good war correspondent is a single-mindedly *anti*-war correspondent. Rich material (Evelyn Waugh's farce about covering the Italian-Abyssinian war, *Scoop*, was not so far from the truth as to necessitate presenting it as a novel); uneven presentation.

—*M.J.*

PLA

JOHN BURGOYNE OF SARATOGA by James Lunt. Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $14.95. The Bicentennial tide rises. Gentleman Johnny, the oddest and most interesting British commander here, is certainly salvageable flotsam. Since the author plainly intends to concentrate on Burgoyne's military career, it is hardly fair to complain that this biography rather scants his social life and his amusing theatrical dabblings. What

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Major General Lunt (Sandhurst) undertakes, he does admirably, sweeping the confused field of Saratoga to order. Appendixes, bibliography, notes, index, maps.

THE LOST WAR edited by Marion Balderston and David Syrett. Horizon, $11.95. The Earl of Denbigh, a Tory hawk, maintained a private intelligence service during the Revolution by requiring reports from officers who owed their commissions to his influence. A clutch of these letters has turned up and here they are, most conscientiously edited. They will be valuable, no doubt, to historians, but a disappointment to readers in search of lively eyewitness accounts of the war. The gentlemen wrote in haste and were frequently misinformed. They were always more interested in Denbigh's efforts to get them promoted than in their current and usually uncomfortable adventures, and presumably their swords were mightier than their feeble pens. Introduction by Henry Steele Commager. Notes.

LOOK HOW THE FISH LIVE by J. F. Powers. Knopf, $6.95. Only half the stories in this collection concern the author's special subject—the everyday, faintly absurd tribulations of the Catholic priesthood. They are, however, the best ones. Mr. Powers seems ill at ease in mufti.

"GIVE 'EM HELL HARRY" by Samuel Gallu. Viking, $5.95. Mr. Gallu conceived and produced the one-man Truman show played by James Whitmore; he also arranged the witty, blunt, enormously attractive text, derived, of course, by clever quotation from Truman's papers. The late President comes through as Will Rogers with a difference: he met plenty of men he didn't like. Illustrations.

THE CHOIRBOYS by Joseph Wambaugh. Delacorte, $8.95. Mr. Wambaugh appears to have thrown into this novel everything that loyalty and discretion deleted from his work while he remained a member of the Los Angeles Police Department. The action is constant and the dialogue is tough. The writing has a careless barbarity that may be deliberate, for Mr. Wambaugh is explaining that police work is a one-way ticket to hell.

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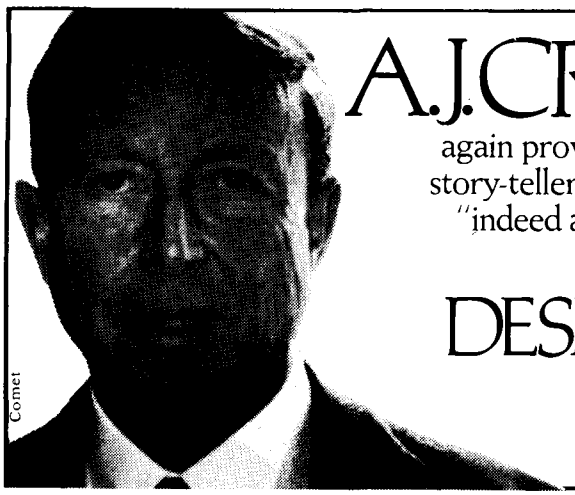
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don. Putnam's, $10.00. What legend? Merely a nasty case of murder by juveniles in a day when that sort of thing was rare. Mr. Higdon's reconstruction of the affair is over-industrious. Notes, bibliography, index, photographs.

CURTAIN by Agatha Christie. Dodd, Mead, $7.95. Hélas, mes amis, Poirot grows old and decrepit—all except the brains, which carry him to a stylishly baffling exit. The first Poirot novel, *The Mysterious Affair at Styles*, is reissued as a companion piece to this one.

TERMS OF ENDEARMENT by Larry McMurtry. Simon and Schuster, $9.95. Book one—roughly nine tenths of this unbalanced two-decker—follows the doings of a merry widow in a style that is mostly Wodehouse with an occasional chill breeze out of early Waugh, and it is all quite unbelievable but fun. Book two tacks to her daughter and provides the outline (no more) of a dreary soap opera.

THE NATURE OF ALEXANDER by Mary Renault. Pantheon, $15.00. The extensive research that underlay Ms. Renault's two novels about Alexander the Great now surfaces as an agreeably short, predictably well-written biography enlivened by idiosyncratic asides. Lavish illustrations, well chosen and well reproduced. Sources, index, one map.

VALLEY FORGE by MacKinlay Kantor. Evans, $8.95. Mr. Kantor, normally an able novelist, has advanced on Valley Forge with some success in minor skirmishes. But the attack as a whole—Gad, Sir, 'tis near a rout.

GUSTAV KLIMT by Alessandra Comini. Braziller, $15.00/$8.95. Ms. Comini is acute in detecting and explaining the elements—personal temperament, stylistic inheritance, contemporary theory—which Klimt fused to produce his striking, erotic, frequently sinister paintings. The writing is lucid, which is something not to be taken for granted in art books, and the illustrations are properly generous: forty-eight color plates and untold black-and-whites. Notes.

THE TIMETABLES OF HISTORY by Bernard Grun. Simon and Schuster, $24.95. In the year 1400, Rupert III of the Palatinate deposed, Chaucer died, Froissart chronicled, Mississippi Mound Builders mounded, van der Weyden

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painted, and the dulcimer was mentioned, all across a double-page spread. This is the sort of chart that worried history students have traditionally concocted for themselves. Who would have expected to find it ready-made and running from 5000 B.C. to 1974? Foreword by Daniel J. Boorstin. Index.

George Catlin: Letters and Notes on the North American Indian edited with an introduction by Michael M. Mooney. Clarkson Potter, $15.00. As Mr. Mooney frankly explains, his editing of Catlin's text has been ruthless, but the result is justified by vividness and readability, making it a good introduction to the painter and his work. The editor provides a short biography of Catlin and a brisk history of the frontier where, in 1830, he began furiously recording the Indian culture which he admired and which, he correctly foresaw, would soon vanish. Plentiful illustrations, some in color. Bibliography.

Excerpts from the following recently published books have appeared in *The Atlantic:*

Powers of Mind by Adam Smith. Random House, $10.00.

Flowers on an Iron Tree by Ross Terrill. Atlantic–Little, Brown, $15.00.

The Bright and Glowing Place by Frank Rowsome, Jr. Stephen Greene, $7.95.

The Friends of Richard Nixon by George V. Higgins, Atlantic–Little, Brown, $10.95.

Sportsworld/An American Dreamland by Robert Lipsyte. Quadrangle, $10.00.

—Phoebe-Lou Adams

Life & Letters Contributors:

Richard Lipez is a free-lance writer living in western Massachusetts.

Fred Hapgood is a science reporter for the Harvard News Office.

Fanny Howe is the author of *Forty Whacks, First Marriage,* and other books.

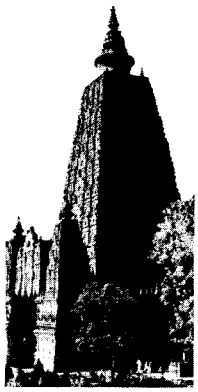
Poets in This Issue:

Robert Penn Warren's (page 54) new volume of *Selected Poems* will soon be published.

John Berryman (page 68), a foremost poet of his generation, died in January, 1972.

Andrew Glaze (page 88) is the author of *Damned Ugly Children.*

Alan Feldman (page 103) teaches literature and writing at Framingham State College.



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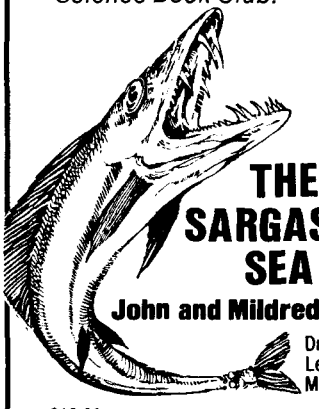

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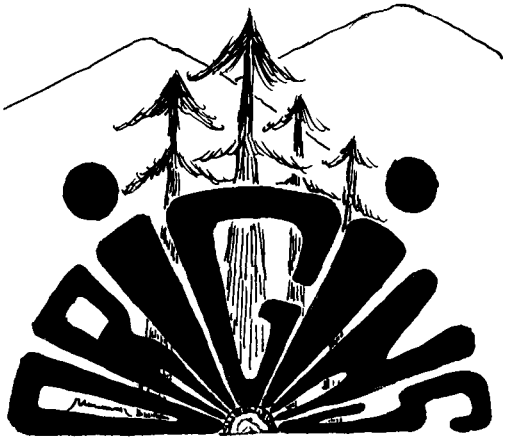

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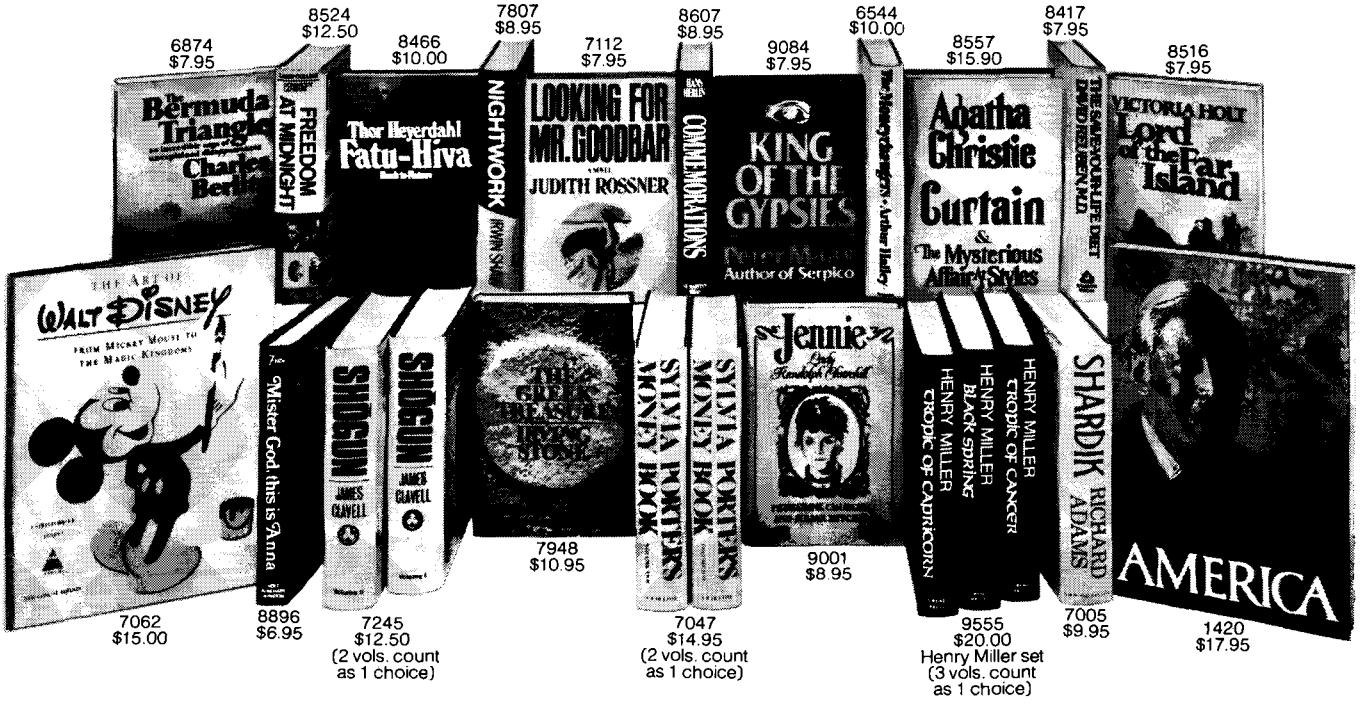

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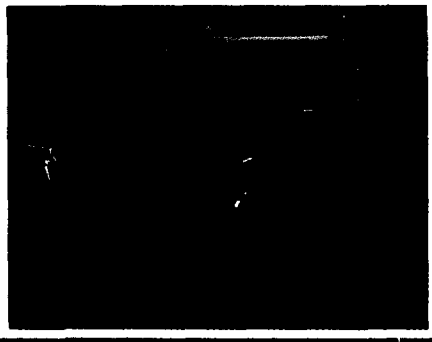

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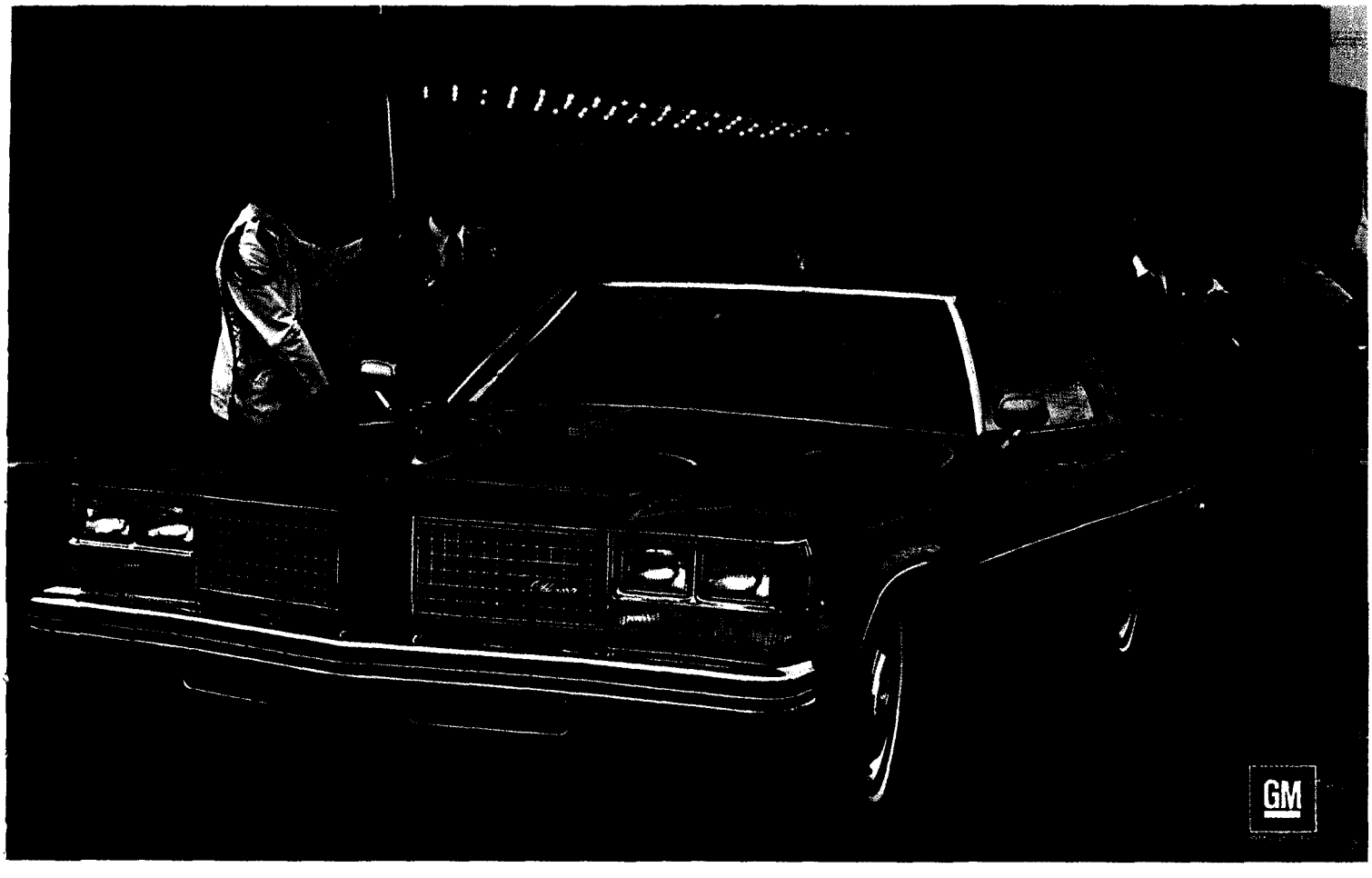

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